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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
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W.P. SNOW, DEL.

M & N. HANHART, LITH.

THE "PRINCE ALBERT" SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS.

MELVILLE BAY LAT. 74, LONG. 60.



W. P. SNOW DELT. M. & N. HANHART LITH.

FIXING THE "CROW'S NEST"

LONDON. LONGMAN & Co. 1851

VOYAGE

OF THE

PRINCE ALBERT

IN SEARCH OF

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN:

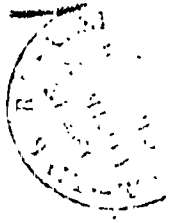
A Narrative

OF

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

38116

BY W. PARKER SNOW.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1851.

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And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

CHILDE HAROLD, canto iv. ver. 184.


00038116

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

TO

LADY FRANKLIN,

AND THE

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PRINCE REGENT'S INLET BRANCH EXPEDITION

IN SEARCH OF

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

AND THE CREWS OF H.M. DISCOVERY SHIPS,

EREBUS AND TERROR;

This Volume

IS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. P. SNOW.

PREFACE.

At the request of several kind friends, who were of opinion that my private Journal would not be wholly uninteresting, from its giving a detailed account of the "Prince Albert's" remarkable cruise in the Arctic Seas, I have ventured, though with great timidity and hesitation, to send it forth upon the wide waters of public opinion. What to say about it I really know not. Rough and ready, there it is just as I wrote it, sometimes after a day's toil, and sometimes after many days' cessation from it, when the mind, wearied and distressed about other things, resorted to the pen for relief. No elegance of language nor polished style must be expected. I have merely given expression to a series of facts and feelings, and perhaps have troubled the reader with too many of them. If so, I must plead in excuse that my heart was, is, and always will be most deeply interested in the cause which led to our voyage.

With reference to myself, I may be permitted to observe, that I came over from America (where I was residing) at three days' notice, especially to join in any expedition going out under Lady Franklin's auspices to the Arctic Seas, in search of her gallant husband, having *volunteered* my humble services for that purpose. Too late, by a few days only, for Captain Penny's vessels, in which I had a hope held out to me of an appointment, I was attached by Lady Franklin to the "Prince Albert," which she had then recently bought. I joined that vessel more in a *civil* than in an executive capacity; but with the express understanding that most of my active duties were to commence upon our arrival in Prince Regent's Inlet, where I was to take charge of one of the exploring parties to Boothia and elsewhere. To Boothia I had long turned my attention in connection with the missing expedition, and had submitted to Lady Franklin a plan of search through North America which has since appeared in the Arctic Returns for 1850.

In reading the following pages, it must not be forgotten, that this is merely my own private Journal, — a record of my own doings: although it will be seen, that in my own labours may be also traced those of other individuals. I have deemed it a duty to mention faithfully facts as they occurred, to give praise wherever I conceived that it was due,

and to make known the names of any of the men who could be favourably spoken of.

In a letter which I have received from Captain Forsyth in reply to an intimation that I was about to publish my private Journal, he concludes as follows:—

"To your own personal exertions in assisting me in the arduous duties which devolved upon me, and the zeal and alacrity shown by you on all occasions, I shall be most happy to bear testimony.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

(Signed) "CHARLES C. FORSYTH,
Commander R. N."

I have thought it just to myself to give this quotation, and at the same time to state that I am much indebted to Captain Forsyth for the friendliness and gentlemanly courtesy which he displayed towards me throughout the voyage.

I have also to express my heartfelt thanks to that noble lady who, in sending out the vessel herself, allowed me to be a sharer in the Expedition by attaching me as an officer to it, — an honour of which I shall, indeed, ever remain proud. To herself, and to her niece, Miss Sophia Cracroft, who was devotedly attached to the cause, — ever aiding by her sound advice, — I am deeply indebted

for their constant and generous friendship to one so humble and unknown as myself; nor must I forget several of those whose names appear on the subscription list in aid of the Expedition. Not a few honoured me with their kind notice in an especial manner, and I never forgot it when striving, in the regions whither we were bound, to make myself worthy of their favour. Others too from many quarters most generously came forward to render me every personal assistance for the voyage. To one gentleman especially, whose name, were I permitted to mention it, would give great *éclat* to my humble labours, I am under more than ordinary obligations, and I shall never cease to bear his kindness in remembrance.

My present excellent publishers, too, kindly added to my intellectual enjoyments during the voyage by a timely present of some useful books*; and many more with heart and with hand gathered round to render whatever service was in their power.

Since my return, too, several kind and noble friends, themselves remarkable for their gallant services, have given me countenance. Commendation

* Amongst others, I ought not to omit to mention the last edition of "Reece's Medical Guide," a work which I found invaluable, not only to myself, but to all on board, especially where we had no regular surgeon.

is acceptable from all parties, but it brings with it a double zest when it comes from the truly noble and good.

There is one more name, however, that I must be excused for mentioning, in consideration, not only of his own kindness to me personally, but of his untiring zeal and generous exertions in behalf of the missing Expedition. Following in the footsteps of his father, Sir John Barrow, — a name familiar as a household word in all that relates to Arctic exploration, — Mr. Barrow devotes a great deal of his own extensive knowledge to the subject, and, in our case, afforded much valuable assistance by his advice and instruction. To him I am much beholden for many important hints and useful papers, and especially so for the liberal supply of books which he sent on board the "Prince Albert."

Without further preface, I now venture to submit to the public my humble outpourings during the short, but not, I trust, uninteresting voyage of the "Prince Albert" in the frozen regions of the north in search of our brave and long-absent countrymen; and, in conclusion, I may express the hope that the illustrations, taken from some rough sketches made on the spot, will prove not unacceptable to my readers.

W. P. S.

London, Dec. 12. 1850.

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VOYAGE

OF

THE PRINCE ALBERT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—PUBLIC SYMPATHY FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—MEASURES ADOPTED FOR HIS RELIEF.—AUXILIARY EXPEDITION TO REGENT'S INLET. — THE "PRINCE ALBERT."—NATURE AND OBJECT OF HER VOYAGE.

If Arctic affairs intensely occupy the public mind at this moment, it is not so much in connection with scientific research and increase of knowledge, as with the feelings and dictates of humanity. Attention to the former is all but obliterated in the absorbing interest called forth by the latter; and, to the honour of human nature, it must be said that this intense interest and sympathy have been proved to exist among all classes, and all kinds of persons. During the past year especially, thousands have been heard, as with

one voice, urging for relief to be sent to some of their suffering brethren, supposed to be imprisoned in wild and unknown regions around the Northern Pole. With a like generous and noble impulse, hundreds rushed forward, ready to forsake their own loved homes, their domestic comforts, and their usual safe pursuits, eager to join the gallant few chosen to search those desolate and ice-clad seas, in the noble expeditions fitted out by government for that purpose.

But before I enter into any minor details of the voyage, it will be necessary to explain whence this more than usual expression of generous sympathy and noble disinterestedness has proceeded.

In the beginning of the year 1845, it was determined by the government of England, at the suggestion of Sir John Barrow, the great promoter of all arctic discovery, to make another attempt at discovering "an entry from the eastern side of America into the Polar Sea," and thence to proceed, through the straits which divide Asia from the New World, into the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Sir John Franklin, a naval officer previously well known to the world for his adventurous and daring spirit, evinced in two land journeys to the Arctic Seas, was appointed to the command of another expedition, consisting of two ships, "The

Erebus" and "Terror." Both of these ships had already been engaged on similar service in the Antarctic Ocean; and, one of them, the Terror, had also made a fearful voyage under the command of Captain Back to the northern parts of Hudson's Bay, with a view to further discoveries in that quarter in connection with a north-west passage. On the 19th of May, 1845, both ships sailed from England.

The instructions which Sir John Franklin received were, "to proceed to Baffin Bay, and, as soon as the ice permitted, to enter Lancaster Sound, and proceed westward through Barrow Strait, in the latitude of about 74¼°, until they reached the longitude of Cape Walker, or about 98° west. They were then to *use every effort to penetrate southward and westward* towards Behring Strait; and it was in this part that their greatest difficulties were apprehended. If these were proved to be insurmountable, they were next directed to return to Barrow Strait, and proceed northwards by the broad channel between North Devon and Cornwallis' Island, commonly called Wellington Channel, provided it appeared open and clear of ice." In pursuance of these instructions it appears that both vessels made their way together as far as latitude 74° 48′, longitude 66° 13′ W. (a position approaching the middle

of Baffin Bay, and about 210 miles from the entrance of Lancaster Sound). It was here that they were seen, moored to an iceberg, on the 26th of July, sixty-eight days after their departure from England.

It was not until the beginning of 1848 that anything like anxiety for their fate began to be felt by those most interested in their welfare at home. It was well known that the gallant leader of the expedition had himself intimated that possibly three years might elapse before they could return, and that they might be themselves the first bearers of intelligence concerning them. Nor were the fears of that estimable lady, Lady Franklin, aroused to any alarming extent prior to that period. Then, however, it was deemed necessary that some steps should be at once taken towards ascertaining what had become of Sir John Franklin and his missing companions; and, accordingly, "researches in three different quarters, and by three separate expeditions, were appointed to be undertaken by the government." Lady Franklin, also, with the true devotedness of a wife, offered in that year, from her private means, a reward of 2000*l.*, afterwards increased to 3000*l.*, "or a proportion thereof, according to services rendered, to any ship or ships, which, departing from the usual fishing grounds, might discover, and, if

needed, afford effectual relief to the missing expedition, or any portion of it."

In the spring of 1848, government despatched two vessels, the "Enterprize" and "Investigator," under the command of that indefatigable arctic voyager Sir James Clark Ross, to discover, if possible, some traces of the lost ones. The result, however, proved a failure as to anything but negative information being gained.

It was, however, deemed possible, and indeed very probable, that, though the land of *North Somerset* had presented no traces of Sir John Franklin or any of his party, the land of *Boothia*, to the southward of, and connected by a neck of land with it, might do so. The arguments brought forward in support of this view of the question were not only sound in themselves, but derived additional strength from the opinions given in its favour by eminent arctic voyagers, as well as from Sir John Franklin's own words, expressed* some years back, concerning

* See Geographical Journal, vol. vi. p. 43. Sir John Richardson, also, in giving a report in 1847 concerning the best mode of sending relief to the missing expedition, observes, that it was part of Sir John Franklin's plan, should he fail in being able to get on in other quarters, "to descend Regent's Inlet, and seek the passage along the coast discovered by Messrs. Dease and Simpson."— Vide *Arctic Returns*, 1848, p. 24.

the best and most likely mode of examining the northern coasts of America.

As the following chapters treat especially of an expedition intended to make a search in that quarter *only*, it may not be amiss to give, at the outset, some account of the precise nature of the objects it had in view.

The object of the expedition was the thorough search of the west coast of Regent Inlet to the bottom of the Gulf of Boothia, together with the western side of Boothia into James Ross Strait, and down to Simpson's Strait. The latter of these formed the passage into Regent's Inlet, which is laid down in the charts given to Sir John Franklin: the existence of interposing land being unknown until the return of Mr. Rae in 1847. Simpson's Strait would, therefore, appear to Sir John Franklin to offer a passage for his boats into Regent's Inlet; and it is believed by many that, if compelled to abandon his ships anywhere in the region S. W. of Cape Walker (to which he would proceed in the first instance), he might make for Regent's Inlet and the stores on Fury Beach. No one who carefully reads the arguments in favour of this expedition, when it was brought before the public eye with the view of obtaining assistance for its funds, can doubt its expediency or even its necessity.

It was, therefore, determined by Lady Franklin to have a search of the land of Boothia simultaneously made with the other explorations, and she accordingly purchased the "Prince Albert" from Messrs. White and Co., of Cowes, and sent her to Aberdeen for the requisite fittings and strengthening to be put upon her for the service she was to be employed in. Mr. Wm. Hogarth, of Aberdeen, kindly superintended, as he had done Captain Penny's vessels, this part of the business, and indeed all that related to preparing the vessel for sea. Placing her at once in the hands of Mr. Duthie, the shipwright, she was speedily doubled and fortified for an arctic voyage, according to the same plan as Captain Penny's. Two splendid boats, the one a gutta percha, presented by the Messrs. Searle of Lambeth, and the other a noble mahogany, given by Messrs. White, were attached to her, besides a Halkett's Mackintosh Boat and a smaller kind of boat called a "dingey," sledges, and kites. The Board of Ordnance had the kindness to lend a howitzer and muskets, and to supply rockets, fireballs, &c., and no expense was spared in furnishing her with everything else considered necessary for the particular service she was to be engaged upon. Provisions of excellent quality and full quantity were placed on board amply sufficient for two years.

The especial service assigned to the "Prince Albert" was that of conveying a boat expedition to the best starting point for accomplishing the intended search of the land of Boothia and its vicinity; but she was also supplied with the necessary housing, (the same as in all the other ships,) in order to make her a suitable and sufficient shelter during the depth of winter, when neither walking parties nor boats could be despatched.*

She was, as I have said, fortified in the same manner, and to the same extent, as the vessels of Captain Penny, which were equipped under his own eye. But the fact of the "Prince Albert" being intended, in the first place, simply as a means of transport to Prince Regent's Inlet; and, secondly, as a depôt for the boat and travelling parties to fall back upon, must not be lost sight of by the reader.

Captain Forsyth, who had volunteered to command the "Prince Albert," had also the advantage of possessing the written suggestions of Sir E. Parry, Sir James Ross, Captain Beechey, Mr. Barrow, and Captain R. H. King. The wintering places suggested were various: Brentford Bay, Batty Bay, Port Bowen, and even Port Leopold, were severally pro-

* Port Leopold, too, with its stores and steam launch, was deemed likely to be an excellent refuge in case of extremity.

posed as fit places for putting the ship into, and thus forming the starting point. It was decidedly recommended that she should not proceed farther south than Brentford Bay; below which, the ice in Regent's Inlet is usually heavily packed.

And whilst some of the advisers thought a direct course to Simpson's Strait, along either the east or west coast of Boothia, the first and chief object; others considered it preferable to search, in the first instance, the east as well as the west sides of Regent's Inlet, and the passages leading out of it into Hudson's Bay.

Ample scope was thus afforded for the discretionary power necessarily placed in the hands of the commander, whilst it was very evident that instead of only *one*, half a dozen "Prince Alberts" might have been fully employed for the accomplishment of all these different objects.

Here a few words as to the means by which the equipment of the "Prince Albert" was effected, will not be out of place. Many of my readers are aware that Lady Franklin was aided by the subscriptions of her friends, her own funds being insufficient; and in the Appendix will be found a list of the contributors, the sums contributed amounting to about 1500*l.*

Not the least interesting of these names is that of

the First Lord of the Admiralty, under whose auspices Sir John Franklin's expedition was sent forth —the good Lord Haddington. And I should also mention, that to the munificent donation of Benjamin Smith, Esq., must be added that of kites, constructed upon scientific principles, by which, if properly managed, very considerable propelling power would be applied to the vessels. This gentleman was at infinite pains in the manufacture of these enormous kites, of which he also presented a large number, with the necessary apparatus, to Captain Penny.

It is understood that Lady Franklin sold out of the funds, for the purposes of this expedition, all the money which she could legally touch; and that the remainder of the expenses of the expedition, which is said to have cost between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.*, have been made good by herself.

To this particular vessel, then, did many kind friends and well-wishers of the arctic expedition turn their eyes. By some it was doubted that she would ever be able to perform the voyage she was to undertake. Others, however, with better judgment, avowed their conviction that she was precisely the sort of craft that would answer best in the icy region whither she was bound.

It should have been mentioned that the Admiralty

kindly supplied her with half a ton of pemmican, and the Hydrographer with nautical and scientific instruments. The Christian Knowledge Society also, at the request of Lady Franklin, sent on board a collection of books: and one individual alone, John Barrow, Esq., of the Admiralty, the son of Sir John Barrow, furnished, besides a handsome subscription to the fund, a perfect little library of most useful and interesting works. To this gentleman especially was the "Prince Albert" and her crew much indebted, and I cannot help taking this opportunity of publicly offering him my thanks.

Thus furnished, and thus attended to, the little vessel had only to be officered and manned to be ready for sea. The proper selection of officers is a task that requires great judgment and discrimination. The gentleman who was appointed as her commander, was one who had for many years honourably, and with distinction, served Her Majesty in the navy of Great Britain. The name of *Charles Codrington Forsyth* was a sufficient guarantee for the good conduct of the expedition. Prompted by a nobleness of spirit which reflected upon him the highest credit, he offered himself and his services free of any remuneration. Obtaining the necessary permission from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, he took the command of the little "Prince

Albert," and joined her at Aberdeen on the 1st of June, a few days prior to her departure.

The crew or foremast men were engaged at Aberdeen; and I must even here bear testimony to their general good conduct, their daring, fearless character, and their constant desire to prove themselves *men*, under every circumstance of difficulty or danger. Strongly attached to the cause in which they had embarked: earnest, at all times, in every endeavour made to explore or search any place where traces might be found of those whom we sought: faithful and zealous in the discharge of their respective duties, alike in the boats, or on shore, as on board or at sea, they were all good seamen; most of them intelligent men, and not one but what deserved and has rightly received the warmest praise and commendation. For myself, I shall ever think of them with the liveliest feelings of pleasure and satisfaction; and sincerely hope that they all may obtain that future good employment to which their conduct so richly entitles them.

My especial duty on board the "Prince Albert" was to take charge of all the civil department of the vessel; the superintending and issuing of stores, &c., the care of all the scientific instruments and medicine chest, our doctor not having joined us in time; and to lead one of the two great exploring parties

that the ship's company were to be divided into when the season arrived for travelling; the captain heading the principal party. Long used to a rough and wandering life, and my heart sensitively alive to the fate of those whom we were going to seek, I was perhaps peculiarly adapted for the service; and I certainly felt proud of the honour conferred upon me in being permitted to engage in it. Though not *professedly* a nautical man, I was yet such in reality, having long been accustomed to the sea, having for many years served a hard apprenticeship upon its treacherous bosom. My education, too, had been wholly nautical, and the very marrow in my bones was derived from one * who had himself fought and sorely bled for his country under his country's flag in her gallant ships of war. My four years' schooling had given me a knowledge of navigation, mathematics, and astronomy; and I rejoiced at having an opportunity to devote it all to the service in which I had embarked. The wild and eventful life I should lead, with its constant changes and chances for weal or for woe, was peculiarly suited to my temperament; and I embarked on the voyage full of spirits and of gladness. Like the commander,

* Lieutenant W. J. Snow, R. N., son of Captain W. Snow, R. N. See Appendix.

and, indeed, nearly all our crew, a married man, I had domestic ties binding me strongly to home; but I trust it will be seen that, however strong those ties were, I never allowed them to interfere with my duty. On the contrary, if anything, they proved a greater spur to urge me on.

So much with regard to your humble servant, gentle reader; but if, as I hope, you feel an interest in the voyage I am about to narrate, I find that I ought to enter somewhat more minutely into the commencement of it. In accompanying me, as I wish you to do, through my rough notes, and on our rough cruise, without any of the peril or discomfort of it, I must try to familiarise you with those who bore the burden and heat of the day therein.

CHAP. II.

ENGAGING THE CREW.—PAY-DAY FOR ADVANCE WAGES.—DOCTOR.—DESCRIPTION OF THE "PRINCE ALBERT."—FITTING-OUT.

LET me place before you a picture with which, probably, your experience has never yet made you acquainted. It is pay-day for advance wages to the ship's company of the "Prince Albert," and in the private office of Mr. Hogarth, of Aberdeen, himself a justice of the peace, are three persons busily engaged: while a chief clerk, from another room, occasionally enters with documents and papers. The three persons are Mr. Hogarth, Captain Forsyth, and myself; and the chief clerk is Mr. Tytler, the complaisant and ever attentive working manager. Presently a muster-roll is called, and at the first name there enters our chief executive officer who received his twenty-six weeks advance of single pay, at a rate of 9*l.* per month double pay, which double pay was allowed to all who received wages for their services.

Next to him came the second mate: his advance was handed to him; and he then signed the *Articles*

wherein he agreed to serve for a double pay of 7*l.* per month. *He* was worth his money, if we take the labour he performed and his zeal only into consideration.

The next person was the boatswain, a man whose age was registered as, I believe, forty-five years; of a slim form, but with a tanned and hardy-looking countenance, he proved himself a thorough man,—cautious, yet not timid; experienced in the ice, yet not presuming upon his experience. A good seaman and steady character, he was also a daring, rough, and fearless whaler. His advance was handed to him: he signed his name to a pay of 4*l.* 10*s.* per month, and made room for the carpenter. This latter was even more advanced in life than the other. He was a steady man, and, I have every reason to believe, a good shipwright, though not a joiner. His fault, if any, was too much hesitation and want of promptitude in his work; but this must be excused on account of his age. Following him was one who had been sent on board by Lady Franklin. He was a Shetlander, a native of Lerwick, and joined us ostensibly as blacksmith. Our occasion for the services of any individual in that capacity was likely to be but trifling: accordingly, we placed him as cabin steward, an office which he had never filled before, but in which he proved himself faithful and trustworthy.

He also received his advance at 4*l.* 10*s.* per month, and signing his name, left the office. After the steward came the cook; another man well advanced in life; but, as we found, none the less serviceable. He had, singularly enough, been with Commander Forsyth years ago, when the latter was first entering upon his naval career; and they both remembered each other. Keep the bottle away from Glennie, and he was an excellent man, a very good ship's cook, as well as a seaman, and, what was not the least of his merits, particularly clean in his habits and person, a desideratum much wanted in many of his particular calling. His pay was 4*l.* 10*s.* per month; and, receiving his advance, he gave place to others.

And now came in as fine a looking set of men, taking all in all, and judging of them as they should be judged, as could have been picked out anywhere. Ten swarthy, weatherbeaten countenances, with hardy features and manly look, followed close upon the heels of each other. I fear to weary the patience of the reader, or I would gladly give somewhat of each man's description, for they all and severally proved themselves everything, and even more, than their aspect told us they would be, when receiving their pay. Suffice it, that out of the ten, five had been long accustomed to the ice and its

dangers; and the other five were men long inured to a wild sea life, far and near. Some were of middle age, and others young and in the full spring of manhood: all could write their names, and three of them, especially, were above their mates in the knowledge they had of navigation.

They produced the necessary certificates; received their money; signed articles, and a paper drawn up against all future "growling," and then retired to prepare themselves and families — for nearly all were married — for the voyage.

Our doctor, who was highly recommended by the most respectable medical authority in Glasgow, came to the vessel without knowing exactly what she was, or anything of her size. Upon his arrival, he did not like her being so small, and declined the honour of accompanying her, afterwards explaining that he thought he had been engaged for one of Captain Austin's vessels, which had in fact sailed some weeks before. This occurred on the day but one before we sailed; and to get another in so short a time was no easy task. In this emergency I ventured to offer to perform the duties which such an officer would be called upon to discharge. Medicine had to me long been a pleasing study; and in several merchant vessels to which I formerly belonged, no doctor but the captain was ever thought of. A

good medicine chest and Medical Guide was all that the skipper of those ships deemed necessary. With M'Arthur's excellent little book of directions, Reece's invaluable Medical Guide, and the humble skill I myself possessed I thought all would be well.

I must confess that afterwards, on cool reflection, I felt I had done wrong in taking upon me such a heavy responsibility, more especially when I found that so many other duties would unavoidably fall to my share; but I determined to devote more and more attention to the study of the subject, and be always prepared for any emergencies that might arise. The broad sheet published by Dr. Alfred Smee in cases of accidents, &c., was pasted up conspicuously in the surgery, and another of a similar kind sent by the Christian Knowledge Society was rarely out of my pocket; while all my medical books were arranged at hand, and particular pages turned down where important cases were treated of. Nothing has given me more pleasure than to find that in every case requiring my services medically, I was, owing to the gracious providence of God, successful; and I am delighted to say that the men were in the best health on their return. Often had I to turn out in a cold and tempestuous night, with the sea washing over us, to go and administer relief to some man who was seized with sudden, and generally but

temporary pain, after I had been performing other duty, and, fatigued, retired to rest only at past midnight; and though I begrudged not my time taken from sleep, yet the evil was, that my thoughts and ideas had to condense themselves more rapidly and strongly to bring them thus on the sudden to bear upon the precise subject or matter before me. However, Il Dottore, albeit not an M. D., was fortunate in all the remedies he prescribed; and is thankful to the Divine assistance afforded him for it.

But I really must cry you mercy! gentlemen of the medical profession. I assure you it was with no view to encroach upon, or thrust myself into, your particular duties that I took upon me a character to which I had never any claim. But see how the case actually stood! One of your number did not like to go with us, when, at the last moment, we had no other to replace him. Many merchant skippers are their own doctors, and the size of our craft was so small that we too, I thought, might, upon such an emergency, also do without one. But I must not withhold that there was at the bottom a small matter of selfishness in this view of the question which I took. A snug little cabin would have to be shared with our medical officer if he came; or else, a material and inconvenient encroachment made upon our general state room for him. As he did not

come, I had my cabin to myself, and the size of the state room was not at all diminished. So you see that that germ of all evil, selfishness, which rests in every human heart, to some degree, was in a measure prominent in mine as regards this affair, and I am bound to acknowledge it. So much about the Doctor: now then let us to the ship again.

The "Prince Albert" was built at Cowes, and registered there in October, 1848; and since that period she has been on two or three voyages in the fruit trade to and from the Azores. She was $89\frac{3}{4}$ tons; and her length, from the inner part of main stem to fore part of stern post aloft, is $72\frac{2}{10}$ ft.; her breadth amidships, $17\frac{4}{10}$ ft.; and her depth in the hold amidships, $9\frac{7}{10}$ ft. Her height between decks, in the cabin, was somewhere about 5 ft. 6 in.; and the room in that cabin was necessarily scant.

This, however, is not mentioned disparagingly. On the contrary, every one of us was perfectly well aware of what she was, what she was capable of doing for us, and what we might expect in her. None of us looked to find a floating palace, nor anything but the roughest and hardiest kind of life while belonging to her; especially as we were to expect that the principal part of our duty would have to be carried out in boat service. With this knowledge, I believe, every man joined the little craft; and

hence, in the description I am giving, it is only with a view of showing what she really was, in order the more strongly to contrast her with, and prove her excellent qualities alongside of, larger vessels. With rarely a dry deck above, and no little moisture below, it was not a gentle and easy life we were leading; even when free from the vicinity of land or ice. Yet so dearly do I love the *bonnie wee pet*, and so highly do I think of her, that I would gladly voyage again and again in those rough seas, or any other seas, on board of her; and I only wish that it were my fate to have the "Prince Albert" under my hands up there once more, following hard upon the trail of her noble and gallant pioneers. I warrant me she would prove herself, as she has already done, not to be despised.

I have now nearly done with preliminary matters. The rigging of the vessel was ably superintended by Mr. Cook, the master of the "Sylph" yacht belonging to W. Hogarth, Esq.; and the sending stores, &c., on board, was carefully attended to by Mr. Macdonald, of the same gentleman's office. But indeed every one at Aberdeen appeared to take the same interest in us, vying with each other in rendering any service in their power. To Mr. Hogarth, his brother Hugh, and all his family, we owe, and myself especially, for their kind and

generous hospitality, unbounded thanks. Their eldest boy, Alick, a noble young fellow, possessed the true spirit of a sailor; and I should have been well pleased had he accompanied us. The ladies, too, did not forget us; Mrs. Hogarth herself kindly presenting us with a fine-toned accordion, but which, unluckily, none of us could play. We were more fortunate however with the fiddle and bagpipes, the steward playing the former, and one of the men the latter.

I have since learned that, had we waited a few days later, our vessel would have been honoured by the gift of an organ from His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, of which the value, great even as it would have been to us, was enhanced by the gracious terms in which the favour was conveyed. What feelings of ardent loyalty would have been awakened by hearing it pour forth the strains of our magnificent national anthem!

One great essential among the preliminaries must not be forgotten. No man, who is himself a sailor, but must feel convinced that there is nothing to equal true, earnest, unaffected, and heartfelt religion. Prayer—*honest* prayer—is beyond everything invaluable to a seaman, especially to one engaged in the dangerous duties which he has to perform in the Arctic Seas. That we should go out with a due

regard to this important obligation to prayer and humble dependence upon God, was what every one might consider as a matter of course; but I am pleased to say that, in our case, the "of course" was never needed. Spontaneously our men called for prayer and a proper service. Educated in the Scotch Church, they were all, more or less, Presbyterians; but their particular persuasion was no hindrance to the feeling which prompted them always to unite in divine worship, according to whatever form the commander considered necessary to adopt. As a Church of England man myself, I ever loved our own beautiful church service, yet felt that, in cases like the present, it was not exactly suited for the purpose we required. A simple prayer, with Bible reading and exposition, was what struck me as better adapted; and as I was the only *civil* officer and scribe, I ventured to write one, not then knowing of any other having been composed. This prayer was once or twice used at service on board, and frequently in private, with all warmth and sincerity.

Bibles and Prayer-books had been liberally furnished by the Christian Knowledge Society, and were given to the men immediately upon our getting to sea. A printed prayer, written by a clergyman of the Church of England, was distributed by Lady Franklin, who had written upon it each man's name.

This form was often read; but I believe the men valued it most for the handwriting upon it, and the source whence it came.

She had called them, severally, into the cabin on the evening prior to our departure, and talked to them earnestly concerning the object of the voyage and their conduct; and this they never afterwards forgot, frequently saying to me, in the homely Scotch I cannot literally give, "Ah, bless her heart! dear lady. I only hope we shall find Sir John for her sake. I'll do my best towards it:" and, occasionally adding, "Well, I was completely taken a-back when her ladyship talked to me. I felt salt-water in my eyes before I had gone a dozen words with her, and wasn't a bit sorry when it was all over. I'd like to talk with her, but I couldn't stand it."

The day at last drew nigh when we were to sail on our destination. Our provisions had been stowed in an incredibly short space of time, and the vessel was filled to the very top with food, fuel, and general stores. From the wharf where we had been lying, she then hauled alongside the quay opposite the Custom-House, where her bonded and excisable goods were given to her, with the powder and other inflammable commodities. Owing to these latter coming on board only at the last moment, the

greatest difficulty was caused in getting anything like order established in their stowage. Indeed, I found it impossible to accomplish what I wished; and, therefore, merely had them properly secured for sea, with the intention, on the earliest opportunity, of re-arranging them. All this being done, and the vessel duly cleared at the Custom-House, she hauled off from the quay to a *buoy*, and there awaited the tide, to proceed to sea.

CHAP. III.

READY FOR SEA. — LIVELY EXCITEMENT. — AN "ARCTIC LEAP." — FAREWELL TO HOME. — ARRIVAL AT THE ORKNEYS. — DEPARTURE FOR THE OPEN SEA.

On Wednesday, June 5th, the "Prince Albert" was declared ready for sea; and never shall I forget the day. From early morning, crowds of persons, either friends or relatives of the men on board of us, or of those on board of whalers or the other discovery ships; besides numbers interested merely in our vessel and the object of its voyage, congregated on the quay opposite to us. Towards the afternoon the crowds increased, and a more than usual excitement was evident everywhere. Curious gazers stood scrutinizing our boats, gear, rig, and size. Some expressed a belief we should never come back again; others avowed their entire disinclination ever to participate in such a voyage. Not a few came on board, rather incommoding us, until we hauled away to the buoy. Lady Franklin was not present on this occasion, but others — the wives of those already in the Arctic Seas — came themselves,

to deliver, with their own hands, those silent yet heart-speaking memorials, which, in the shape of letters, tell so truly the unceasing devotion of the loved one left at home. Oh, how I felt my own heart glow, as I took from their hands the packet to be conveyed, and listened to their words, as, forgetting all but womanly love, they desired me, should I meet with *him* or *them*, to tell how well they were in health; and, too, how comfortable, as far as they could be comfortable alone. And happy was I, afterwards, when I had the opportunity so to fulfil their requests.

Towards six o'clock, Commander Forsyth finally came on board, after parting from his wife and child, and from Lady Franklin, who were hospitably lodged in the house of Mr. Hogarth. My parting had been in London a fortnight before, and letters since had helped to moderate, in a measure, somewhat of my natural feeling about it; but I had another parting to make in Aberdeen, which affected me not a little. It was when Lady Franklin bade me, in the few last words she had to say, "Good bye." It seems but yesterday since she said it; and how well do I remember her look of intense feeling, of agitated hope and anxiety. It was in the cabin of Mr. Hogarth's yacht, where the final adieu took place; and never did I feel more determined to per-

form, to the utmost, what I had always promised her, than at the moment when, with tears in her eyes, bringing mine also very near the brim, she long and earnestly shook my hand, and said "Farewell."

The excitement of the scene soon came upon *us*, as well as upon the lookers-on, and we gradually forgot everything but the great object in which we were now engaged. Perhaps I was the only one who felt positively alone at that animating moment, when voice after voice was hailing us, to say to some intimate friend or companion, the always sad word, "Farewell." There was not one among them all who knew me more than a casual acquaintance; and yet there were many who, with friendly hearts, had made me feel that I was not completely a stranger among them; and had bade me a kindly adieu just before the hurry and bustle came on.

It was now necessary to get all our men on board and muster them. Several of them had been working hard through the day, and really proved of great assistance at a time when it is rare to find that any sailors will work at all. To our great satisfaction, all the ship's company soon appeared. Gradually our little vessel was filled with their wives and friends; and when the tide began to make, and we moved from the *buoy* to the outer harbour, we

were so crowded that a person could hardly move. The quays and bridges were by this time thronged with a vast multitude assembled to witness our departure. As we passed through the first bridge, "That is Lady Franklin's *own* vessel, which she is sending out to search for her husband," was heard from many. "Success to the 'Prince Albert!'" was shouted aloud; and "May you return safe and prosperous!" was added by others who wished us well. In the outer harbour we again made fast for a short time, until the steamer that was to tow us out came alongside. Here we found that two or three trifling things necessary for us were still wanted, and I jumped into a boat, and was soon ashore after them. On my return, when passing through the crowd, I had difficulty to move, so dense had it become. "That's one of them! that's one of them!" was cried by some person who knew my features; and instantly every eye was upon me, as though I were an inhabitant of that polar region whither we were bound.

Upon getting aboard again, I found the pilot had come: our colours hoisted, and the long burgee flaunting from our mast-head in proud display. The whole ship's company was now mustered; and well did every man answer to his call, as with firm step and steady air he walked up to his station and then

turned forward. I have been in not a few ships during my lifetime, men-of-war and merchantmen, but never did I witness a finer display than that which was presented when the crew of the "Prince Albert" answered to their muster-roll. Not a single instance of drunkenness or insubordination: not one absent.

And now began the full life and spirit of the scene. The word was given; the hawsers passed, and the steam-tug "Victory" took us in tow. The moment we commenced moving, cheer upon cheer rang through the air; voices shouting out adieus innumerable, sounded upon the ear like another Babel; waving of handkerchiefs, hurrahs, hats and caps thrown on high, was the kindly farewell of the honest-hearted Aberdonians. As we slowly passed Mr. Duthie's yard, a salute was fired and colours hoisted; while a lively band of music from some unknown place sounded joyously in our ears. At ten minutes past eight we passed through the "locks," where we had been detained for a moment or two, and where an incident occurred which was strongly characteristic of our voyage. One of our men, Glennie, had sprung ashore either to shake hands once more with some old friend; or, may be on the sly, to have another taste of his favourite whisky. As we moved onward through the "locks" the crowd was so thick that he

was prevented easily getting back again, and it was only at the last moment, by a sort of desperate spring, that he managed to jump from the quay on board of us at the stern.' So wild and flying did he seem to spring, that a gentleman near him, who was calmly looking on, sung out, "He is already practising the 'Arctic leap,'" which being received by a loud and prolonged shout, procured for Glennie for a long time afterwards the *soubriquet* of the "Arctic Leaper."

Mr. Hogarth, in his fine little yacht the "Sylph," now passed ahead of us, very kindly intending to keep us company as far as the Orkneys. As we slowly moved on towards the bay, we could see the crowd extending itself in one long line to the very extreme point of the projecting pier that formed one side of the entrance to the harbour. Here, as we were towed past it, renewed cheers upon cheers were shouted far and near, and kept up until the "Prince Albert" had cast off from the steamer, passed Girdleness, and was fairly out at sea. A swell from the south-east gave us a little motion, and produced upon the many strangers we had on board the usual symptoms of sea-sickness. Several were distressingly ill, and were, no doubt, exceedingly glad when, after some delay, a boat took them off to the steamer and conveyed them back to the shore. The

bear him a mortal hatred to my dying day. But you have a more inquiring and wisdom-seeking spirit; you search for knowledge in causes, and springs, and motives, and such like detestable machinery of things and men: you will not let me take another excursion into Hungary, without inquiring into the "wherefores" and the "whys" of my movements. You have been looking down upon my previous wanderings like my good angel; and you who, while yet a child, were already the friend of the boy among those sweet scenes of our early memory, under the spreading cedars of the park, by the side of the shaded lake in the plantations, in hedge-row wanderings and in stile-climbing, and in strange dreamings thereby—you who have been the friend (and what a sympathising one!) to the youth among the picturesque ruins of our dear old Heidelberg—you who have been the pure and never-failing adviser of the man when he wandered far from you in distant lands—you may accept the appellation without a blush: and now you bid me peremptorily lay before you the notes of the music of my dance.

The letters, then, of which I promise you a series, as I now set forth again on my road to Hungary, in the summer of this our good year 1846, are destined to justify my wanderings. It has been in vain, that, by the way of an excuse,

I have given you vague sketches of the thousand picturesque beauties in nature, manners, and costumes, in mountain, plain, lake, and stream, in ruined castles full of old historical recollections, in lordly mansions and in peasants' huts, and in every nook and corner of that lively and variegated land: it is in vain that I have tried to make you understand the charm to be found in the bright tint of *sauvagerie*, which still gleams amongst its civilisation—in the glowing feelings which warm the heart at the sight of its rising energies, and all the budding and blowing that bursts from the newly invigorated fresh sap of youth, now flowing in that long stunted tree—in the animation of that gay confusion arising from the mixture of so many races of men in one kingdom—in all, in fact, which first strikes the eye, and fascinates the fancy, before looking at the details of a dead leaf here, or a crawling canker-worm there, which lurk upon the brilliant plant. It is in vain that I have preached to you, that the rich web of romance, which in most other countries has been dyed into one and the same tint, by the dingy hands of civilisation and constant mutual contact, is still unfaded in Hungary alone; that the web is there woven, with an infinity of character, and costume, and manner, in the gayest tapestry pictures, which have elsewhere long lost their brightness — and that

nothing delights me more than stealing a little morsel of this web, of which Hungary makes itself so attractive a garment, to hang upon my own shoulders, or stick, like a feather, in my own cap. You will not content yourself with any justification so vague and general in its character. You demand proofs and detailed reasons for my predilection. Whether the letters I intend to send you will bear me out in your eyes, I cannot tell: I await your verdict at the close of my correspondence.

I cannot now take you beyond the Danube's banks. My journey lies only down the stream, from Ratisbon to the Iron Gate upon the frontiers of Turkey: but I shall thus traverse Hungary from its western to its eastern boundaries; and I shall have some scope for those observations which you require at my hands. And now the Danube lies before the windows of my comfortable little hotel upon the river's bank at Ratisbon. That Danube rushes onwards strongly and stoutly towards Hungary. My heart already beats with impatience; but the Danube in itself alone claims a great share in my affections: the Danube has long since occupied that place in my heart, which the Rhine possessed, when I was a boy. Man is faithless; and, in spite of the French proverb, I have discarded my "*premières amours*" for this new object

of my affections. Here then, where I have again first greeted my love, I will commence my promised correspondence.

The dark rolling waters, which reflect so dingily the old towers of Ratisbon, as they rush forth from beneath its long bridge, are not without their peculiar charm, and already awaken the imagination, as a sort of mysterious prelude to the beauties to come. In the steep wooded hills, which form a gorge for their narrowed flood, and close the scene above, there are already many choice passages for the amateur of the picturesque; and, although the charming hills below gradually decline and mingle with the plain beyond, and fade out of sight as if the symphony were dying away in a *diminuendo*, and were thus to end for ever, yet there, faintly seen in the distance, stands the temple of the Valhalla upon its height, asserting, through the trumpet of Bavarian patriotism, its title as "Crown of the Danube," and, to my impatient fancy, looking like a magic portal to a paradise beyond. Ratisbon itself, also, with its tall battlemented heavy towers, its antique sculptured and painted houses, its fine Gothic cathedral of a gloomy beauty, so full of severe harmony, its saintly cloisters, and its dark old town-house, still exhibiting, with all the pride of romance, its diet halls and torture-chambers, imperial thrones and hideous

instruments of torment,—all the last reminiscences, at once of the power and the cruelty of another age,—would form in itself a striking overture, scored, as it were, by a scientific and conscientious, but somewhat heavy, German composer, to the more wild, varied, and brilliant opera which follows afterwards. But the modern traveller is, now-a-days, as unwilling to bestow any lingering attention upon the city of Ratisbon, as the modern novel reader to wade through a preface. The preface is almost invariably skipped, even if the reader go no further than the first chapter; and in this instance, the first chapter, and to most tourists a very attractive and interesting one, is the Valhalla.

The road to the Valhalla from Ratisbon lies down the left bank of the Danube, at no great distance from the stream; and when I performed my pilgrimage thither to-day, like the good conscientious sight-seeing pilgrim that I am, but in good and lively company, I could not but feel a pleasant sensation creeping over me as I looked again upon the picturesque wooded hills that skirted our way on the left, opening their sides, now and then, to shew us smiling and secluded valleys, whence peeped, here and there, a humble villa, or a rural house of entertainment for the pleasure-loving German *bürgher* of Ratisbon, like friendly hearts giving us a peep into charming half-hidden nooks

of kindly sentiment within. From time to time, also, an open carriage of no very great pretensions, or a humble cart, filled with laughing, bantering, joyous groups, turned away from our road, and wound its way, along by-roads, into these pleasant nooks; and a gush of music, in the animating and feet-stirring trebie time of the waltz, caught our ears, as it came along the breeze, from wind instruments, and invited us, as clearly as ever did Bow-bells the truant Whittington, to "turn" from our road, and follow the pleasure-seekers who went astray from it, and make merry with them in the vine-covered arbours, that stood so comfortably embowered on the hill sides: and, of a truth, the younger ones of our party began casting longing looks in the direction of the music, and impatiently "kicking their heels" in waltz-time, to the infinite danger of the flooring of the carriage. But others of us were as good conscientious pilgrims as myself, and not to be allured from the direct road to the shrine of our pilgrimage; and, besides, there, at no very great distance, actually rose before our eyes the Valhalla on its height, overpowering in attraction, by its splendid rivalry, the ruined Castle of Donaustauf upon a neighbouring precipice; and this new "wonder of the world," as good Bavarians call it, was a novelty to some of us; and so on we went, unheeding the

siren influence of all these rural delights; and we soon found ourselves safely disembarked before the new *hospice* for Valhalla pilgrims, the chief inn of the small town of Donaustauf.

As we set forth on foot, our party augmented by other pilgrims, who had already arrived, so as to swell into a very respectable procession, several of the more curious peeped into the windows of the great building which forms the modern new-built *schloss*, *château*, country mansion, or whatever it be termed, of the wealthy Prince of Tour and Taxis, the proprietor of Donaustauf, which flanked the road or street of the little village immediately to our right, and then cast inquisitive looks into the garden park beyond stretching down to the river side. But in all these modern buildings and gardenings there was certainly no great charm to excite so much interest. Perhaps, after all, the attraction, to the good Germans, consisted in the hopes of seeing a princess doing tapestry-work, with her own princely fingers, at a window, or young sprouting princes and princesses soiling their serene trowsers and frocks in playing leapfrog or skipping-rope in the gardens; for such interesting matters are sources of infinite attraction in Germany, and, perhaps, elsewhere. I believe, however, that the curious were disappointed, and that nothing serene at all, neither in

fingers, nor trowsers, nor frocks, was to be discovered in movement; at least, I heard none of those frantic exclamations that such an exciting discovery would not have failed of eliciting. For my own part, I cannot claim to have been any wiser in my way; for, with my customary unpractical turn of mind, I was grumbling all the time, that the wealthy prince, who owned all around, should not have restored to their former splendour the old ruins of the proud castle on the height above, instead of spending his money and his taste in the construction of that building, which, in my simplicity, the first time I saw it, I took for a genteel manufactory or a line of barracks-*ornés*, and which is so conveniently situated for the enjoyment of all the dust from the road it flanks during the delights of a summer residence. I had seen, however the huge uncomfortable-looking pile of building, which, in the interior of the city of Ratisbon, serves as the winter residence to the family of Tour and Taxis; and I consoled myself with the notion, that his serene highness had, kindly, been unwilling to vex his good old winter palace, by making anything at all more agreeable of the young upstart summer mansion.

On issuing from the street of the village, the great temple of the Valhalla rose before us in all its glory, crowning a hill—that hill would have

taken the title of a mountain in many other countries—and, certainly, at first sight, conveying a very fancy-stirring impression. For my part, I always feel inclined to enter all places by great gates, and walk straight up to principal entrances, and affront other things in the straightforward way, even if it cost me twice as much trouble as a more roundabout but easier backway. I believe it is the *natural* disposition of man to "run a muck," straight on, at every thing, be it a hill top or an explanation; pioneers and worldly-wisdom-worshippers go round by long, smooth, circuitous routes; but I am not sure that they are always right, especially the latter, in their experiments and experiences. On this occasion, however, the little tatterdemalion guides, who offered themselves as genii of the temple, to lead us up to it by pleasant paths, at the cheap rate of a kreutzer or two per genius, insisted upon our taking our way through the shady pine woods that covered the side and back of the hill, instead of affronting the flood of scorching sunlight that deluged the face of it, and the gigantic stone steps leading to the temple above. And, in a true practical view of the case, in opposition to my fancy for marching proudly up in front, the genii were not without that good sense which is not always the attribute of a genius; for the roads were pleasant, and smooth, and cool; and the

good woman who issued from the cottage of a keeper of the building, peeping from among the woods, half-way up, gave us the coolest of cool water to drink, which some of our party poisoned in the most infatuated manner with *kirschwasser*, and bestowed on us, at the same time, good-tempered smiles and kind words of greeting; and they were all—words, smiles, and water—extremely pleasant and refreshing. And from the woods we issued upon the summit of the hill behind the great Grecian temple that makes it so splendid a diadem.

The first impression made by this colossal temple of Fame, which is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens, is decidedly imposing, as I have said before, and that in the highest degree. As an imitation of a great work of art of antiquity, the Valhalla is entitled to every praise; and the architect Klenze deserves, for his successful copy, a crown of artificial laurel, as classical as this fine classical temple. But you know what an unreasonable grumbler I am in art; "unreasonable," I say, for I am but a very meagre connoisseur; and, in fact, the man who judges according to fancy, and sentiment, and feeling, and such follies that know no rules, or ties, or bounds, has no right to appropriate to himself the title of "connoisseur" at all: and so, when first I saw the Valhalla—and my

excursion of to-day has only given a more solid and permanent form to the loose grumblings of my first visit—I soon began to grumble with all that "unreasonableness," which, I confess, is one of my besetting sins, and with all that disregard of established opinions and superior taste, which silly, fanciful men will allow to creep over them. To be sure, the colossal proportions of the exterior of the building—the pediment that meets your eyes as you emerge from among the woods, and climb the last summit of the hill by the northern side, representing the victory of the German hero Arminius over the Romans, and executed by that first of living sculptors, since the death of Thorwaldsen, the talented Schwanenthaler—the long line of gigantic columns, beneath the shade of which you advance along the side—the sense of length as you walk on and on without arriving at the end—the proud façade of the temple, with its beautiful pediment, representing Germany receiving the tribute of the various German states, also executed by Schwanenthaler—and then the splendid view from the platform in front, which bursts upon your sight with a feeling of infinite vastness, after the more circumscribed, although beautiful, scenery of mountain and wood behind—that view of the vast plains of Bavaria, reminding the gazer of the immense tracts of ancient Germany, in which Arminius, the first hero of the

Valhalla, achieved his triumph over the invaders of the land, as they stretch in wild, gigantic solemnity even to the Alps of the Tyrol, whose snowy peaks hover about the horizon with such cloud-like faintness, that they seem not to close or hem that scene of infinite space, but only to render the infinity dim to mortal eyes—that nearer view of the narrowed hills above Ratisbon, of the towers of the city, of the Danube that rushes along them, and hurrying past the hill on which the temple stands, flows on towards the east, and only glances upon the eye in lake-like glimpses here and there in the distance—all dazzle, and fascinate, and awe. The grandeur of the idea which has thus raised a temple to the glories of all Germany, from the resources of one of its minor kingdoms,—an idea born, it would seem, from the very essence of the poetry of patriotism,—also, at first, warms the heart and fetters criticism; and, for the time, all the other considerations which afterwards arise in the mind of the carper and caviller, are not allowed to have a place in it. In cooler moments only is one inclined to question how far this noble, poetical feeling predominated in the mind of the poet-king who conceived the idea, or how far its execution may be attributed rather to the masonry mania which evidently impels King Lewis of Bavaria to run such lengths

of frantic expenditure in the construction of building after building, temple after temple, halls of fame and glory without end, to the impoverishment, it is said, of the state finances in every department, and to the evident neglect of much of the material improvement of the land—how much there is of patriotism, or how much of vanity, lurking in the desire of a man who evidently seeks a great name in the page of history, to bestow the title of "land of the arts" upon a country, the capital of which has obtained a name so dearly bought—that of the modern Athens—how far, also, the impulse thus given to the arts in Bavaria may have an influence upon its future destinies, or how far this over-taxation of the resources of a kingdom in the production of great works, greatly beyond all proportion to its position among nations, and the impatient ardour with which these resources are imprudently drained, may affect its eventual prosperity. But, for the time, the visitor to the Valhalla is overpowered with the feeling, that the idea of its founder was as grand as it is poetical; and I ought to add, also, in justice to his Majesty, that not only have many works of art of the first style been thus produced by the greatest names of the day, but that, among the natives of his own land, many a talent that might otherwise have been "born to blush unseen," unless cultivated, has

been warmed into blossom, and produced to the world by his patronage.

While I thus considered over impulses and motives, as if I really cared much about them, instead of detesting to destroy my more poetical illusions by their investigation, the reflection came into my mind, that it was "passing strange" that two monarchs, who seem to have so little sympathy, and who, in their respective characters of cold calculation on the one hand, and of excitement, which is not without its charm of *bizarrerie*, on the other, offer so singular a contrast, should have been prompted by the same idea, to complete a great national work for the commemoration of the glories of their respective countries. Without investigating how much there may have been of a desire, —an unrequited one—to court popularity in the one, how much of a craving for personal fame in the other, it is evident that the same idea suggested to Louis Philippe the Museum at Versailles, and to Lewis of Bavaria the Temple of the Valhalla. In each instance, also, the idea has been embodied in a manner characteristic of each nation. How suitable to noisy, vain, showy, boasting France, is the pomp, the glitter, and tinsel, and colour of the historical gallery of Versailles, established in the overgrown palace of that most theatrical and make-believe of monarchs, the ballet-dancer and

ceremonial inventor, Louis le Grand! How much more applicable to the tastes of the pedantic and would-be refined German, is the imitation of the Grecian temple with its marble halls!

But in the midst of all these considerations and fancies, I am forgetting my grumblings. *En avant*, then, Grumble 1! Imagine me still standing on the broad paved platform before the façade of the temple. From my feet stretches down a great mass of white masonry, which suddenly stops, like a *glacier*, arrested very uncomfortably in its incursion into a valley, half-way down the hill-side. This mass of masonry, which consists in terraced walls that flank gigantic flights of steps, now separating right and left, now uniting into one broad staircase, for the ascent of the worshipper to the temple of glory above, has the very evident consequence of detracting, more especially when you are below or at a distance, from the grand appearance of the temple itself, and reducing its proportions even to paltriness in the general effect. Had this immense flight of steps, I fancied to myself—and pray remember that I never, either in this instance or in any of my future letters, presume to put forward my fancies as taste, or connoisseurship, or judicious criticism, or, in fact, anything but "fancies"—had this immense flight of steps, I fancied, descended down the whole mountain side

to the very water's edge, and been washed by the flood of the Danube below, the injury it does to the effect might have been pardoned, on account of the vastness of the plan and the grandeur of such a giant approach; while, as it is, this mass of white wall and staircase, cut short at the waist, like a half-length picture, only spoils and mars, at the same time that it signifies nothing. Yes; I had the folly, in my fancies, to imagine that it signified nothing. But I was soon laid prostrate in the folly of this error, by a broadside attack of all the heaviest grape-shot of pedantry and mysticism that mortal man can be assailed with in pedantic and mystic Germany. I was conceitedly endeavouring to insinuate my own "grumble," screw-fashion, into the minds of some of our party, when a long-haired, meagre-looking, eye-rolling individual advanced, and darting at me a glance of infinite contempt, crushed me immediately with all the force of the above-mentioned battery. Would that I could recollect all the metaphysical jargon that gave such a stunning effect to his words; but it was too mighty to find a dwelling-place in my own narrow mind; and, as I say, I was stunned upon the spot. I have only a vague remembrance that there was, after all, a deep, dark, mysterious significance in the very fact of thesteps going only half-way down—that below lay the *Urwelt*, the origin of all things, or

chaos, or—I don't know exactly what—and then came the *Heidenthum*, the dark heathen ages—and that I believe was figured out by the steps I had dared so audaciously to criticise; and they led up to the *Christenthum*, the revelation of Christianity, which was allegorised, and very perversedly, it appeared to me, by the Pagan temple above—and—and—I know not what besides. But I was one of the uninitiated in spirit; and probably it was not given to me to understand. I believe that my companions, more especially the ladies, did, however; for there was a great wagging of heads, and a waving of hands over my unlucky steps, and a murmuring of applause; and I was completely vanquished. When I recovered my senses, and looked around me timidly, before I ventured on another indiscreet "grumble," the revealing spirit had vanished. Was he perhaps a *Geist* sent to enlighten my heavy British ignorance? It would seem so; for I never saw him more. It would appear, too, that my mind was a very hardened one; for, as soon as I was fully aware that my enemy had departed from our sight, I ventured, silently this time, upon another grumble, which I will lay before you without any further fears. Promise not to betray me.

Grumble 2.—I looked upon the beautiful Grecian temple, as I turned, and asked myself why a

Grecian building had been erected to eternalise a *German* idea—why a temple of fame to the glories of Germany had put on this Grecian garment —why, in this shape, it is not called a Pantheon, or, if that name be unsuitable, or even blasphemous, why not by one of those Greek appellations which his Majesty of Bavaria has shewn his able skill in so happily adapting to his Munich galleries—but why by an antique German name. What is the meaning of a *Grecian* Valhalla—a Grecian paradise of the old German mythology? I ventured humbly to ask a question to this effect, and was told that there was no old German architecture upon which a temple of German fame could be modelled. No truism could be more true. But still I presumed to go on with my silent questions to myself—why an architect could not have *invented*—why the German *spirit* might not have been embodied by a bold creative fancy—why originality had not been tasked, instead of mere imitation employed. And perhaps the absurdity of these questioning fancies was somewhat justified by the knowledge, that for the great Arminius' monument, erected on a height of the Teutoberger Forest, to commemorate the very historical fact which stands figured upon the northern pediment of the Valhalla, a national style of architecture has been invented, and executed with striking success.

But I ought not thus to keep you waiting before the very portals of the temple, to listen to my "fancies." Let us enter in, and offer up our incense to the divinities of the temple,—the arts, and the demigods they illustrate.

The first effect of the *ensemble*, as you enter the interior of the temple, as the first impression given by the exterior, is extremely striking. It excites almost the same sensations in the visitor, as those he cannot fail of experiencing on entering the rich Carthusian church at Pavia, or—to compare lesser things with greater—that of St. Peter's at Rome. He stands dazzled, confused, and overawed. The interior is truly gorgeous. The reddish marble, which lines the sides, sets off to great advantage the white busts of all the great men here immortalised. These sides are broken into three bold and grand compartments, which are marked off by white marble statues of genii of victory. The floor is of exquisite polished inlaid marbles of the country. The mouldings of the elaborately worked ceiling are picked out with brilliant colour and gilding, which is most lavishly bestowed, and certainly has a most splendid appearance. The panellings of the roof are ornamented with platina stars upon a bright blue ground. The caryatides supporting the roof, which represent the "Walkyren," or houries of the

ancient German paradise—and here we are all at once really introduced to the German spirit in the midst of this Grecian temple—are resplendent with golden bear-skins on their backs, rich violet tunics, and bright brown hair. The cornices of the roof are elaborately painted with figures of the ancient gods and heroes of the German mythology. But, as the first dazzling impression gradually wears away, the cavillings and carpings commence again, or at least mine did.

I believe that all this glitter of colour and gilding in the upper part of the hall is fully in conformity with classical taste, and perfectly warranted by the example of antiquity and the dictum of all classical antiquaries; but it certainly has the very questionable effect of immediately catching the eye on entering, and leading it up to the splendours of the roof, instead of allowing it to repose upon the principal matters to be remarked—the objects for which the temple has been constructed —the divinities of the shrine—the busts, in fact, of the great men below. The stout ladies especially, the gold bear-skinned caryatides, utterly crush the poor heads beneath them, and insist upon absorbing, at first, all the attention. It is only after a long space of time that you make up your mind to regard at all the poor humbled demigods; and, indeed, when you have got down from above, the

real divinity of the temple, figured in a great statue of King Lewis himself, which stands at the end of the hall, before a very ugly sort of pantry window —I do not know how to call it otherwise, but you will understand me, perhaps—comes in for the first share—and it is a lion's portion—of the worship of the pilgrims. At last, however, being carefully provided with list slippers, a very liberal supply of which gives the entrance the look of a well furnished shoe shop, in order not to injure the polish of the splendid marble floor, you find your first admiration subsided; and you are able to look at the busts. Not yet though. The genii of victory, executed, I believe, by Rauch of Berlin, call loudly for your next attention. They are said, I understand, to be of much beauty; but, again, being probably one of the very profane, I could not find in them the beauty I expected, perhaps with one exception; and to that even I affix, as you see, a qualifying "perhaps." But I will not venture to criticise a grace, that it is not given me to comprehend. I had only intended to assail you, *apropos* of *mesdames* the genii of victory, with my Grumble III.; but I find that this grumble is not an original air, but merely a variation of that of Grumble II.

These genii of German victory are again purely Grecian. And again I ask, if no originals of such German divinities exist,—they have been figured

forth, however, in the "Walkyren,"—why the sculptor, the artist, the *künstler*, to use the generalising German word, has not tasked his genius to invent something more analogous to German ideas, German natures, and German mythology.

At length we come to the busts of the great men immortalised in the Valhalla; and here again we cannot but be struck with the ill effect they produce. There is a want in them of all symmetry, order, arrangement, or classification according to the nature of their talent, position, or even date of existence in the world, which is peculiarly vexatious to an orderly man like myself. They stand upon their brackets, up and down, and here and there, in marvellous disorder. There is certainly much beauty, however, in many of the heads. Those of Vandyke and the Empress Maria Theresa, to say nothing of so many others, struck me particularly, as well by their beauty of execution as of feature. I was naturally surprised, on first visiting the Valhalla, at finding so many illustrious persons not strictly of German origin, occupying shrines in a German temple of fame; but I was overruled in this objection, by the information that the King of Bavaria had admitted all worthies of every country that could boast a Saxon origin; and I very willingly made up my mind to the deification of Vandyke, Rubens, and Van

Tromp, particularly as I found the names of Hengist, Alfred, and Egbert engraved in golden letters upon the tablets, which are let into the upper part of the walls in goodly row. I cannot say, however, that I was so easily converted into a belief in the demigod-ship of many other of the personages deified in the Valhalla. Among others, I was rather surprised at the sanctity of Katherine of Russia: I was startled at finding Otto of Wittlesbach, the assassin of his emperor, among the worthies of fame; and I own I did not know much what to make of our own William III. But then you find heroes from Arminius down to Blücher, Schwarzenberg, and Diebitsch,— poets from the earliest minnesingers to Goethe and Schiller,— artists and musicians from Peter Vischer and Albert Dürer to Glück and Mozart; and you must suppose that the other good people have somehow "slipped in" by stealth or private interest, and, having got up on their brackets, cling obstinately to their places, and are not so easily got down again. I understand that King Lewis, in a spirit of somewhat ultra-Catholicism, resolutely refused for a long time to admit Luther into this sanctuary; but I hear that, after much debate, he is at length about to receive the honours of Valhalla-canonisation, but solely and *expressly* as *historian.*

Should you object, now, to a want of detail in

this description of the Valhalla, which, whatever its defects in execution, is evidently a great work of art, sprung forth from a glorious idea, I must refer you for further information to that extraordinary work, the "Valhalla's Genossen," from the pen of his Majesty King Lewis himself. But, before you venture upon this attempt, I must prepare your mind for a slight discovery in its perusal. You will fancy, of course, that you are about to read German; but you will find out that the book is no more German than the Valhalla itself. His Majesty has composed, of German words, a language purely and peculiarly his own, embodying in Greek form German ideas, and in so far, perhaps, has concocted the very best and most appropriate guide-book to the worthies of the Valhalla.

The sun was still sultry, although sinking towards the west, as our party again descended the Valhalla height, and packed itself before the door of the little inn of Donaustauf into the rumbling German vehicle which had conveyed it from Ratisbon. We were all somewhat wearied with our sight-seeing; but when on our pleasant road we heard the music still calling to us from among the valleys, to come, we gave way to the spell, and after many jostlings over a rough road, found ourselves and our horses climbing to a pleasant house

of entertainment, with vine-covered bowers, and arbours, and wooden benches and tables, and glass jugs of Bavarian beer upon them, where a military band was playing with true German instrumental art, in a little open rotunda. And this nook was embedded sweetly half-way up a winding ravine in the hill-side; and there were look-outs rising like make-believe turrets from among the trees; and one old real moss and ivy-covered ruined tower stood overlooking all; and the picture was lively and pretty, and not without its romance, all *bourgeois* as it was, and shewed Germany so much on its pleasant side, that we found ourselves obliged to take our places in the *tableau vivant*, and make a group, and not a bad one, of our own, as we sat under a terrace wall overhung with vines and creeping plants, scorning all fear of caterpillars; and the day declined most agreeably.

And now I sit again in my snug room of my snug hotel by the water side: the steamer which is to convey me my first day's journey down the Danube lies before my windows; beyond, are the dark towers of the city. It is again a pretty picture of times gone by in those dark towers, and of to-day in that brightly painted steamer: and in that steamer I bid adieu to the past of old Germany, to make my first step towards the present of young Hungary. Good night.

LETTER II.

LOVE TO NATURE'S BEAUTIES.—DEPARTURE FROM RATISBON.—SOCIETY ON BOARD A STEAMER.—THE SALAD AND SPOON.—PASSAU.—THE DANUBE BELOW PASSAU.—BEAUTY OF SCENERY.—DIFFICULTY OF DESCRIPTION.—CRETINS AT ENGELHARDZELL. A SINGLE COMBAT WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE RHINE.—LINZ AND ITS ENVIRONS.—CUSTOM-HOUSE AT LINZ.—A SECOND DAY'S STEAMING ON THE DANUBE.—MARVELS OF RIVER SCENERY.—GREISTEIN.—THE STRUDEL.—THE WIRBEL.—MÖLK.—AGGSTEIN.—DÜRRENSTEIN.—LANDING-PLACE AT NUSSDORF.—PASSPORT AND CUSTOM-HOUSE ANNOYANCES.—APOLOGY FOR ILL-TEMPER.

DID you never fall in love with a road, or a country, or a stream, or a tree, or any of those objects of living nature, that the old mythologies—for which, by the way, I profess, in other respects, a profound aversion: I never could abide those make-believe, melo-dramatic, mendacious gods and goddesses, with morals as loose as their garments, even in the romance of my boyhood—have typified and demi-deified in the beautiful forms of naïad, or dryad, or river god? I am sure you must have done, or there could be no sympathy between us. I could understand even your falling in love with a rock, or a stone, or a stump, provided that

Nature had hung the sweet curls of creeping plants or painted the bright colours of moss or lichen upon its otherwise rugged but picturesque face. I mean *tout bonnement*, and right earnestly in love, —in love, with all the eager longings of the passion,—in love, with all the hopes and fears of meeting and of parting,—in love, with all the rival jealousies towards those who, more happy than yourself, can gaze upon that face of beauty, or recline in adoration before that tree, or bathe with delight in that stream,—in love, with all the watchful tenderness for the future welfare of the object of that love,—"over head and ears" in love, in fact. I full well remember, as a boy, having fallen desperately in love with a rose, which hung from a rose-tree trained along the house over my window. One morning I was drunk with its perfume —my head was turned—I snatched it and ate it; and then, perhaps, less silly than I thought myself afterwards, I sat down and cried bitterly for the deed I had done. I remember falling distractedly in love with the Rhine, and fancying I could not live without it. I have not grown wiser as I have grown a man. I fell in love with the Danube at first sight. Like a true wayward man, who thinks himself strongest when he is weakest, I forgot, as I have before confessed, my first love in the river line for a bolder, brighter, grander love: I even

grew ashamed of my first passion. Perhaps I had often been in love, in the interval, with other objects, with some valley, or mountain, or city. I own that the great, painted, tinsel-robed, meretricious Paris enthralled me for a time, during a fit of moral intoxication. But I speak now only of my river loves. Well, then, like a true lover, I will not allow a single defect in the form of my adored; still more, like a true lover, I insist upon looking even on what others call defects as beauties. And thus, when I found myself once more, with delight, steaming down the Danube, I revelled with ecstasy even in the flat banks and tame scenery which meet the eye for many long miles below Ratisbon. And, perhaps, there may not be so much of mere lover's "moonstruck madness" in all this; for if the features of nature be uninteresting and dull at first upon the Danube, yet there is *expression* and meaning enough to be found upon them, if you seek for the soul of the landscape, in story and tradition. There is not a church rising from those many villages, which are scattered here and there upon the river's banks, but has its legend of saintly miracle, or its miraculous statue, or its holy picture, and is a pilgrimage church, even to the present day, for its thousands of pious pilgrims. There is not a spot of which the good, devout, old, smutty, and severe-

faced stoker of the steamer, with whom I scraped acquaintance, and who, I warrant me, had a rosary of wooden beads in his pocket, had not some wondrous tale to tell about holy monks and martyrs, and the doings of the "dark gentleman" himself, who seemed to have had particular predilection for figuring in these parts, and who was always sure to be baffled by the same monks and martyrs,—I wonder he should have been so fond of the country, —and about cruel deeds of robber knights, no less black in soul than the above-mentioned "dark gentleman," and not so easily baffled. And further on, we passed the walls of Straubing, still proud of its touching romance of the beautiful Agnes Bernauer, who, married to the son of a Duke of Bavaria, was seized by the implacable father, condemned to death upon a charge of witchcraft, and flung into the stream, to find a miserable and early death, from the bridge of the town that still records her memory in tale and ballad, not told or sung without tears, even to the present day. You see that there is ample charm to be found even upon these monotonous banks, for those who love them well enough to seek for it.

I used always to imagine that it was more peculiarly the prerogative of the Englishman to fancy himself called upon, when thrown into the society of a body of strangers, to draw up and look very

dignified, and stiff, and sulky, as if he thought that every other unknown individual of that body must, by a necessity of fate, be his own mortal enemy, or at least a highly suspicious character. But I find that in other countries, also,—be the motives of the restraint shyness, timidity, indolence, or prudence, —strange people are always apt to snuff at each other for some time, like strange dogs, as if more inclined to snarl and bark than be agreeable. The ingredients of the very best made salad will not mix at first, and resolutely refuse to lose their original and several crudity, until they have had a good and long stirring. And for some time after we had paddled away from Ratisbon, the ingredients of our temporary salad-bowl seemed determined not to mix for the life of them. One very smart young gentleman alone, rejoicing in a grass green velvet waistcoat, and an apple green cravat, each adorned with a goodly show of chains and pins, and wearing those unmistakeable traits of physiognomy which never fail of revealing the blood of "our people," as the Jews in southern Germany denominate themselves, strutted up and down the deck with the genuine self-importance of the rich Jew merchant's son from Vienna, and seemed to volunteer the part of "spoon" to our salad-bowl, and desire to mix the other passengers up. It did not seem, however, that the "spoon" had any

effect in its praiseworthy attempt. I own, for my own part, with all an Englishman's reserve, and all a cosmopolite's prejudice to most of his race, I declared myself, as he addressed me alternately in French, English, and, evidently much against his grain, in his quasi-mother-tongue, German, utterly ignorant of all known European languages; and so "spoon" withdrew in great dudgeon, and probably cast me, mentally, out of his salad as a piece of rotten beet-root. Perhaps, however, the fog, which in the first hours of the morning after our starting had rolled down upon the river and given a ghostly fleeting look to the passing objects, at first chilled the steamer passengers more than constraint or reserve: perhaps the monotony of the flat scenery, thus dimly seen, dulled the spirits and the temper; for, after a time, there was a glimmer of light upon the stream; a gleam of sun broke through the mist, and scattered golden stars upon the rushing waters; the heavens lifted their veil; and the face of nature looked far lovelier in the radiance of the sun. Not far beyond Straubing, also, the banks of the river began to swell into hills; and the hills grew up with mushroom rapidity into very respectable mountains; and the mountains pushed daringly nearer and nearer the stream, as if utterly to hem it in; and, in common accord with sunlight and mountain, ladies began to smile, and gen-

tlemen to clear their brows, and the spirits of all to rise and swell into more genial and companionable feelings; and, in short, after a time, there seemed to be every prospect of a glorious day and a panorama of beautiful scenery, and of an agreeable and sociable party. I do not know how people got together at last, or who made that *premier pas* which it is proverbially so difficult to make; but, very shortly after the first advances, the salad was decidedly very nicely mixed, having already, however, been well shaken for two or three hours in the steamer, and all without the assistance of the "spoon;" and amusing coteries were formed, and chatty groups, which intermingled and then re-formed in others; and the "spoon" was discarded as utterly useless, or, at most, only allowed to linger about the edge of the bowl; and there was soon upon the deck of the steamer pleasant conversation, and amusing interchange of feeling or information, and laughter, and gaiety, and, positively, so quickly do people step out after that *premier pas*, flirtation.

The first scene of peculiar beauty which arrests more powerfully the feelings and the fancy of the voyager down the Danube,—and it is one, in truth, which may be reckoned among the more brilliant gems of the whole river,—is that of the city of Passau. For some time before you reach it the

mountains have pressed nearer and more abruptly upon the stream: a commanding fortress is at length seen, overtowering the banks of the river: country-houses, and gardens, and orchards, terraced upon the mountain slopes, tell of an approaching town. Presently the quays, and houses, and towers, and cupolas of Passau rise upon the view; and, at first sight, the miniature city appears jammed into the ravine of the river, and clinging to the rock sides, like a clump of plants growing on them no one knows how. On the opposite side to the part of the town first visible,—which, by the way, wears a sort of Italian aspect in its blank white walls and flattened roofs, and its climbing tendencies, and that odd look of houses that appear to have been built for no earthly purpose but to group themselves in those vague picturesque ups and downs so impossible to be described, and so agreeable to paint, so distracting to the sketcher by pen, and so seducing to the sketcher by pencil—rises, above zigzag roads and steps and tunnellings and sloping terraces and walls and bastions and other aspiring piles of masonry, which have names in the mouths of those initiated into the mysteries of fortifications and all the technical terms in which the science rejoices, but for which I, who am ignorant in such matters, have none,—in fact, all those kinds of flat, and angular, and round stone constructions

and excrescences, which to my eyes seem to grow spontaneously out of the rocks and form a part of them,—above all this, I say, rises, on the very summit of the escarped precipices which form the left bank of the Danube at Passau, the picturesque and remarkable fortress of Oberhaus, once the stronghold residence of the military tyrant Bishops of Passau in troublous times, and now the barracks of the Bavarian garrison of the place. But it is only after the steamer has taken in a fresh quantum of passengers and unloaded a few bales, and performed a variety of mystical rites, superintended by the captain and conductor as high priests, who confer with uniformed individuals on the quay, and go through a great deal of paper reading and signing and interchanging, and then bowing and lifting of hats, and other true German mysteries of which I take care never to seek to know the hidden meaning—it is only after our obliging monster begins again to snort and sputter, and paddle further down beyond the bridge of Passau, that the real beauty of the position of the town is seen to the best advantage. As I have said before, there is scarcely a more lovely scene in the course of the whole Danube, so wondrous and rich in beauty.

Come with me now in imagination to the stern of the vessel, by the steersman's side, and let us

look back. To our left now, on the right bank of the Danube, flows into the stream the notable river of the Inn, scarcely less grand than the proud sovereign to which it now becomes a tributary. Up the long vista of the Inn you discover half-seen pictures of mountain and precipice and wood and castle, which you long to turn back and have a nearer glimpse of, were it only for a short half hour,—an indulgence you would certainly permit yourself, had you an enchanter's power over the dragon, on the back of which you are riding, to make it turn which way you will: but the true enchanter is the captain; and he has nothing to do but to carry you straight on to Linz, like a cruel cross-grained enchanter as he is. On the heights of the right bank of the Inn rises the double-towered pilgrimage church of Maria Hilf, as if in rivalry on its own side to the fortress on the other. Before us is the still grander vista of the Danube, through which we have swept our way. On our right, upon the left bank of the Danube, rise the towers and battlements of the fortress already so unscientifically described; but, as we now stand, we can see that all its unnameable masonry straggles and creeps down a still steeper precipice, to overawe the dark little stream of the Ilz, which bursts round the base of the rock and falls into the Danube exactly opposite to the Inn. The

aristocratical and police-like looking fortress seems to be gazing very mistrustfully down upon this third river, which, small as it is, has a black sulky republican air about it, and rushes out of its narrow ravine in a very mysterious and suspicious manner, as if it meant to do the rocks on which the castle stands a mischief, and undermine the foundations of the fortress at the very least; although I believe that it is, after all, in spite of all its hang-dog look, a very quiet commercial little river in its way, serving to bring down from the forests of Bohemia all those myriads of trunks of trees which line the left bank of the united streams, and continue to line it for miles to come, and are evidently waiting to be conveyed down to Vienna or elsewhere, to do duty in building and warming, in promoting civilisation, and comforting body and soul, in proving, in fact, that the Ilz is a very useful little river after all. And the strange little city of Passau, which has historical *souvenirs* as picturesque as its position, is thus divided by the three rivers—which here meet in a distinct triumvirate, to merge into the great empire of the autocratic Danube—into three distinct portions, each of which, the middle one of Passau proper being the largest, raises its head terrace-fashion upon its respective height,—a triple crown to the mighty river it adorns—and joins

hands with the other by means of connecting bridges. The whole forms, indeed, a very striking scene.

But before we can gaze our fill of this admirable picture, the fiery dragon has swum on with us far too rapidly; and a promontory intervenes between us and the picture; and Passau is lost to sight. The senses, however, are quickly absorbed in the new and extraordinary scenes that meet our view on every side. The change is wonderful. We are far from a city, and wandering in the midst of dark solitudes, and surrounded on all sides by steep mountains clothed with forests. And now the river spreads out into a lake, so completely closed in on every side by the wood-clad mountain amphitheatre around, that even the dragon, the obedient agent of enchantment as it appears, does not seem to know how it is ever to get out of the trap of bounded lake into which it has so inconsiderately swum, or where it is to find an issue. But it does get out, somehow or other, and swims on, and on, and on, for many long miles, through scenes of the most romantic beauty, past mountains clothed from top to bottom with dark pine, and ruined castles peering curiously, with their grey old heads, out from amidst the fir forests, on the summits of precipices, like old gentlemen every moment in danger of getting a giddy fit and losing their lives—

and sequestered ravines, where nestle small villages, which some good genius of the picturesque seems to have transported, with the overhanging broad roofs and wooden balconies of their cottages, from the valleys of Switzerland—and small enticing side valleys, up which you see waterfalls and hanging bridges—and platforms, upon the rocks, on which cluster other clumps of cottages in cosy companionship—and over rapids and whirlpools, that boil and rage around you, and give evidence of hideous rocks, which the dragon, however, despises, in its proud consciousness of magical power—and along tortuous turns, round abrupt overhanging promontories, which have the intrusive insolence to bid the mighty stream turn out of the course it is running, and even, it would seem, to turn absolutely back again: for the dragon's head is sometimes put in a direction exactly in the opposite point of the compass to that towards which it pointed a few minutes before; and you cannot help thinking that the great river must be as magnanimous as it is grand, not to have torn those insolent, dark promontories to pieces during the long centuries it has rushed by. Scenes succeed to scenes of romantic and even awful beauty, positively sublime; and when you have fallen into raptures with one, and think that nature's wonders have already outdone themselves,

there comes another yet sublimer still—very like the fourth act of the "Huguenots," in which, when your whole musical soul is so overpowered with that wonderful *morceau d'ensemble* of the benediction of the poniards, that, if you can find breath to speak, you declare that the force of music "can no further go," you are immediately afterwards so entranced with that marvellous duet of passionate love and despair that follows, as to forget the effect of the passages that had before enthralled you.

Were I to think myself called upon to enter into a detailed description of my voyage down this part of the Danube as far as Vienna, I most assuredly should throw down my pen in despair; for I look upon it as an impossible task. In fact, I should weary you to death with a never-ending repetition of the same words, the same phrases, the same exclamations, the same bursts of enthusiasm, and even the same points of admiration. It would be the endless painting of similar pictures in the same colours, and then attempting to set them up as a gallery of varied subjects. All I can do is to throw down my pallet before you, now that my first picture is sketched, and beg you to use the colours you may find upon them, and paint the rest after your own imagination. Look! there is a plentiful supply of colour for your imagination's

use—mountain, forest, flood, precipice, rock, ruined castle, village, cottage, convent, monastery, and pine-wood, lying atop, although almost in the clouds, with a plentiful supply of green, of which I beg you to make ample employ. Rub them up well with the oils and varnishes of sublime beauty, awe, rapture, enthusiasm, prostration of feeling, elevation of spirit, and all such others which are customary to be used on such occasions. Paint away; and allow me to spare myself the fruitless labour. Suppose me only morally, perhaps at intervals almost physically, "lying on my back and kicking," to use my old schoolboy phrase; and allow me now to leave description for the time, and only continue my letter with such incident as interspersed my first day's journey. You know how I always hated "airs with variations;" spare me the "variations" of my melody.

Incidents, however, are few, in general, on board a modern well-appointed steamer, in which people only flirt and chatter, and wander up and down, and discuss, and read, and work, and eat and drink, as if they were in a country-house with a large party. The days of romance and romantic incident are gone to all but such as myself, who believe in enchantments and spiritual sympathies, and all the other attributes of a world which now only exists in books, according to the account of other

people; but I, for my own part, made, in my fancy, an incident of the stoppage of our dragon before Engelhardzell, a little village wedged into the small space between the mountain and the stream, where, after much ceremony, in which our chief enchanter seemed to play a minor part, "dragon" took on to its back two fresh enchanters in green and grey uniforms, whom I understood to be Austrian custom-house officers, determined to cast a mighty thrall and spell upon us, and watch us with all-seeing eyes, lest we should smuggle by the way, or do any other unimaginable "hey presto!" tricks, the performance of which their superior power was to prevent, until we should arrive at Linz, and there have our suspicious deeds fairly examined into. Almost immediately below Passau the right bank of the Danube had begun to belong to the Austrian territory; the left had continued to be Bavarian until almost immediately opposite Engelhardzell; and we were now fairly upon Austrian ground, or rather water. You must pardon me, if in this incident, so common-place perhaps in your travelled eyes, I should still fancy I was lingering in a land of magic; for upon the rugged banks of the stream before Engelhardzell stood a quantity of such deformed, dwarfed, goîtred little wretches, such miniature gnome-like *cretins*, one of which, a veritable Flippertigibbet, performed such wond-

rous feats in springing from bank to vessel, and from vessel to bank,—evidently fancying he was bustling and helping somebody or something, but as evidently doing nothing but impeding the free circulation of the enchanters, and scaring the more delicate of our female passengers into imaginary fits, in his gnome-like activity,—that I could not divest my mind of the idea that this poor unhappy crew of stunted and reason-deprived animals, which stood there "moping and mowing" and gesticulating, was a collection of familiar imps attendant upon the more powerful Austrian sorcerers, who had taken us by storm.

Another incident was personal to myself. I had for some time observed a fair-haired young gentleman looking with a supreme indifference—heaven pardon him! I almost believe with contempt—upon the charms of my beloved river. There was, now and then, a shrug of the shoulders in his gestures, a toss of the head, and even a curling of the lip, that roused my soul within me with indignation. Like a knight of old, I resolved to take up arms in defence of my "ladye fair." I soon found out that he was a Prussian,—a Prussian from the Rhine, and that, like a true Prussian, with no small spice of Prussian conceit, he found the charms of his own native "ladye fair" far superior to those of the Danube. He was just as ready to break a

lance in defence of the far-excelling beauty of the object of his admiration, as I was in defence of that of mine. Our lances were forthwith couched upon our arms, or rather on our tongues; a tiltyard was quickly formed; and, as the single combat "*à outrance*" began, groups of spectators crowded around us. No passage of arms was more gallantly contested—that justice I must render to my adversary; but he was the weaker man, fighting too evidently in the weaker cause. Perhaps I may have felt some remorse in thus attacking the champion of the river that had been my first, my early love; but the spirit of truth and justice was strong within me, and my blood was up. I cannot enter into a minute detail of every round we fought: I remember only, that at last, as he already staggered under my blows, he took up a vineyard, and I smothered him with a forest; he flung a ruin at my head, and I floored him with a great living castle; he made a last desperate attack with a hill, and I fairly crushed him with a mountain. My victory was great and complete. My triumph was hailed, applauded, and sanctioned by the unanimous approval of the many spectators who had constituted themselves umpires of the combat. I had taken a glorious revenge for my humiliating defeat by the "revealing spirit" at the Valhalla the day before. I must add, that my antagonist was a bold man,

and of great courage; for, at the very moment of the duel, we were passing along an immense defile of mountain and forest, of such surpassing and wondrous beauty, that, had he not been viewing his own Rhine—ay, even the grandest scenes of it—through a very strong magnifying glass of native conceit, he must have lowered his arms, and owned himself vanquished immediately.

I do not know what you will say to my triumphant blast of victory; for I believe that you still cherish that affection which has faded from my faithless heart, and that you still are one of the many thousands who spend their ecstasies upon the beauties of the Rhine and its hundred and one old castles. But if you condemn me, I will not quarrel with you; for you do not yet know what I would fain teach you in my letters—that old father Rhine is a mere burgrave, a mere burgrave of his own stream; and if you have seen or read Victor Hugo's memorable tragedy, or trilogy, or whatever be its name, "Les Burgraves," you may have an idea of all the *ennui* comprehended in that term—a mere burgrave, I repeat, when compared with the far grander and more magnificent Danube. But *can* a comparison exist between the stiff physiognomy and old melodramatic airs,—borrowed, it would seem, of the Surrey or Victoria, or such like mêlo-drama-dealing minor theatres,—which characterise the

celebrated stream of the middle ages, and all that there is of grandeur and simplicity, of magnificence and kindliness, combined in the varied course of the Danube? Can a comparison exist between the dry old skeletons of ruins, that grin upon their petty hills of the Rhine, spite of the galvanic attempts to vivify them made by Majesty or Highness of Prussia, and the great lordly castles, and vast convents, and sumptuous monasteries, still inhabited and "all alive"—actual living castles—which crown the mountain summits of the Danube? Can a comparison exist between the hard, bald, brown vineyards of the one river, perched on their hard, bald terraces, and the forest-covered rocks and mountains of the other? No! it would be to compare the skull of a scanty-haired old man to the richly-tressed head of a beauty; it would be to compare a child's dressed-up doll to a living woman in the plenitude of her charms. Where all is dry and harsh on the Rhine, on the Danube all is living, vigorous, abounding. What is the poor toy of the Lurlei rock to the thousand giant flanks of mountain and precipice, that seem at every turn to be about to crush the adventurous voyager on this stream, and any one of the smallest of which would put the Lurlei, *sans cérémonie*, into the least of its pocket-holes, were the two rivers to come to the same issue as my Prussian and I!

What is the petty panorama of the Seven Mountains to the imposing line of the great mountains of the Salzkammergut, which, as the precipitous banks of the Danube gradually decline into the plain near Aschach, suddenly rise before the sight, along the immense horizon to our right, like beautiful misty apparitions clothed in the bright blue robes of distance, and crowned with white garlands of eternal snow? What is Coblenz,—ay, and the Ehrenbreitstein to boot,—to Linz, and its marvellous view from the heights above it, of valley and flood, and convent and castle, and snow-capped mountains and forest-decked hills, which by the Rhine would be mountains indeed, and the thousand enchanting pictures that burst upon the view still lower down the stream? But I must not anticipate, for we have not got to Linz yet, and it was there our first day's steamer-voyage terminated; and, although I eschew detail as impracticable, yet I am an order-loving man, as you know, and like doing all things, even to the writing of letters, in an orderly manner. So I will leave the skirmish in which I find I am engaging myself with you, after my triumphant affair with the Prussian; and, sending a kindly *souvenir* to the Rhine as a sort of pardon-begging for what may appear to you to be my injustice to it,—pray recollect, however, that I am in love with the Danube, and that people in

love take upon themselves the privilege of being unjust, if indeed, for I cannot own it, unjust I be—I will go on in a more orderly line of proceeding.

But now we again enter into a defile, where the river cuts its way through a chain of mountains, which descend to the water's edge in nearly vertical cliffs; and I know we are approaching Linz. For now the citadel and church on the summit of the Pöstlingberg near Linz are visible; and now again a few low round towers, which are some of the detached forts of the fortifications of the town, peep from among the rocks and trees like squat mushrooms out of the grass; and now two walls of stout battlemented masonry climb down the steeps on either side, and form, as it were, the gateway of the town: and now the cannon of the steamer is fired; and its report echoes stunningly from rock to rock; and all on a sudden we emerge out of the narrow gorge; and there before us lies a great luxuriant valley surrounded by mountains; and Linz is on our right with its churches and its castle, and the long wooden bridge before us; and the suburbs of the town, overlooked by convents and churches on high, are to our left: and now "dragon" glides up, like the obedient beast it is, to the side of the quay; and every one is in a bustle about his baggage and preparing to dismount from its back.

Persons who travel for the first time in their

lives, and are for the first time subjected to the ordeal of a custom-house on arriving by water in a new land, must surely have an indistinct dream-like notion, that they are about to be led to execution for some unknown crime, or that they have fallen into the hands of the Inquisition, and are going to be burnt alive, incontinently, for some dreadful heresy. How awful is the row of military which lines the passage from the plank of your vessel to the custom-house, with a seeming determination to shoot you, or hew you down, if you attempt to escape! How like a procession of doomed men is the train that proceeds with downcast looks towards the dark, gaping portal of the prison-like custom-house! How embarrassing is the crowd that peers over the military with curious and gloating eyes upon the condemned as they pass! What a criminal-like feeling creeps over you with a shudder!

Hardened as I am in travelling emotions, I never can altogether get over this fantastic impression every time I land before a custom-house door; not but that I have, invariably, a conscience cleaner than most people's, as regards the infraction of tariff laws. Thus, although there was less of state and horror in the procession of the condemned passengers as they landed at Linz, than is generally employed on such occasions, and

more especially, you might imagine, in severe Austria, yet the dream did again come over me. However, we were not, this time, destined to be either hung, or racked, or burnt alive. *Messieurs les douaniers* seemed to vie with each other how to do the honours of their torture-chamber with politeness. There was the usual multifarious ceremony with passports and certificates, and checks and counter-checks, and much signing and counter-signing, and stamping with ugly black marks; and the passports were to be forwarded to governor, and commandant, and superintendent of police, and, I believe, a host of other mysterious and awful personages; but I was told that the commissioner of my hotel would settle all these agitating matters for me—a new indulgence, as, formerly, personal attendance before the Austrian police, in order to make acquaintance, as a necessary introduction to the country, was hospitably required in Austria; and, as soon as it was ascertained that I was going on to Vienna, my trunk and bag, and other little matters, were scarcely examined at all—they were barely opened; and then a certificate was handed to me, declaring me clean and immaculate of all stain or intent to defraud the imperial customs. The first time I arrived at Linz, I marvelled much at this laxity of the Austrian customs, which I had known elsewhere so rigid, and took no little

pride to myself for the honesty of my looks, and gave the Linz authorities no little credit for their superior discernment, and overflowed immediately with all the milk of human kindness towards all custom-house officers and hangers-on, instead of trying in vain to digest the gall of bitterness that choked me as heretofore. But there was an unknown mystery in all this seeming suavity, of which I was then ignorant, and which the next day only divulged: my next day's journey shall divulge it also to you.

As we arrived at Linz early in the afternoon, there was plenty of time, after settling oneself in the great palace-looking hotel of the Erzherzog Karl, to enjoy the rest of the bright day in visiting the interior of the town, with its rambling old German buildings, and its heavy towered gate-ways, and its twisted and gilded column, on which a personification of the Trinity figures along with Jupiter and Neptune, and a variety of massive clouds, like bladders of lard, and little fat naked urchins, who may be cherubim or may be Cupids, in the middle of the large quaint-looking up-and-down old market-place. But the beauty of the town of Linz consists in its exterior, not in its inward worth; and so, after refreshing ourselves in the verandah of a gay open *café* with ices, such as Vienna and its miniature copy Linz alone know how to produce, I persuaded my Prussian, with

whom I had "shaken hands, and made it up," after our desperate combat, to come with me and be converted by actual evidence of eyesight from the evil of his ways. I took him upon the bridge, and there moralised to him on beauty of scenery, illustrating my arguments with the admirable views both up and down the river in that abounding valley, as the Eastern genius may have moralised upon human life over the bridge of Mirza; and then, in my zeal of conversion, I betook myself to more "elevated views;" and I led him, prophet-like, by the hand, up winding flights of steps, that rose from the quay a little above the bridge, and along pleasant paths, and again up steps and pathways, until we attained a summit, on which stood, nestled in a garden, where groups of good people were "a-pleasuring," — sitting on hard benches under arbours, drinking beer, and eating bread and cheese and sausages, as if it were really a pleasure, and flirting, doubtless, as smart uniformed officers will flirt with feather-bonnetted ladies — a rural house of entertainment, called the Jagermaier Hof; and there I bid him be converted on the spot, and *he was* converted! or at least, in humbled politeness, he said so, after a few further faint kicks of heresy — ay, on that spot. But what scene upon the Rhine, in truth, could he venture to lay before me, as argument, in face of

that wondrous varied panorama, so full of life, and love, and grandeur, and sweetness, and smiles, and frowns, including the intervening garden-hills down to the towers of Linz—and then the silvery windings of the Danube, so many and fantastic as to be countless—and then the mountains, sloping down to the broad valley, covered with woods, and crowned with fortresses, and towers, and fortifications, and convents, and pilgrimage churches—and then, above all—beyond all—the huge snow-capped range of the Salzburg and Styrian Alps, rising at every interval behind the lesser mountains, and coquetting with the clouds that hovered over them or had already gone to rest upon their bosoms, on the far horizon. There are moments when conviction, or at least a glimmer of it, will flash across the mind of the veriest infidel: this, I trust, was one of those moments; and I hope my convert never afterwards relapsed into apostacy. Since a thunderstorm began to threaten as the evening wore on, I gave way in turn to the influence of my convert, by allowing myself to be dragged to the theatre when we again reached the town. There we found a mediocre company, mouthing, *à qui mieux mieux*, a stiff translation of a bad French melodrama. My convert, you see, was bent on revenging himself upon me for the sacrifice he had made of his *amour propre*.

At an early hour the following morning—I forget how early; I believe it was at six o'clock, for I was very sleepy; but I keep little account of such harassing little miseries of human life—I found myself again paddling down the broad Danube, in a larger and more comfortable steamer than the day before, our party remaining together almost entire, and augmented by fresh comers, whom, after making them duly feel that they were intruders upon a society of old acquaintances of a day, and only upon sufferance, we took condescendingly into our band; and we were well repaid for our pains. Titles, we found however, had increased considerably on board, in the shape of princes and princesses, Austrian and Russian, and counts and countesses in good store, and barons and baronesses out of all note. But titles have nothing to do, in Danube steamers, with exclusiveness; or, if they had, they would find it was to their own cost of pleasant sociability.

The first part of the voyage below Linz is along flattened banks, and willow-clad islands, and gravelly beds in the midst of the river. But patience; the mountains again grow upon us as the morning wears on—they lift themselves to the heavens along with the sun. We now enter a narrow rocky defile; and you must now get ready the pallet I gave you, to paint fresh pictures in still far richer

and far more glowing colours than the day before. In fact, I have a desperate task before me. How, after going into such convulsive raptures yesterday, can I find words to express raptures more convulsive still, and still more called for than even then, on this my morrow? I give up all hope of painting the mountains and the precipices of this narrow romantic gorge—and the forests feathering down uninterruptedly from the mountain tops to the rushing stream below, except where they are broken by audacious pinnacles of pointed rock, that rise out of them in majesty, not to be smothered—and great, picturesque castles, now living in their original feudal state, now worn to skeletons of ruins, and bursting on your sight, three or four at a time, until you get bewildered in your impossible choice of the most picturesque—and the mighty river, now dark and deep, now white and foaming over rocks, and twisted into a thousand whirlpools—and—and—how many other wonders besides! But my pen is getting out of breath; and, while I would fain describe, but cannot, I must content myself with mere enumeration of the marvellous scenes through which the steamer hurries.

Look! how darkly looms the castle of Greinberg from among the woods and rocks, there above, overhanging the defile, and frowning down upon the village of Greinstein beneath, as if its lord were

still one of those robber-knights of old, with the noise of whose exploits and deeds of rapine and cruelty the whole gorge still echoes, although the actual sound of strife, and of the clash of weapons, and of groans in narrow dungeons, has passed away many centuries gone. But the possessor, in spite of the insolent feudal airs which his castle still chooses to give itself, is a very peaceful Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and the village, although, like the castle, it has evidently a vast mind to look very *moyen age* and vassal-like, is as snug and picturesque a village as ever niched itself, in simple retirement, into a mountain nook in republican Switzerland.

But look! the gorge contracts still more; the mountains are still higher, more precipitous, more abrupt, more rugged, more crushing than ever; the narrowed stream begins to roar and toss its head, and shake its white locks indignantly, and chafe angrily against the precipices that dare to use this insolent coercion to it: it groans against its prison walls, like the poor victim of the robber-knight; but, more fortunate, it has strength to burst its passage through those gigantic portals.

But look again! a rocky island presumes to rise, in granite pinnacle, from the very middle of the stream; and upon its summit towers a cross: it stands like the vain janitor of a power that puts

forward religion as a pretext for cruelty, and bids the stream remain within its dungeon; but the stream only roars against it triumphantly, encircles it in two mighty arms to crush it, and rushes on, boiling, foaming, tossing, like the waves of the sea. We are hurrying over a sunken reef of rocks—we are in the midst of the well-known Danube rapid of the Strudel. By the way, I seem to have done injustice to that cross, which is a very good and pious cross, placed in former times to warn the venturous voyager of the dangers of the passage, and bid him pray for help and protection to the heavenly powers it emblems forth. It is in truth a good and pious warning cross, and dominates, with Christian charity, and hope, and faith, that rugged island, not serves its evil will. I should be loth to do it wrong.

And look again! but look quickly, for the effect of the rapid still hurries us along. There to our left stands, far above, the old castle of Werfenstein, its tall keep-tower looking as if it intended every moment, in desperation at the loss of its former glories, to fling itself down into the stream beneath, and crush us poor audacious modern mites of men: and beneath, apparently in a dangerous predicament, is the romantic village of Struden, perched, here and there, and up and down, in most picturesque disorder on rocky terrace, and mountain crag,

and wave-washed precipice, and all embowered in wood, and orchard, and garden—a spot of wondrous beauty. Another look and they are gone! The dangers of the rapid are passed; but still the waters lift their voices and howl furiously. Scylla is passed—Charybdis is before us. The eddies of the Wirbel, a whirlpool no less famous than the rapid, begin to shake the steamer. Immediately behind that sharp angle rises another rock from the midst of the tortured waters—an enemy as treacherous, but as impotent as the first. In vain it frowns at the mighty river, with that old tower which it has stuck up in order to give itself the best possible look of harshness and cruelty; the river still pours on; but the tormented state of the waters as they rush hither and thither, and up against themselves, as French people walk in the streets of Paris, and then across, and all ways but the right way of the stream, and everywhere in myriads of boiling circles, and there—look there!—in one great funnel of a whirlpool in the midst—boiling in a vast cauldron, and chafing convulsively—shews the violence done to their feelings, and the force of their indignation. The enemy has been partly subdued by blasting in latter years; but it still opposes and resists; and the confined stream still rages angrily and feverishly, in the fretfulness of its wrath. The

many crosses that are planted on every rock and precipice upon the banks bid the wanderer pray, in thankfulness, for dangers past, at the same time that they record the unhappy fate of those who, in days past, when steamers were not, have met an untimely death in the tumult of the irritated waters. But the river has triumphed; it has escaped the toils placed to ensnare it. The stream still runs on for many a long mile in that confined ravine; but its course is now in a current steady and deep—it breathes more calmly after its late passion.

But look! look still about you! Castles living, and ruins dead, still rise above our heads every moment; and villages of Roman date, a good pedantic gentleman tells me, with old walls and towers, barely find a resting-place by the river bank; and churches, with their many legends, stand upon the hill sides; and the river winds and turns most curiously around promontory and isthmus, as if it were actually inclined to frisk and gambol, and play tricks, in rejoicing for its late escape, and in spite of the heaviness of its grandeur. "Quiet" old river! and more quiet it becomes, and broad, and decent; and it opens its arms to other minor rivers, and carries them on with it upon its bosom, like children, to its great end.

And now, look again! That immense pile of building to the right, above that respectable, de-

vout-looking town, is the palace monastery of Mölk,—stately, grand, imperial, in the Italian architecture of its vast pile, proud of the treasures of lore, in manuscripts and books, that fill its splendid library, they say, and rich in relic and jewel. It is an archbishop—I had almost said a pope—among monasteries, and has chosen itself a mighty throne, before which the river flows like an immense army, defiling in eternal review before a haughty ecclesiastical leader, as in times when archbishops wore armour and grasped the sword instead of the crosier. And now the river, after undergoing this review in a valley of some extent, again enters a narrow gorge. I cannot call your attention to all the many ruins that again tell tales of other days so cunningly upon the mountain tops; but you must look at some of them, such as the extensive pile of ruins perched on that high conical rock, with its winding paths, and battlements, and gateways. It is the castle of Aggstein, one of the most picturesque of the series of feudal ruins on the Danube, and evidently as black-faced a ruffian as ever nested himself on the top of a rock in the days of robber-chivalry and knightly robbery. It has its legends too, had I space or taste to tell them; but I own, that knights in armour always appeared to me infinitely fatiguing to the fancy, and were almost as little palatable to me as

your heathen gods and goddesses. And I may spare you the legends of Aggstein; for, look! further on rises to view another ruin,—a mere mass of shattered masonry, with one donjon, "tall and drear," and a quantity of battlemented lines of wall, straggling like the hideous legs of a dead starved spider, down to the water's edge. And that ruin was once the castle of Dürrenstein. And the castle has a legend—nay, a history to tell of English romance, that will make our Walter-Scott-bound hearts beat thrillingly. There, among some of those masses of wall, starting from the thousand clefts of the rock that bristles itself with pinnacles and fissures like *chevaux de frise* of Nature's own making—there, on that rugged naked hill, so desolate, so bare, except where it is flanked by the dark pine woods—there was confined, for long, long months, by the vindictive treachery of Leopold of Austria, our Richard the Lion-heart. Was it there that the captive king listened to the minstrelsy of the faithful Blondel? Danube legend and tradition say so, and will not be fought out of their say. But, I fear me, history tells another tale; and yet I would it had been there, in that wild romantic scenery, so congenial to a tale so romantic, that it had been really acted on the stage of history. But Dürrenstein is passed, and with that interesting ruin the last of my strong

impressions of this day of emotions. For now we wind round the last mountain promontory, and enter a plain, skirted only by hills, through which the Danube takes its way to Vienna. Military men on board tell tales of battles fought here at various epochs; but I was too overcome with the wonders of my day's voyage, as if fatigued by a large gallery of beautiful pictures, to listen to these matters; and so I have nothing to tell you of them; and doubtless you will willingly forgive me the omission. Castle and convent, however, still enliven the right bank as we approach Nussdorf, the landing-place of Vienna; but, as we are *blasé* in convents and castles, and the spire of mighty St. Stephen's of Vienna is visible in the distance, inland, and we draw up to the shore, we are in a bustle too great to think of Greifenstein or Kloster Neuburg.

I am afraid of again losing my temper, and shewing myself in a very unamiable light, were I to detail all the impressions which saluted me, as well as my fellow-voyagers, on landing near Vienna. The vision is still strong upon me, like a painful nightmare, of torments about passports and certificates, and temporary passports and police papers, and I know not what besides—and of the imminent risk of losing all one's goods and chattels in the confusion—and of being torn in pieces by *fiacre* coachmen, and run over by these

desperate drivers several times upon the bank—and of bargaining, and wrangling, and cheating, and infinite noise and riot—and of a jangling *fiacre*, upon which trunk and bags were squeezed and torn by tight cables—and of a road clouded by suffocating dust, which leads to the great Austrian capital—a road which, in damp weather, must constitute a long concatenation of Sloughs of Despond, deeper than were ever dreamt of in any "Pilgrim's Progress"—a road for which Vienna must blush, were not its face covered with the dust, or bespattered with the mud which arises from it; but the less said about all this the better. In the midst, too, of these trials of the temper, you arrive at the barrier of the city. A host of fresh custom-house officers pounce out of a hut, like rats out of a hole, upon your *fiacre*, and make a desperate onset on your baggage, the cables of which they proceed to unknot, with long fingers evidently expert at the task. I wonder the coachman, who knew what was coming, took the trouble to knot them so stoutly, unless it were out of spite to these said rats. This time I was resigned to my fate, and I let the rats gnaw at will, until the seizure of a new-made *purse*, a lady's gift, roused my ire, and made me kick; a superior came, however, and calmed my kickings by ordering the purse to be restored. But the first time I arrived from Linz, I boldly de-

clared myself already duly searched, and exhibited my certificate of cleanliness and honesty, so politely given me at the Linz custom-house; but the wretches shrugged their shoulders, and only dived their dirty fingers more deeply into the neat recesses of my trunk. The illusions which had floated over me, of honesty painted on my face, and nicely discriminated by those amiable officers, vanished, to the infinite disturbance of my *amour propre*. The certificate was utterly disdained, as a thing of naught. This was the mystery of the politeness at Linz: the traitors knew that I should find a fire hotter than their frying-pan to fall into, and smiled as they let me pass; although this same barrier custom-house only professes to belong to the municipal authorities of Vienna, for the exaction of the city's not the country's dues, and to seek only for hams, or onions, or spirits, not forbidden wares.

Is it any wonder, particularly when other passport torments immediately afterwards buzz around you with true musquito sting, that the traveller with difficulty wears off the first distressing and harassing impression of his arrival in the Austrian capital, unless he sojourn there very long, or that he should be cross-grained and snarling, as long as he stays there?

LETTER III.

VIENNA SUMMARILY DISPOSED OF.—MORNING DRIVE THROUGH THE PRATER.—DEPARTURE FROM THE KAISER-MÜHLEN.—PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE DANUBE STEAMERS.—THE DANUBE'S ARTIFICES.—THE FRONTIERS OF HUNGARY.—THEBEN.—PRESBURG.—ASPECT OF PRESBURG FROM THE WATER.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE TOWN.—PRESBURG NO LONGER THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL.—ITS PERIODICAL ANIMATION.—THE DIET HALL.—DISCLAIMER OF POLITICAL TENDENCIES.—THE OLD CASTLE.—"MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO."—THE JEWS' STREET.—ST. MICHAEL'S GATEWAY.—THE PRIMATE'S SUMMER PALACE. SENTIMENTAL REMINISCENCES.—THE AU.—DEPARTURE FROM PRESBURG.—THE ANCHORED WATER-MILLS, AND DANUBE MILLERS.—KOMORN.—SOCIETY ON BOARD THE STEAMER.—LANDING, AND ARRIVAL AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

In spite of the ill-temper expressed in my last letter, I should be sorry to be supposed to bear any great ill-will towards Vienna, and, by my silence respecting it, lead you to suppose that I turned my back upon it and ignored it entirely in a sulky fit. No! in spite of the painful impression that clings to me and irritates me as long as I remain, and is not to be removed, or, like a gnat-bite, returns in all its annoyance upon the slightest friction when I think

it already gone, I always bear Vienna a kindly feeling. It is not that I have ever found in it that vaunted gaiety and lightheartedness of which all tourists write, or any other great attraction of pleasure beyond that of its theatres, and especially of that first of all theatres in Europe, the inimitable Burg Theater; but I have kind friends there, who open their arms to me with welcome, and shed tears of regret when I depart; and such rare treasures are not to be quitted without a heart's-pang. It is not without a sigh also, little as a confirmed *flâneur* in the wide world as myself may be supposed to deal in such sentimental ware on quitting one capital or one country for another, that I give a last gaze of wondering admiration upon that sublime old Gothic church of St. Stephen's, so elegant in its austerity, that I wander for the last time in the cheerful park-like Prater, or through the crowded streets, which retain so quaint a mixture of their German simplicity along with their Parisian glitter, or even along bastion and glacis, pleasant in spite of summer's glare, and dust, and wind, and all the other miseries of human life attendant upon the *flâneur*, and that I bestow a last lingering glance upon the thousand bright treasures of art in imperial or noble picture galleries.

But, *que voulez-vous?* To attempt the task of letters from Vienna in any way "satisfactory"—to

borrow a fashionable tourist phrase—would be to fill huge volumes of letters, which would turn me utterly from my purpose,—would be to write a guide-book, for the detail of which I have already confessed an utter want of power or talent,—would be to go utterly out of my own element, which, compound it and distil it in what alembic I will, produces nothing but the fanciful conceits of a fantastic man. For all details respecting Vienna and its life, and spirit, and manners, I can do no better than refer you to the "Hand-book for Southern Germany," where you will find ample and pleasant information. Besides, I cannot linger with you in Vienna. Hungary lies before me. Hungary, the end and object of my journey,—Hungary, the land of wild romantic life, so rich in its treasures of the picturesque,—Hungary, so abounding in its infinite resources of natural products of every kind, so amusingly stirring in all its newly awakened energies. I am of too impatient and agitated a temper, to dawdle with you in the heavy German prose of Vienna, when so much poetry is opened before me upon so bright a page,—poetry which I feel I shall so ill know how to translate to you in my bald English. I must on, and drag you with me, like an uncourteous *laquais de place*, who will have his own way, and shew you what he likes best, without caring for your feelings,

or your inclinations, or your regrets for what he will not let you see.

I rouse you up with me at morning's dawn, for the steamer for Pest starts at five in the morning; and, leaving you scarce time to get "goods and chattels" well together, I drive you hastily along the Prater, still glistening with the brightest diamonds of dew upon its green carpet of turf, smiling calmly on you with its thick old trees through the morning mist, and bidding you "good day" in the forms of the deer, that advance trustingly and fearlessly in herds to greet you, upon its road-side. At last we reach, through thicket and brushwood, the Kaiser-Mühlen, (the imperial mills,) upon the Danube's banks. There is already a crush of *fiacres* and omnibuses, and much hurrying to and fro of men and luggage. The steam-boat is seen snorting and puffing, like a pawing horse, in its impatience, half hidden by the trees upon the river side, and by those strange anchored water-mills, which form one of the great characteristic traits of the Danube, and to which I must refer again for description on a later occasion, for now we have no time to look or analyse their features, although this is our first introduction to them; but, as in most first introductions, they leave a first impression in their physiognomy, which in this instance makes one desire to know more of them—

which is far from being the case with all first impressions on making new acquaintances. We have no time, however, now, as I said, for there is still much ceremony to be gone through, with luggage weighing and passage paying in the bureau-huts, and shewing of certificates to prove that you are not escaping from the galleys or from your creditors—although you begin to feel, somehow or other, that you are,—and that you are free to leave Vienna, which it costs you almost as much trouble to quit, as to arrive at; and porters tread on your heels, and tear your trunk-straps in their hurry and bustle. But you make up your mind to all this last annoyance, for at length you get on board the great painted, gilded, velvet-furnished, and mirrored Hungarian steamer, and you begin to breathe more freely, with a consciousness that you are about to start for Hungary, where your nerves will not be irritated with any custom-house, or even passport-shewing,—your passport is put into your desk with a sense of heart's quietude, in the assurance that it will long remain sleeping there undisturbed,—and where you are as free to enter, and to roam at ease—ay! freer still, as far as custom-houses are concerned—as in your own native land.

You may fancy that there must be a certain monotony of impressions in this eternal transfer

from the deck and cabin of one steamer to those of another, during a long voyage, which only proceeds down the Danube and up again, and seemingly contains no greater variety of movement than king Pepin's far-renowned manoeuvre with his troops, "up the hill and down again;" and, in truth, I had some scruples in placing the words "steamer" and "steam-boat" so continually before your eyes as I have done already, and must yet do still more. But on this varied Danube, the physiognomy of the steam-boats, as well as of the banks along which they swim, is continually varying. Above Vienna the prevailing physiognomy was German; it is now already diversified with more marked and brighter Hungarian features: beyond Pest it grows still more Oriental in its character. To be sure, the knitting, upon which those good, round-faced ladies are employed with so much dull industry, reveals their German origin; but those slimmer waists, and brighter flashing eyes, and more animated movements, belong, of a surety, to Hungarian blood. Those stiff officers, with their well-padded breasts, are Austrian to the last hair of their half-shaved whiskers, to the last thread of their prim button-holes: but those grey mustaches, wire-drawn at their ends, with a daring, bold-looking point, and those haughtily arched bridges of noses, belong indubi-

tably to old Hungarian noblemen. Those long-haired fair youths—there is a couple of them—are German piano performers, or German artists; but I suspect the first, for there is evidently, since the first apparition of Liszt, a prevailing idea in the young musical world, that the power of pianoforte playing lies, like Samson's strength, in the length and exuberance of hair. But then those slender forms, and bold faces, and impudent mustaches, and sometimes curling beards, and jaunty, reckless, but yet gentlemanly *tournures*, belong, yet more indeniably, to young Hungarians, travelled perhaps, and just returned from Paris or London, whose names terminate in a "nyi," or a "fyi," or a "lyi." Besides, those characteristic eyes and noses,—even if we listen not to the uncouth German accent which issues from those mouths,—and those heavy jaws, appertain undoubtedly to some of the Jewish merchants or traders, richer or poorer, more or less educated, but all with their Hebrew origin stamped upon their faces and their characters, with which Hungary swarms. And we have two or three Servians on board, in their semi-Turkish, semi-Greek picturesque attire, who are probably steaming down to their homes upon the Turkish frontiers. You see that there is already sufficient diversity in our steamer's physiognomy.

The Danube—or at least the Danúbe, as it is

subdivided by cities, and, consequently, by the day's voyages of the steamers—is the most treacherously coquettish of rivers. At first it always looks so still and dull, and sleepy and demure, as if it had no mischief in its mind, and never had the slightest intention of laying siege to your heart: but gradually it commences to put forward one allurement after another; and you begin to feel some commotion in the region attacked: it bursts forth at last in the plenitude of its mighty charms—the spell of the enchantress is woven—your heart is won. So it attacks the voyager from Ratisbon to Linz; it performs the same manœuvre from Linz to Vienna, and with like success. In leaving Vienna, on the day's voyage to Pest, the arch coquette begins playing the same tricks over again, and is just as sure of its effect; but now, having apparently grown less ardent of conquest, as it grows older and steadier in its progress, it exercises its arts in a more listless, careless fashion. At first it appears only in the humble and unpretending garb of the rugged willowed islands, that split it into numerous branches, —the bare sand-banks, that are like sun-burnt freckles on its face,—and the low villages, that posssess no other attraction than histories of innumerable battles fought on the neighbouring plains, from the times of Rudolph of Hapsburg,

through those of Turkish invasion, to the more modern days of the French empire—an attraction which may seduce a military heart, but which, in spite of some romance, exercises but a very transient sway over mine. At Presburg it begins to give a smile, and then, as if to watch the effect of this glimpse of seduction, languidly falls back into its monotony. At Gran, however, it again raises its head with the adornment of mountain, and valley, and tributary stream, and proud cathedral. At Vissegrad it crowns itself with a haughty diadem of imperial ruin, and lays on its most brilliant robes of wood-woven rock and precipice. At Pest and Buda the fulness of its beauty is put forth in one wondrous panorama; and its work is again done. I do not know of what stuff other men are made, but I am invariably a lost man. On this occasion, however, I withstood the seductions of the siren. Friendship had a spell superior to that of the great sorceress; and I stopped, and left the steam-boat at the very moment she was beginning to play off her first spells upon me. But I am hurrying on faster than the steamer; and I must again call myself to "order."

To resume, then. Plain and village are passed without much excitement, in spite of their military *souvenirs*, and all their tales of Sobiesky, the vanquisher of the Turks, and Napoleon, the van-

quisher of Europe: one goes on calmly, supported by the full confidence of hope in future beauty. And now a lofty pointed rock rises to your left: on its highest summit is perched a tall solitary picturesque old ruined tower; it commands an abrupt promontory, round which a stream flows into the Danube, so wealthy in tributaries You cannot look upon it without a feeling that there must be some legend attached to that romantic old ruin—that there is some matter of importance connected with the dominating position of that rock: and legend there is; for, from that dizzy tower, two lovers, criminal, but "faithful unto death," flung themselves, locked in each other's arms, into the stream below, when besieged in that castle, and about to fall into the grasp of their enemies: and importance there is in that position; for that rock is the gate of Hungary, and marks the boundary between Hungary and its harsh mistress, Austria. The ruin is that of the once powerful castle of Theben, and I beg its pardon that I should have forgotten it in my enumeration of the Danube's allurements; for that picturesque spot may be best termed the Danube's first smile—harsh even as be that smile—since it has left the dull shores of ungrateful Vienna.

And now we are at last in Hungary; and, as I told you, we are not annoyed by any custom-house;

we are not uncourteously asked who we are, or "what the devil" may be our business, by having our passports demanded. Hungary hospitably opens its arms without a scruple or a grudge; and we glide on towards Presburg with a most satisfactory feeling of independence.

On this occasion I did not stop to visit Presburg as I passed; and, from the water, Presburg does not give much promise of beauty. On the top of a hill, flanking the town to the west, and descending almost to the water's edge, stands a great grey skeleton of a ruin, once a royal Hungarian palace, and burnt down not very many years ago; but, from below, this enormous square shell has no more attraction of beauty than an empty cask of figs. Close by the landing-place of the steamer rises the paved balustraded mound, up which the king of Hungary rides immediately after his coronation, in the old regal robes once belonging to St. Stephen of Hungary, and waves the ancient sword of the sainted king to the four quarters of the world; but from the steamer this spot of majesty has anything but a majestic look, particularly as it is sure to be adorned, when the steamer floats up, with dirty little boys, and cake-women, and slouching Austrian recruits, and such like successors of the successors of St. Stephen. To your right, on the other side of the river, lies

the *Au*, the public garden of Presburg; but its site looks flat and monotonous from your position on the water. The long line of the bridge of boats alone wears something of an imposing air, as it opens its jaws, not bigger in proportion to its huge length than those of a boa constrictor, of its own accord, it would seem, for the passage of the steamer. In fact, the aspect of the once regal city of Presburg to the mere passer-by upon the Danube is neither striking nor alluring. But during a former visit to Hungary I had spent a few happy days within its walls, and, as the sweet German phrase goes, "I had won it dear." You must come with me, then, upon a short "*Diable Boiteux*" sort of expedition into the interior, while the steamer lingers on the banks. It has a variety of manœuvres of lading and unlading to go through, as well as all those mysteries of bustle, and hurry, and swarming to and fro on the plank between the vessel and the shore, which, as I never can comprehend the meaning of them, and never could find out that they were to any visible end or aim, I am inclined to set down as conjurations necessary to the future progress of our monster; and we shall have plenty of time for our rapid bird's-eye view. Alas! I am as far from the spirit of the *piquant Asmodeé*, as you from the wild naughtiness of the student Don

Cleofas. We shall take our flight on the wings of jog-trot prosy dulness, after the most quiet and serious fashion.

Presburg can no longer be considered as the capital of Hungary. Since the newly awakened spirit of nationality has warmed all Hungarian hearts of the younger generation, and become one of the leading feelings, principles, and faiths of the modern Hungarian, Pest, combined with Buda, the residence of the ancient Hungarian kings, has been crowned capital of Hungary, to the detriment of the deposed Presburg. Presburg, in fact, was too little distant, too close upon the suspected Austrian frontiers, too imbued with a touch of Germanism, to be allowed to be any longer the casket for the jewel of Hungarian nationality—the hot-house in which it was to be nourished in order to grow up into a flourishing and widely-spreading tree. In fact, the magnificent palaces of the old Hungarian nobility are deserted; the streets look empty and desolate; the glittering equipage is rare. Excepting the men of the old stamp, who still linger in the Capua delights of the court of Vienna,—a dull Capua, by the way, as far as the court and the *salons* of its ruler, Prince Metternich, are concerned,—the Hungarian nobility have established their modern palaces, and carried their modern warm national feelings to Pest, where their money is now spent,

instead of in a foreign capital, and their zeal for their country's weal put forth.

Presburg, then, has the look of a deposed monarch pining for glories past. But still there is a charm to me in its old narrow streets, in its overhanging ancient houses, in its great desert palaces,—that is to say, if we confine ourselves to the streets of the original town, and do not go aside into the great, dusty, broad, uncomfortable, and paltry-looking suburbs,—which gives a noble and venerable, and even a romantic appearance to the place.

All this, however, is in the spirit of German antiquity, not Hungarian nationality: there is scarce a tint of Hungarian colour upon the picture: the stamp of a town of the old German empire is on every feature of the place. There are only two occasions upon which Presburg again raises its head with a transient look of former brightness: the first is when the coronation of a new Hungarian king of the Austrian dynasty calls together all the Hungarian nobility in the splendour of their national costume—when the crown is bestowed in that old cathedral, which would be a little treasure of Gothic antiquity in its way, had it not been spoiled by a sort of mongrel Grecian tower—when the sword of St. Stephen is waved from that mount we before glanced at, amidst a galaxy of the pride

and pomp of a nation, than which none in Europe is more rich in the splendour of that pomp and pride; the second is when the diet of the nation meets every three years in parliament at Presburg, —a fact, by the bye, against which Hungarian nationality is striving all it can, in spite of the strongest opposition of the Austrian government, in order that the sittings of the diet may be transferred to Pest. Upon the meeting of those triennial assemblies of the nation the streets again swarm with rich Hungarian equipages; and braided attilas adorned with fur, and braided pantaloons, and feathered bejewelled caps, dart hither and thither; and sabres clash along the pavement; and domestic hussars and pandours, in their rich half-military liveries, bustle about or cling behind brilliant carriages; and there is life and animation and glitter in those old thoroughfares; and the palaces are filled with the families of their old inhabitants, or with lodgers in the shape of deputies; and the hotels overflow; and a room is not to be had "for money," although, to reverse the proverb, it may be "for love," since the Hungarian noble would rather sleep on the pavement of his halls, than that a stranger should need a chamber or a bed. But now the diet is not sitting; Hungary has fled again the walls of its ancient capital; the streets of Presburg are again quiet, dull, and drear.

Perhaps, now we have landed in our flight upon the roof of the great long line of heavy, plain, unpretending edifice, which forms the *Landhaus* or diet-hall, where the meetings of the diet are held, in that old street, I ought, as we are talking of these meetings, to stop and lecture you seriously and sagely upon the Hungarian constitution, a wide and most complicated subject, and the manner in which these meetings are held, with all the regulations about the upper house, (the chamber of the magnates,) and the lower house, (the chamber of the deputies,) and about electioneering particulars, and laws, and statistical matters, and about the first evidence of the growing spirit of nationality in the change of language, from Latin to the national Magyar, in the debates, as well as about the fierce disputes with the provinces of Hungary, such as Croatia, that send their deputies also, but speak Sclavonian and not Magyar — in fact, about a variety of very serious, and wise, and important points, in the confused and complicated position of Hungary, and its laws and political state, which it is my duty, as your guide along the country, to tell you with a grave face. But you shake your head, in spite of the craving for information which is one of the great characteristics of your mind; and you tell me you have read Paget's admirable book on Hungary, so full of

excellent and impartial detail on all these and other such subjects—so clear, so explicit, and so clever, at the same time that it is so unaffected and so unpretending; you tell me you have read Miss Pardoe's "City of the Magyar," full of information on these matters, also interesting and new to the English reader, although the fair lady has sometimes allowed herself to be deluded into errors by injudicious friends, who seem to have had their object in misleading: you have skimmed over Quin's "Voyage down the Danube," also, with all its grave superficiality: you say you do not want from me enlightenment on these serious affairs: in fact, you mistrust me; you shake your head laughingly, because you guess me to be unfitted for so great and grave a task, and are convinced beforehand that I should "bore you to death" with the great powdered full-bottomed wig of wisdom that I must put on, and which would so ill become my *flâneur's* cosmopolite face. You are quite right: I feel as little inclined as able to the task. Perhaps I may hereafter have my little word to say in my own trivial and careless way, upon matters political or social. But draw not back with affright: they will only glide in incidentally; and I hope never to have occasion to put on the dreaded "full-bottom," for the purpose of making an harangue. Let us fly

on, then, to the ruined castle on that high hill-top, by the town side; we shall there have a better bird's-eye view of Presburg.

As we settle down upon the hill-top, the aspect of the ruined castle, so little picturesque from the river, is wholly changed; its old walls, and *façades*, and towers, and gateways, and outer buildings now grow full of interest. It was evidently once a royal palace worthy of the title. How boldly it overhangs the town beneath! How splendid is the view over the old town and its many towers,—the hundred windings of the great broad Danube, with its numerous arms and islands,—the vast plain to the south studded with large tracts of wood,—the distant mountains to the west that close Germany from our sight, and in the intervals of which we might catch a glimpse, they tell us, if the day were clear, as it mostly is in the lovely climate of this country, of a grey point, which is the tower of St. Stephen's of Vienna—and behind us, over that beautiful panorama of richly wooded mountain and valley, which renders the *environs* of Presburg of such loveliness as few towns in the world can boast. In those mountains I have spent days of happiness — beneath the shade of those trees, or on that hill-top, or on the wooden gallery or terrace of some Swiss-cottage-like house of entertainment, which you may just see peeping

out from among the trees half-way up the mountain side, there, in the distance,—enjoying views of beauty still more striking than even that we gaze upon where we now stand, in the society of those affectionately attached to me, and in bubbling interchange of feeling, and thus enjoying doubly.

In the halls of this old palace it was that Maria Theresa, when attacked and threatened in her capital by her numerous enemies, appealed to the generosity of her Hungarian subjects for succour in her desperate fortunes; in those halls, now so ruined and so bald, it was, that, in spite of every intrigue of France, in spite of every well-laid train of disaffection, the sight of the beauty of their queen, and the recital of her wrongs, affected so deeply the bold and susceptible hearts of the Hungarians, and drew forth that wild spontaneous cry of enthusiasm, so well known in the annals of Magyar chivalry — the annals of the world's chivalry, I may say—"Moriamur pro *Rege* nostro!"

But elsewhere I have told you the tale of the sorrows, and energies, and gentle woman's weaknesses of Maria Theresa, and of that burst of enthusiasm within the walls of the old castle: elsewhere I have led you into that narrow street with falling houses—formerly the restricted quarter of the Jews, and now still chiefly inhabited by the more mi-

serable of that tribe—which rises up the hill-side from the town below, in tortuous, painful course, step by step, terrace after terrace, amidst naked walls, and ramparts, and gloomy gateways, until it emerges upon the top of the castle-hill, on which we stand; it is the nearest foot-passage to the castle from below; and formerly the most wretched of the subjects of the land clustered nearest to the abode of royalty; dirt, and grinding usury, and misery and crime, sought shelter under the walls of royal pomp and royal justice; the cancer lay upon the very flanks of "the hill of pride and beauty:" elsewhere I have taken you along the old-fashioned streets of Presburg, amidst its heavy architecture, and more especially up the winding street that leads to the gate of St. Michael, the heavy tower of which you may discern, there, where the town opens upon the country behind, and towards the first low ridge of the Carpathians in the distance, and to the old bridge and moat of the town in that direction: elsewhere I have introduced you to the summer palace of the archbishop, primate of Hungary—that white Italian building, with its galleried façades, which you may see not far from the town in the same direction, embowered so calmly in its small but pleasant and shady old gardens, that seem to stretch almost to the mountain's foot: elsewhere I have bid you

turn your eyes upon those lovely vineyard-covered, and villa-clothed hills. And so now you must content yourself with this vague bird's-eye view; and we will fly off again to the steamer. The mysteries of rushing backwards and forwards upon the plank will shortly receive the fulness of their accomplishment; and we must be off again.

Gladly, however, would I linger on this castle-hill, and still gaze my fill, although it tells me a sad tale of "pleasure gone and purpose broken." "Joy's recollection is no longer joy," they say: no; but yet it has its sweet luxury of sorrow. How childishly, on this very spot, have I sown the seed, aided by another hand, of plans and projects, which, like the watercresses grown by children on a piece of moist flannel in a plate, have never grown to a salad worth the cutting and the eating! What castles in the air were here built! no more substantial, or true to reality, than Mr. Sterling's Gothic pavilion in the "Clandestine Marriage." The breath of reason and sense has swept with the force of a thunder-cloud over them; the castles have been blown down, like the tower of a pack of cards; nothing—not a foundation has been left on the barren soil of reality; and yet it is pleasant to dream that dream again, with more childish fancy still. When, after youth's bright dreaming summer, the autumn of reason and reality

ought to mellow the fancy, when illusions fall one by one, and leave the stem of hope lifeless and dead, when "the last rose of summer is withered and gone," there are still those pertinacious lovers of illusion, who fabricate themselves a fictitious summer, and cook up their old fancies once more in the hot-bed of self-deception. I am one of those.

Ay! shake your head again! I am a child I know, and, like a truant child, may miss the steamer. But still I cannot refrain, before we settle fully down upon its deck again, from giving you a glimpse of that public garden, the *Au*, or meadow, as it is called, on the other side of the river. It was once a mere swampy wood. It has now been laid out with so much talent in landscape-gardening—a talent unknown in its perfection out of England—that the most lovely garden-park, with breaks and views, and clumps and grassy knots, in the best English style, has been produced. When I first entered the *Au*, its beauty took me by surprise, so little enticing was its skirting line of trees from the river. I am sorry to have forgotten the name of the artist who has here shewn his skill: he was a German, I believe; but I will venture to affirm that he must have studied his art in England, to have brought it to so much perfection. It is, in truth, a charming spot—a spot to linger in and dream, or tell a tale of past days and old youthful

affections; and such converse have I held there: and when I emerged from among those trees, there, before me, was ever still the beautiful Danube, glittering in the noonday sun-light like a lake of silver, now glowing in the setting sun, now grey in the evening's mist, now dark and gloomy by night, rushing onwards awfully and mysteriously, as we returned across the bridge to Presburg. *Tempi passati!* Put the music of a sigh to the text of those last words.

But the steamer is off again: you will think, perhaps, that it has shewn much consideration in stopping so long for us by the quay of Presburg. The Danube now sleeps again in its monotony. The banks, broken up into islands numberless, and the stream, intersected into channels—the true one by which we are to pass it must have cost navigators at first some trouble to discover, and may still cost every day for aught I know, for I believe they are constantly shifting their course and changing their depth—only tell tales of inundations and devastations. Sometimes we float past a whole fleet of the water-mills I have already mentioned. The village to which they belong is not visible, and lies low, inland. They are clattering and banging away, *à qui mieux mieux*. Each mill consists of two great boats stoutly anchored and chained together in couples, between which turns

the wheel of the mill, the mill itself being hidden in the shed-like house which occupies one boat—the residence of the miller, and other parts of the machinery occupying the other. These mills constitute one of the most characteristic features of the Danube during its whole passage through Hungary: these clusters, which occur near every town or village on the banks, form the strangest-looking and most picturesque groups of fantastic arks. The Danube would not be the Danube without them; and I should be as fidgetty at not finding them dotted about in clumps upon it every now and then, as a Frenchman at seeing one of his *vaudevilles* played without *couplets*. The millers are rather a rugged set of beings, rushing out of their mealy holes, half naked, and setting up howls of the most furious Hungarian slang, if, from their panel of a window, they think they discover the least gesture of contempt in any of the steamer-passengers. It is the habit of frisky boys, on board the steam-boats, to awaken their slumbering elements of irritability, and enjoy the fun of this impotent wrath, by stirring their fingers about in the crown of their hats. For once in my life I strove to solve the mystery of this emblem of scorn to the grinders of flour; but, of course, exactly this once nobody could tell me whence it was derived, what it meant, or why it irritated so deeply the unfortunate millers.

Once again an object of interest, although of an unpicturesque and by no ways romantic nature, is arrived at in the strong fortress town of Komorn, on our left. It is said to be one of the greatest strongholds, if not even the most powerful, in the Austrian dominions, and boasts of never having been taken by an enemy. I have never seen the interior of the tower or the fortifications; and I have already avowed to you my ignorance in matters of fortification, although I dote upon such places when they have the merit of being picturesque, which they usually have. But here the low ramparts, which stretched along the Danube's flat banks, may be wonderfully serviceable, but are no ways alluring to the eye. Paddle we on! A low village is seen here and there; now, upon a mound, stands a huge stone gallows of three stout columns —a stable structure erected for only *Messieurs les paysans;* for those who assert their nobility of blood, have the privilege, in the penal code of Hungary, to be decapitated with the sword, not hung by the neck. But these are no very pleasing points of scenery. As I told you, the Danube is treacherously withdrawing from you all her charms, in order to surprise your weak heart more surely further on.

Under these circumstances the steam-boat again finds a plentiful supply for observation in itself.

Flirtations are going on, in which the Hungarian ladies shew their national dislike of the Austrian military, by putting the coldest look into their warm eyes, and curling their pretty upper lips, as if they were not already short enough, and arching their well-traced dark brows, and, in fact, declining, in as lady-like a way as possible, the attention of the padded officers we wot of; and these are fain to turn their gallantry to the round-faced knitting ladies, who knit on uninterruptedly, as if they intended to knit their way into eternity, and knit on still. The old Hungarians swear great oaths, and smoke great meerschaum pipes, and walk in duos and trios, probably singing bass songs about old times. The young ones smoke cigars; and, even with "the weed" in their mouth, are received by their fair countrywomen with smiles, which the most perfumed Austrian officer, unless he were an Hungarian in the Austrian service, and scarcely even then, could not call upon their lips. The German artists are wrapped in meditation wild. The Jews keep to their own tribe even on that narrow world the steamer, or are kept to it. On the prow are sleeping Hungarian peasants, in their long white spreading drawers, and full hanging-sleeved shirts, with a slight jacket on their backs, and a belt about their waists, stretched on their sheepskin cloaks—dark, swarthy, interesting

faces; and poor women sit on bales, their heads enveloped in bright kerchiefs; and hussar servants, whose faces and figures are of genuine Hungarian growth, smoke pipes almost as big as those of their masters. Movement, crowd, animation, there is plenty here upon our deck; and, in spite of the variety of conflicting elements, agreeable chatty groups are formed; and I fall to fighting with a hair-brained, but witty and pleasant Hungarian count, about my old enemies the heathen gods and goddesses, and discover that, in spite of the favour which he shews to these *saltimbanques* of ancient mythology, he has a great mind to fabricate a little pet religion of his own, quite different from all known religions—an ingenious and original affair—for his own private use and that of his friends. Much good may it do them all!

The dinner in the cabin, ever at the early hour of one, is gay and variable; and, for lack of other excitement, gentlemen afterwards sit down to cards, when the tables are cleared, and the German ladies knit again, as if "for the dear life."

But now my turn comes to bid them all farewell —Hungarians and Germans; for all alike vie in courtesy to the strange Englishman. He loves the country of the one—he has pleasant reminiscences of the country of the other; and both reward his cosmopolite propensities with eager

politeness, and even offers of hospitality and friendship. But an Englishman, cosmopolite as he may be, has never much of the eager, spontaneous "let us swear an eternal friendship, let us embrace," sympathy about him, and only smiles, and bows, and thanks.

Hills rise upon the Danube's banks; distant mountains already also are inclined to press nearer; vineyards cover their slopes; the steamer stops before the landing-place of the village of Piszke, at the foot of one of the mountains with which the right bank is commencing to adorn itself: my leave is taken. I stand and see the monster float away, raising big waves as it kicks on, and leaving a track of foam behind it; a few hands are waved; the vessel diminishes in the distance; and I am alone again upon the Danube's shore. But opposite, on the other bank of the broad Danube, rises a terraced wall; beyond the wall are the trees of a garden; between those trees is visible the façade of a low but fair country-house. The rowers of a huge flat-ferry boat are found up. Our big boat is soon dancing on the waves, which are still fretting after the lashings of the noisy steamer. In a quarter of an hour we have reached the other bank. I hurry to that house, and am soon folded in a friend's embrace.

LETTER IV.

MEETING OF FRIENDS, AND WELCOME.—HUNGARIAN HOSPITALITY.—TWO INVITATIONS, AND APOLOGY FOR THEIR SCANTINESS.—AN HUNGARIAN COUNTRY-HOUSE.—THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.—THE COURT-YARD.—THE INTERIOR.—THE GARDEN.—THE GARDEN TERRACE, AND THE DANUBE'S BANKS.—ANIMATION UPON THE RIVER.—THE NOAH'S ARKS.—THE RAFTS AND TOWING-HORSES.—INUNDATIONS.—A SHIPWRECK ON THE DANUBE.—POPULAR SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE RIVER.—THUNDER-STORMS.—THE ROMANTIC CHURCHYARD.—PICTURES ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

I WILL not speak to you now of the joy of meeting between two friends, each trustful in the other's affection, after a long separation. Such feelings no pen like yours knows how to describe—none *has* described as you, in a few poetic and pathetic words, in your "Letters from the Baltic"—no heart like yours knows how to feel. Were I induced to give way to my desire to lay such feelings before your sympathy now, I should not dare to do so. My pen would be to your pen as the chisel of the common gravestone-cutter, knocking at his commonplace, fat-faced, scraggy-winged cherubim, to the chisel of a Canova employed upon a Psyche:

my heart, in its expressionless effusion, would seem to your heart as the empty bottle of a spirit, burnt away and gone, which still hangs a label round its neck, as if to make believe that it is still full of the precious liquid—in fact as that cold *blasé* thing, which, unhappily or happily—which of the two?—my experience has not yet taught me—it is *not*. I am afraid, too, that you are apt to look upon men's friendships as most people do, merely as nothing more or less than joint-stock convenience and interest partnerships, from which both parties expect to profit, and that you think, that, like modesty, which is only too often an ingenious lure for further admiration, friendship is only a more delicate way of turning those around us to the best advantage. You might thus deem me far below the mark on the one hand, or you might mistrust me on the other. So, in resuming my pen, in the pleasant retreat where I now find myself, I shall do as well to say nothing about my happiness on finding myself once more in the society of a valued friend. I will speak, then, only of the pleasure of a welcome to a roof where the full consciousness of the deep truth of that welcome is a bed of roses, upon which one may sink down in the full luxury of its enjoyment, without a thorn of mistrust to prick the conscience in its repose, without a withered petal of doubt to smell unsavoury to the mind; and of such

a welcome I was aware, as I crossed the Danube in the tossing ferry-boat of my last letter.

But, barring the deep sense of a sincere attachment, that finds no less joy than mine own in this reunion, where is the Hungarian house which I might not have entered,—ay, even as the unknown stranger,—with the surety of a welcome as cordial—ay, even as sincere? Hospitality in the Hungarian is far more than a national habit or custom; it is a faith—it is a religion. He who should not serve its worship to the last sacrifice of offering, would be deemed a traitor to that faith, a vile unnatural, as unnational, heretic, a blasphemer. Let me not be told that the Hungarian gentleman finds his pleasure and his interest in giving a welcome to the rare foreigner, who may communicate information, or relieve the monotony of a country residence. He may find in it his pleasure and his interest, may be; but that he would consider his reward, and not his aim. The hospitality is as frank, and free, and spontaneous, as it is warm. Would that all religion in the country—the religion to God, and not to man—were as scrupulously and devoutly exercised! Nor is it among the upper and well-being classes alone that these rites of hospitality are so scrupulously performed. Are you travelling, and find no public hotel for your accommodation—or are you too nice

to enter a house of public entertainment, that is but a miserable hovel,—turn to the neat but lowly dwelling, which is that of the poor parish priest. He is poor indeed sometimes, but his door is opened to your knock. He considers it his duty to board and lodge the wayfarer: he considers it your right to claim the accomplishment of his duty. Enter the lowliest peasant's hut, a wanderer, and he will share with you his last scrap of bread, his last sup of wine—he will do more; he will bestow his last —his all—even if he must hunger and thirst himself—to the stranger who deigns to cross his threshold. Approach the poor fisherman who squats upon the river's banks to cook his scanty mid-day meal of fish, seasoned with red pepper: give him but one look of appetite, and what a frank smile of cordiality will pass over his rugged but handsome face—with what an unmistakeable air of welcome will he offer you a place at his board upon the flat river sands. Again, I must repeat it, hospitality is the Hungarian's national faith; and the Hungarian homestead is the temple of the goddess.

During the miseries of the Polish insurrection and defeat, how many of the fugitive insurgents found a shelter beneath the roof of the Hungarian noblemen, not for days or weeks, or even months, but, in many cases, even years. Like all religions,

the religion has been abused by those who have profited of the sacrifices made at the altar. In other instances, perhaps, also, zeal will perchance outrun discretion; and when you are even pressed for time, and declare that you can no longer linger beneath the hospitable roof, you may find that the wheels have been taken off your carriage, and hidden where it would be a vain task to seek them. But these abuses or these venial errors do not mar the truth; and the truth *is*. My welcome then, beneath the roof I entered, might have been as genuine and ready, had I been an utter stranger, but it was the double welcome of the stranger and the friend.

In my bounded course down the Danube, to which I have this year confined myself, I cannot, I am sorry to say, take you with me as a visitor to any of those immense establishments in which Hungary rejoices, so "rich and rare" in abounding wealth of horses and carriages, herds of oxen or horses, and innumerable flocks of sheep, suites of rooms, and domestics almost countless, as well as in an exhaustless mine of strange manners, strange costumes, strange faces, all so picturesque when seen through the brightly-tinted glass of wildness and semi-civilisation which gives them so original a colour. On my way along the river and its banks I have no great *châteaux* of Hungarian magnates to blow my horn before, as a knight of old, for

admittance—no castles to fling their gates open at my summons. My wealthier and mightier friends all lie provokingly inland, dispersed about the country. Were I able to indulge now in that spirit of romancing to which I love to give way sometimes, you know, I would wave my wand and bring a score or two of them obedient to its bidding, like snails, with their houses on their backs, to adorn the Danube's banks for your special bewonderment and approval, and bid them greet you on our way. But in these my plain letters I am forbidden to "romance." You must take me and my friends, then, as you find them where they stand, and leave the others in their parked villas, or vast *châteaux*,—be they ancient or modern, Gothic or Italian,—or their mountain fastnesses, far away. I am constrained to bid you welcome to two houses only—the one, the humble country-house of the poorer country nobleman—the other, the costly villa, with its much bepraised gardens, of the richer. The latter we shall reach in time. To the former I now invite you; and perhaps you may find in it more kindness and true cordiality, and good-fellowship, than you would elsewhere. At all events, you will find there many of those original traits so characteristic of this land,—much of that bright, wild colouring which so much takes my fancy in it, and, perhaps,

a little store of novelty in interest. I should be grieved were you to yawn in my face, when you had come, at my bidding, to the country-house upon the Danube's shore; but I will e'en run the risk of the invitation.

Give me your arm, and let us, first, wander about the premises. If my good Florian accompanied us upon our ramble, he would amuse you with his sparkling fund of information, and his flashes of caustic wit; but we must suppose him engaged in some orders about the improvement of the garden, or dreaming—the lazy fellow—with his German Shakspeare in his hand, beneath a tree, or exercising his fine bass voice at his piano. I am left to my own resources. The long, but low, white-washed house—consisting only of a ground-floor, the garrets beneath the heavy roof of which are merely used as granaries, or lumber-rooms, or such-like treasuries of things "good, bad, and indifferent"—is built at some distance from the river's banks, and parallel with the stream. On this side of the river a fertile plain extends far and wide inland, rising gradually in low terraced gradations towards the horizon, where its so-called monotony is relieved, and the landscape alluringly adorned by an amphitheatre of blue distant mountains, which seem to curve in, both to west and east, as if to make an immense bay of the wide plain. The higher ter-

races of hills in the distance are green with vineyards, and dotted over with little vineyard garden-houses, that grow thick like daisies in a meadow. Here may be faintly seen villages peeping from among the bowers of orchards and acacia woods, with which they invariably shelter themselves in Hungary,—so village-like, so green, so refreshing,—so unlike those disastrous dung-hills called French villages, whose only pride is to pretend themselves make-believe towns, and to have a muddy "*Rue de Paris*" or "*Rue Royale*" running along their middles; and yet the French will talk to you of "*la belle France*," and pity those poor savages they have heard of, called Hungarians, who pine in wretchedness somewhere on the other side of Siberia,—they don't know exactly where. There, again, a church spire tells you where the village has nested itself unseen in the hill-side, like a tall stray violet leaf which betrays the flowers hidden beneath. But let us turn towards the entrance of the country-house. The Danube is concealed from our view; but on the other side of it rise high and varied mountains; they look like a great troop of soldiers exercising a manœuvre; the foremost kneel, the next behind them bend over their heads, the hindmost stand erect; and still beyond you may see the heads of countless others. Their uniform of green and brown picked out with white—of pine-

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wood, and vineyard, and green orchard, and here and there a bald brown head or two, embroidered with climbing village, and garden-house, and hut—is a fair sight to see. Each hill and mountain has its physiognomy, as varied as those of the troop of soldiers it simulates. The chief embroidery of white belongs to the village of Piszke, where I landed. The panorama is a lovely one.

Let us enter now the great wooden gateway of the court, which precedes the house. Coach-houses and stablings flank the entrance. To our left stretches the court-wall, hidden by a plantation of acacia trees, amongst which peeps out a well. On the right of the broad court is a long row of continued ground-floor buildings, which constitute the dwellings of the hangers-on, as well as of the domestics of the establishment and their families. The shepherd and the cow-herd are there lodged with their wives and children, as well as the coach-man, groom, gardener, and other domestics more directly belonging to the establishment. At the further end is a wing of the house reserved for the guests, who come to claim the rights of hospi-tality: and the whole of this long line of building communicates with the entrance-door of the house by a lengthy corridor-gallery, which serves as an open passage from all the out-lying domestic apart-ments to the interior, cool in the summer's heat,

dry in wet weather or the winter's snow. Dogs innumerable are lounging, or rushing, or playing, or quarrelling about the court.

The children of the hangers-on are kicking or squatting before the doors of the low apartments of their elders, confining themselves, except a small bold truant or two, to the gallery for their gambols, as if aware that the court is for the Seigneur, and not for them. Servants, male and female, in common attire, are hurrying to and fro in the gallery, from kitchen to wash-house, or from both to the main dwelling-house, or rushing across the court to draw water from the well; and the shepherd and the cow-herd, or their tall boys, are coming in from the farm in the Hungarian summer costume of full white drawers, sometimes fringed with a long white fringe below, and girded tightly about their slim waists with a leathern belt,—white shirts, the full hanging sleeves of which flow out of the arm-holes of button-studded jackets,—broad summer hats, now and then decorated with fresh flowers or faded artificial ones, or broken feathers, the gift of wife or sweetheart, from beneath which flow sometimes masses of dark hair, sometimes stiff locks, framing wild handsome faces, and sympathising with mustaches as wild and dark—and either high boots beneath the screen of the spreading trousers, or large rags of linen curiously wound

and sandalled about their feet. The coachman goes, singing, to the stables, and cracks his long whip in time to his melody, with the report of a hundred pistol-shots—an Hungarian accomplishment: he is attired as the other peasant servants, saving, perhaps, that he has a bigger bunch of flowers in his broad brimmed, up-turned hat; for he has not put on his tight braided cloth pantaloons and his embroidered jacket, to drive out with his master. In the midst, until disturbed by the rattling driving in of a chance guest in his open carriage, revel fowls of various descriptions, turkey-cocks and hens, and a peacock or two, and ducks and geese, and hens and chickens; and yet the whole has by no means the look of a farm-yard—far from it: and all these tenants of the sanded court seem to live and wander in perfect harmony among each other, unless perchance the peacock feels his pride offended by some breach of etiquette on the part of the turkey-hen, and gives her a peck on the head, for which he is called out to immediate single combat by the turkey-cock—or an upstart drake comes to gabblings with a young cockling for a stray grain—or an inexperienced puppy gets a sudden impulse to coquet with a tender chicken, and wrings her neck in his obstreporous embrace, and is then well whipped, or, perchance, even summarily hung, for his misplaced

tenderness, poor wight!—or there occur any other of those accidents, which will happen in the best-regulated domestic menageries, Noah's ark (and that was a saintly one) alone excepted.

Now let us go into the house. Through a paved hall, to the right and left of which doors open into the sleeping apartments of the various members of the family, towards the wing already mentioned, containing the *enfilade* of rooms for the bestowal of guests, and upon the garden beyond, we enter straight into a large dining-room—from thence, to the left, into the general sitting-room of the family.

My friend is unmarried, as you know: and, as his desultory tastes and artistic temperament indispose him to the management of his establishment, and render the farming affairs of his estate, small although it be for an Hungarian nobleman, utterly uncongenial to him, and as his wandering habits snatch him, at the most capricious periods, from home, upon journeyings as unsettled, he has called a married sister and her husband to reside with him, and has abdicated his sceptre of master over household, and farm, and servants, and peasants, into their hands.

In the sitting-room you may find perchance, then, his pretty dark-blue-eyed sister Marie on the sofa, working at some purse, or cap, or useful trifle

for husband, or brother, or perhaps the guest, with her beautiful children gamboling at her feet, unless she be occupied in her household avocations, which are as numerous as those of a "dame" of old English days—barring the cooking and the scolding. Probably, though otherwise dressed in the fashion of the day, she will have upon her head, by way of asserting that nationality that becomes daily more a part and parcel of the Hungarian existence, a quaint Hungarian cap, the mysteries of the quilled and puckered bright riband of which, arranged somewhat coxcomb-fashion with a pride of crest, would have an ill grace in my description, but have an infinite one in reality.

The husband, who, all military-looking man as he is,—and what Hungarian is there who has not more or less of that military martial stamp, which seems to tell at once that he was born a horseman and a soldier?—is only a civilian, a distinguished *employé* of the *comitat* or county, a sort of clerk of the peace I might have called him in English, did not that term correspond but ill, after all, to his position, bustles in from the farm or from the *chasse*, and bends over her with a kind caress. Having paid our compliments, and been soundly embraced—a matter of Hungarian necessity in almost daily greeting—by the members of our

respective sexes,—pray do not misunderstand me; not *vice versâ*, — and then having given and received a kiss of the hand on crossing over, let us return to the dining-room, which, after all, is the most characteristic apartment of the house. It is a very huge low room, of dark, and yet congenial appearance. The walls are painted between every interval of door and window with large landscapes of an ideal kind, adorned with figures of that lady and gentleman pastoral description rendered so famous by Watteau, and framed in with painted arabesques in a *rococo* style, very whimsical, but mightily pleasing to me, and, if I misjudge you not, to you also. I will not vaunt either the correctness or the beauty of the execution of these fantastic landscapes; but they have an indescribable charm in my eyes; and, were they infinitely more worthless, no one of the family would think of disturbing them, out of reverence to the memory of the old-fashioned old grandfather, who delighted in them, (good man!) whilst he lived, with that originality of ancient taste which was his characteristic: and very right he was in my mind. Besides, they give a *cachet* to this sombre old room, which it would lose were they to be disdained and painted over by any *soi-disant* improver. Over the dark low doors—and they are many—leading to different parts of the house, are hung ancestral

pictures — dark and mysterious-looking also are some of them—of various dates, from the time of the *Stammherr*, or first known ancestor, in his semi-oriental attire, with his hair curiously shaved around his head, so as only to leave a tufty patch at top, and bearing in his hand a bejewelled club, at the end of which glories a sun of gems, looking like a small peacock's tail—to the age of the bearded knight in black armour, enlivened only by a white scarf, with his handsome but melancholy face, from whom my friend would in vain endeavour to belie his descent, were he ever so much inclined to do so—and so down to the day of the stiff long-waisted lady, with an enormous *coiffure* of riband and lace towered upon the top of the powdered edifice of hair, and yet looking undeniably Hungarian still, and of the grave plainly dressed powdered gentleman in black velvet, who, in a moment of weak compliance to the French fashion of the times, has sacrificed his Hungarian mustaches.

The low but broad windows, which look out upon the garden, are trellised over fancifully with flowery iron-work, to serve as a protection to any incursion from that more unprotected side of the house; although this pretty arabesque trellis has done more duty in fantasy than in prevention, as perhaps I may tell you hereafter, when we get to chatting upon robbery, the dark side of the Hun-

garian of the lower classes. Opposite the windows, between two doors, rises a great dark mausoleum-looking stove, towering in all the stern funereal glare of its polished black Dutch tile, which, in spite of the lugubrious airs it insists on giving itself, and the undue proportion of place it asserts in the room, is a very warm-hearted, glowing, comfortably-minded stove in the winter time, and adds its sympathetic effect to the general gloomy, but romantic effect of the room, even when it has nothing to do but stand there, and look very stiff.

Beyond the usual dining-room furniture, which varies little in form and service in most countries, a huge stand, cut and carved and notched into a thousand receptacles, adorned with pipes of all shapes and nationalities,—curiously carved meerschaums, Turkish bowls with long tubes, Tyrolese wooden heads of uncouth but picturesque carving, slim German pipes of finely painted porcelain, small and great, stout and thin, of every variety and description, — behung with tobacco-pouches of fashions and adornments as various, and furnished forth with every requisite for lighting in match and chemical paper, besides that ever-burning vestal flame of the spirit-lamp, which almost leads you to suspect that vestals of old knew the use of the "weed," and kept the flame alive for no other purpose than that of thus in-

censing their temples, and with divers little miniature pokers and doll-like chimney-sweeping machines for the cleansing of the pipes—alone, of all the furniture, tells that we are in Hungary, the tobacco growing, and still more tobacco consuming country. This description of the Hungarian "country-house" may come before your eyes elsewhere: but I trust you will forgive me my self-plagiarisms if you find me out, and bear with me for lingering thus perseveringly upon my picture of a spot where I have lingered long in fact, and gladly linger still in fancy, with its kind and hospitable inmates.

Now come with me into the garden. It is of some extent; flower-beds and clumps of low bushes adorning the space nearest the house, and plantations, chiefly of acacias, (the most popular and common tree in Hungary, where it grows with a vigour and luxuriance that shew how much it considers itself at home and at its ease,) concealing here the picturesque kitchen-garden, there the bee-hives, with their own separate beds of fragrance, and there again the long line of garden wall. As we advance, we find ourselves in orchard and plantation, through which vistas are produced with almost English art, to give glimpses from the windows of the house of the lovely mountain country on the Danube's further bank. And now

we mount upon a broad terrace which skirts the great massive wall rising from the Danube's shore: it is adorned at one extremity with a summer-house or pavilion, now applied to the gardener's use, at the other with a fair bower sheltered by a very temple of thick trees. Beneath this bower we may sit down and chat or dream, as I have dreamt many a summer's day, letting the spangles of light which the sun contrives to filter through the leaves, in spite of the thickness of that massive arch of verdure, fall so caressingly on my half-closed eyelids, that, were I a Danaë and not a bearded mortal man, I might fancy Jove had a mind to be up to his old tricks again, and pay me court in another shower of gold.

The view from hence over the mountain panorama of the other bank of the river is of enticing beauty: but I have already bid you gaze on it from a distance; and now, when we have gazed our fill, and are tired of our longings to fly across the stream and wander hither and thither, in those glens and valleys that look so bright and green, let us cast our eyes upon the broad rolling Danube, —dark and powerful, and mysterious ever. Its breadth here gives it the appearance of a lake; and now how quietly and steadily it rolls on. Now and then a steam-boat animates its surface, floating boldly down towards Pest, or struggling

up against the mighty stream with all the splashing energies of its paddles: the steamer's deck is crowded; it puffs and roars with a mighty sense of its importance, as it stops and wheels itself round at the Piszke station; in a short time it is gone; the roar of the lashed waters only still re-echo among the hills; an agitated furrow still shews the passage it has ploughed along the stream; the waves still dash upon the shore; and a last cloud of smoke curls round the hill behind which it has disappeared.

And now comes floating along, with very grave reverence, a Noah's ark! verily, an actual Noah's ark, such as we played with in our childhood, but grown like ourselves, and even almost grown out of knowledge, it is so fat and unwieldy; and it is even more highly painted than our Noah's arks of yore, all over with coarse but brilliant arabesques of flowers, and grapes, and what not, and stripes of colour, horizontal and diagonal, and a picture of a saint with an appropriate pious text over the door, which looks towards the prow; and that picture of a saint is the only object which begins to make me doubt whether it is really Noah's ark which makes its appearance; and yet, why not? for I remember me, that in the old mysteries, Noah and many such worthies never failed to invoke St. Peter or St. Joseph. And surely there are Ham, Shem, and

Japhet along with the patriarch; and their wives are cooking food at fires upon the deck; and how they should without setting fire to it I cannot conceive, unless it be really Noah's ark, and thus miraculously preserved from burning. But now it floats nearer, and my illusion is gone—my biblical dream is flown. The fancied patriarchs are Hungarian boatmen in their usual picturesque attire: the ark is one of those great floating machines, in which produce of every kind—corn, wine, fruit, vegetables, maize—is transported to its destination; but it is so like a Noah's ark—and I cannot describe it better—that I may be pardoned for my mistake.

And then comes floating down an immense raft, such as you have seen on the Rhine, with its little, low wooden huts on board, and its huge oars splashing the waters like long sprawling crabs' legs. And there are many picturesque groups on board; and, positively, they are cooking again upon that structure of wood, although without anything of the miracle which has just preserved my Noah's ark, for they are so close upon the water's edge, that they seem to be standing and squatting in an eternal big puddle; and the waves, excited by the steamer, lash over the raft in almost all its breadth, and call forth huge Hungarian oaths and imprecations from the mustachioed lips of the raftmen;

and the miracle is, that they keep the fire, for their mid-day meal, alight at all.

But now a still stranger sight is approaching from below. A whole herd of horses are plunging and kicking and struggling up the bank. At first you may wonder what their capers mean. They are towing up the strong stream either Noah's ark, which has a mind to come back again, or some huge vessel of the kind; and in that herd there are some thirty or forty animals, may be, and almost as many men, who seem all flogging each his own particular horse, and flogging him in a direction quite opposite to all the others. And there is a mighty struggling and rearing and splashing among the little creeks of water, and a still mightier shouting and swearing from the motley herd of men, with their white attire and black heads of hair; and nothing seems as if it could possibly get on: but yet the huge chest of a boat does glide slowly and slowly upwards; and the whole herd of men and beasts passes clamouring and snorting beneath the very wall upon the terrace of which we stand; and they at last pass away in the distance. You may be as sorry to lose sight of them as I am; for they form, men, and horses, and ropes, and big boat, a very picturesque and characteristic feature, which the Danube may soon lose sight of almost entirely from its face, in these days of new and cheap steam-tugs. You see that

the stream we look upon wants neither for liveliness nor interest.

Immediately beneath, the shore, which is continually changing its proportions according to the rise or the fall of the Danube,—sometimes forming a broad tract of waste, sometimes scarcely leaving a passage along the garden wall, sometimes none at all,—is rugged with large stones, and shapeless forms of trunks of trees, and objects gone astray, which, in the twilight only, take a shape, and transform themselves into dark squatting imps and wonderously distorted beasts, such as Breughel alone knew how to paint, or Teniers in a "Temptation of St. Anthony." I had long a very intimate acquaintance every evening with a very big fantastic wild boar, who, by daylight, regularly changed himself into a huge log of wood, until a rise of the waters took him to some other lair farther down the stream. See, too, how the lower stones of the massive wall, which supports the terrace on which we stand, are worn by the action of the tide.

The Danube is as mighty in its wrath as it is grand in its beauty. The inundations are frequent; at the season of thaw, should the dissolution of nature's chains arrive with sudden force, and the waters rise violently and quickly, before the ice can find time to loosen itself and float away, these inundations commit extensive ravages. This estate has

been a frequent and lamentable sufferer, in spite of the huge ingenious dams, constructed higher up the river, which, although they resist and turn aside the common inundations, are powerless against such as are real convulsions of nature, and are swept away before their violence. In the spring of the year 1838, so fatal to Pest, this garden, high as it lies above the river, lay several feet under water, as did also the apartments of the house. I have never been in this vicinity at a season of the year when the inundations of the river take place; but I have seen their effect in roads cut up, and bridges torn asunder, and standing lakes far inland, which the summer's heat had not yet absorbed; I have seen also the Danube in its wrath, and I know the extravagance of its passion.

It was after a stormy night of November. I heard in the morning that the Danube was still frenzied with rage, and that during the night several shipwrecks had taken place. In spite of the continued hurricane of storm, I ran down to the beach with my friends. What a chilling scene of desolation was before us! The rain *fell* no longer; it swept horizontally along the river. The sky was one sheet of lead. The face of the Danube was dark in its convulsion, but yet covered all over with a white foam, which gleamed with a sort of phosphorus light, and gave an appearance of in-

fernal madness to its course, truly unearthly. The shore was covered with remnants of a poor Noah's ark, which had been wrecked. My heart absolutely sank within me, as I saw the rudely but brightly painted remnants, shattered into a thousand pieces, strewing the banks. Those gay flowers, washed and worn, looked like a mockery; the picture of the saint, probably prayed to in despair during that awful night, had fixed itself into the sands erect, but with its head downwards, as if to bid the poor boatmen hope no longer in its aid. The unfortunate ark had contained pieces of furniture, instead of beasts; but, excepting those which lay broken and dead upon the beach, the others seemed still alive, and struggling in desperation to escape drowning. Distracted tables put up their legs for aid; struggling chairs held out their arms in vain; great plethoric chests of drawers, whose unwieldiness made it a vain task for them to struggle, floated heavily down the raging stream, as if resigned to their unhappy fate. As the river eddied, and whirled, and tore up its contents from its very bed, other countless stools, and desks, and bedsteads appeared for a moment on the tossing surface, as if to call for help, and then sank down again, to be dashed up, once more, further on.

Two other lesser boats had also sunk near the shore: they had contained vegetables and fruits; and

thus cabbages and turnips, and thousands of yellow heads of Turkish corn, were dancing among the heavier pieces of furniture, as if in sport, careless in their lightness of the wretchedness of the other drowning objects. From other wrecks higher up the stream floated down other innumerable objects, joining the general whirl, but too dusky and distant among the dim waters to be recognised. It was a pell-mell of despair. And now came one object, which we could not but recognise with horror. It was a dead body, of which sex we could not see, from the indistinct glimpses we caught of the dress. It floated on and on, perhaps never to find a burial on the shores of that wild stream.

On the river a few adventurous men were being dashed about in flat-bottomed boats, trying to rescue what they could, at the imminent risk of being overwhelmed by the angry river, and swept away themselves. Others were standing on the shore, trying to fish out from the all-absorbing stream such objects as came within their reach, with long poles—their dark hair streaming, wet with rain and spray, in the tumultuous wind. Of the broken planks of the shipwrecked Noah's ark, two or three low hovels, like Esquimaux huts, had been hastily knocked together, and beneath covered the weaker and more timid women and children, who could not join in the efforts for rescue, weeping bitterly.

I never can forget that cold, dreary, stormy picture of the Danube in its anger.

In making use of the words "the Danube's anger," I avail myself only of an expression in general use among the common people. They talk of the Danube as a "living thing," and they have a superstition that the monster requires every year, like another Minotaur, a certain number of victims to be sacrificed to its wrath. Has the number of victims not been complete during the year, a fearful inundation is sure to be the consequence of its spite the following spring. But, of a truth, it seems to me that the Danube must be a monster far more voracious than any known dragon of old, either in Grecian or middle age story, if it content itself not with the many it devours. I have heard of constant deaths in its capacious flood from accident or the consequence of storms—now a wrecked fisherman—now a poor child, who, his weeping mother will tell you, was fascinated by the mighty voice of the Danube, as the child by the Erl-king in the ballad, and allured irresistibly to its shore, to be dragged into its flood and perish. I, myself, on a gay pleasuring excursion, have stumbled on the swollen and disfigured corpse of a poor woman, which lay in a quiet flowery creek, thrown up upon a scented bank of reeds and water-plants, as if, its wrath once exercised, the river

needed its victim no more, and, in awakened tenderness, had laid her calmly down upon that bed.

The thunder-storms also, upon the river, when the elements get to fighting among those attractive mountains on the other side, are of the most awful description. From this very terrace I witnessed once a sight, which, had I seen it painted in a picture, I should have pronounced unnatural, impossible. The whole scene before me was divided into two equal parts. On the one side seemed to be a heaven—on the other side a hell. To the left was a pure blue sky, of an Italian purity and depth of blue, in which shone the moon so calm, so bright, so beautiful, that it inspired only thoughts of an eternity as beautiful, as bright, as calm. The whole right hemisphere of the heavens was covered with a jet black veil, cut off from the clear sky, as with a line above our heads; and from this dark "*inferno*" poured down incessantly, not flashes,—no, not even torrents,—but cataracts, avalanches of lightning. I must refer you again to Breughel, to give you the slightest idea of this effect, and yet he has never dared to render upon canvass a scene so strange. That whole night, both the lightning and the thunder reverberating among the hills were literally *incessant*; the light and noise never ceased one moment; there was no flash succeeded

by darkness—no dying away of the rolling crash: the brightness was the continued brightness of day, but a phosphoric brightness—the noise, the cannon of the battle-field, that had not a moment's rest.

But we have lingered long enough upon the terrace to look at the Danube, now calmly flowing beneath: you will have enough of my tales of its various aspects and caprices. Let us wander back across the garden; and, issuing out of it through that side-door in its right wall, let us pass through those stack-yards, and great open threshing-yards; we shall be greeted on our passage by the homage of the wild-looking men employed in them. Then, scrambling through an aperture in a hedge, and over a dry ditch, we shall find ourselves upon a hill covered with verdure. As we advance, we shall discover, by the gravestones rising here and there, half-hidden by the long grass, that we are in a churchyard; and now, from among that clump of tufty acacias, is visible the low, small, but picturesque-looking parish church upon the top of the mound. This is, to me, one of the most seducing spots in the neighbourhood. The church stands bedded in the trees, the brightness of whose green has a peculiar charm; but, before it, the other trees look as wild and sad and stern as the spot upon which it stands. Directly

in front of the low church portal, rises pre-eminently a giant acacia, riven on one side, as if by lightning: beneath this half-withered and blasted tree stands a spectral-looking black cross, upon which hangs a melancholy figure of our Saviour, painted, and probably gilded in its first freshness of pious erection, but now tarnished and blackened, so as to be almost as dark as the cross itself.

How often have I sat down beneath that cross, and bent my head, and allowed my thoughts to sink into infinite depths of suffering or awe, until I raised my eyes at last to the bright landscape before me, on the other bank of the river, and then chased the "dark dream" away with a violent effort of my will.

But now, if you are not tired, let us still ramble on, down from the mound to the shore of the Danube. At every step we take along it down the stream we shall find the brightest pictures, and the liveliest groups of living objects as "accessories" to those pictures. Here is a knot of fishermen, who are either cooking their savoury messes upon the sands, or sheltering themselves from the heat of the sun beneath a great mat stuck up by two poles, and fastened to the ground in sloping-roof-like fashion, and puffing from their short pipes, beneath their thick mustaches, clouds of tobacco-smoke, which steal, curling and spiring, now blue, now grey,

into the clear blue sky—or coiled up to sleep in wondrous cat-like fashion—or stretched out upon their backs, their heads upon a stone. How picturesque is their loose white attire, only fastened by a leathern girdle about their waists! how paintable the group their natural instinct forms! No artist could have grouped them better than their instinctive sense of the picturesque has grouped them, like true Hungarians as they are; and I know no people who have this instinct so strong. I have already told you that they will offer you a seat at their board; and although the seat be hard, yet good-will would make you forget its hardness; and I can answer for the savoury quality of their mess, in spite of its being cooked by such rude hands. How sonorously, and with what a pleasant, although earnest, accent roll the words "Jesus Christ be praised!" from their mouths. This is the common Hungarian greeting with which every peasant in Hungary will accost you, or, at all events, in only slight variations, with other ejaculations as pious, as, in another country, the passing countryman might, or might not, bid you "Good day." The little boys and girls will sing it out to you with a peculiar chaunting tone.

A little further on we stumble upon another picture. A great flat-bottomed boat lies near the

shore, and is being loaded with wood: around it are assembled a crowd of wild-looking men and boys, with their fringed *gatya*, or full white drawers, tucked up far above their knees, to enable them to wade into the water. These picturesque figures, with their expressive swarthy faces, are either employed in pushing out the boat further and further into the stream, as its weight becomes greater with the accumulating pile of wood, with all the force of their brawny well-formed arms and legs—their fine figures never wanting in grace, as long as they are true Hungarians, and not of the German or Sclavonian tribes mixed among them; or they are climbing over the increasing load, pitching, and throwing, and placing, and lodging the logs of wood, and clambering to and fro; or they are aiding to unload the heavy carts of simple structure, that rattle down from the low cliffs with fresh loads, drawn each by six of those wonderfully beautiful white oxen, with their huge horizontally branching horns, so peculiar to Hungary. Rude, however, as are those long carts—a minute's activity can take them to pieces, and put them together again—they only add to the effect of the picture, as do the patient white oxen, that stand with half-closed sleepy eyes, and steaming nostrils, on the shore. As if to complete it, however, with a greater variety of colouring, several peasant-women are

also mingling in the little crowd, with their invariable blue handkerchiefs about their heads, red tight bodices, and dark petticoats gathered full about their waists. Their petticoats are also partially looped up, to allow them to paddle into the water; and they shew a symmetry of leg, shining like marble with the wet, which many a sculptor might envy our seeing. How admirable is this animated foreground, set forth by the background of the distant mountains of divers forms down the river! In the extreme distance we can just catch a glimpse of the distant cathedral of Gran.

As we still stand gazing, the sound of a loud chaunt swells upon the ear, then dies away, then bursts forth again. Presently a straggling line of human beings, chiefly old men, women, and little boys, emerges from a dusty lane. They are all in the picturesque attire of the country. The swollen state of the women's naked feet shews that they have come from far on foot: they have bundles in their hands, or flung over their backs. The boys have their boots hung cockhorse-fashion over their shoulders: the old men are shod, but limp painfully, as if they also were willing to dispense with the luxury of their heavy boot-leather. In advance of the procession are carried two banners, coarsely painted with figures of saints, a crucifix of wood between the two. At the end of the long

line is borne another banner by a tottering old man, who would seem to be expiating all the sins of his life by his pious exertions. This sort of disjointed snake of human beings, which winds out of the lane, as a serpent out of its hole, and advances to the water-side, is a pilgrimage to some votive church among the hills on the opposite side of the river. Sad and weary looks the troop, but it forms another singular picture. A chaunt is raised by the quivering voice of a venerable-looking precentor in front of the line: as soon as he has done, the verse is chaunted by the whole line of pilgrims; and then he begins again; and again they respond. As the procession reaches the shore there is a general paddling in the water of the poor swelled dusty feet, and a wiping with kerchiefs, while the ferrymen are getting ready their flat-bottomed boat. The chaunts cease; and there is picturesque confusion and disorder amongst the groups. Presently the boat is crowded in a mass. Old men, and women, and little boys, and banners glide slowly across the stream: again the chaunt is raised, and comes to you mellowed by the increasing distance across the water. If you wait you may see them land, and wind in fresh snake-like train up the opposite hills of Piszke.

But now you protest against any further ramble; and I, sooth to say, am also tired and hungry: we

will go home to dinner. And, with our ramble, my dream is over. You are gone from my side, and are far from me in distant lands; and I am "a stranger and alone."

LETTER V.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HUNGARIAN COUNTRY-HOUSE.—EDUCATION OF THE HUNGARIAN COUNTRY GENTRY.—FRENCH NOTIONS OF HUNGARY.—DOMESTICS.—INDOLENT CHARACTER OF THE HUNGARIAN.—HIS PRIDE OF BEARING.—THE APTITUDE OF THE HUNGARIAN AS HORSEMAN AND DRIVER.—THE DOMESTIC HUSSAR.—HUNGARIAN COOKERY, AND A DISPUTE WITH A FRENCHMAN ON THE SUBJECT.—MEALS.—THE ARRIVAL OF GUESTS.—THE MARVELS OF PROVISION AND BESTOWAL.—COUNTRY EQUIPAGES.—CARD-PLAYING AND SMOKING.—IMPROVISÉ PARTIES.—A COUNTRY DANDY.—THE ENGLISH SORCERER.

In my last letter I sent you a loose panoramic sketch of the exterior appearance of the Hungarian country-house in which I linger. I suppose it is my duty now to give you something of an insight into its interior *domestic* arrangements. Before I proceed, however, I must beg you still to remember that it is of the homestead of one of the less wealthy—perhaps I ought to say, poorer—Hungarian nobility that I write. There is the simplicity of a country-house of days gone by in England throughout its appointments and adornments; at the same time, there is, in every department, a richness, an abun-

dance, and a stamp of ease and well-being in all that concerns the "creature-comforts," the bodily comforts, the comforts of plenty, of bed and board, which remind me (if our novelists' pictures of the old Elizabethan house be true) of what was called, although perhaps more in poetry than in actual truth, "merry old England." I should say also that the position of the country noble was much the same—I speak of the position in society only, not as to wealth or fortune—as that of our country gentry of the present day, did not the privileges of the lesser noble, excepting the seat in the upper chamber of the diet, give him the same rank, the same claims, the same influence, *i. e.* according to his sphere of action, with the first magnate of the land, and did not also, in most instances, the education of the Hungarian, and his acquirement of never less than three or four languages, bestow on him a more general fund of information, more widely extended ideas about other countries, and a greater insight into the affairs of the world in general, than are to be found in our own country. The intimate knowledge which I have found here respecting England, its constitution, and even its society and manners in very minor particulars, has sometimes seemed to me perfectly marvellous, considering generally the tenor of these nobles' lives.

Never, most assuredly, have I stumbled upon the

prejudice, the intolerance, and the narrow-minded views of things, which you have only hinted at, with as much *finesse*, as kindly feeling, in the nobility of the Baltic provinces, travelled although most of them are, and which, I fear, is to be found only too often in a very enlightened country that I wot of, to say nothing of *soi-disant* liberal, but, as regards the rest of the world beyond its immediate ken, illiberal France. Certainly, the Hungarian, who lays the least claims to education, would blush to commit, with regard to any other country in the world, the mistakes in geographical knowledge, which are committed, with the boldest face and the most consummate vanity of conviction in their superior information, by the French. I speak not only of the middle classes or the provincial gentry, but those who consider themselves the "leading spirits" of the land. Let me pass over the amusing old *marquise*, who marvelled at my hardihood in affronting the dangers of wolves and savages, for the sake of enjoying the coldness of this arctic region of Hungary during a hot summer, and when I asked her whether she thought that the genial wine of Tokay grew among the snows, marvelled still more. Let me not even take as an instance the *soi-disant* cultivated young gentleman who *had* heard of the "*Paysan du Danube*" somewhere in Lafontaine's fables—but those, you know, were

fables—and had an indistinct classical remembrance that the Danube *did* exist in the time of the Romans, but seemed to imagine that it had probably been since suppressed, with the gods and goddesses of the Roman mythology. I will mention only the celebrated *académicien*, who gravely assured me that the Hungarian lower classes were all serfs and slaves—he looked upon me as an immense ignoramus when I ventured to insinuate the contrary, and was not to be beaten out of his conviction—and as politely contradicted me when I spoke of the Hungarian language as a language apart, by telling me that I knew nothing of the matter, and that it was a *patois* of the German. I will instance only the learned old gentleman, a statesman in his way, who spoke of the sympathy between the Hungarians and French, evinced by their fighting under one banner in the wars of the French empire! I will refer you only to the marvellous stories, confounding together all customs, legends, names, places, and nations, in which French novelists indulge, with such a rare exuberance of imagination, when they "have a call" to lay their scene in Hungary.

Again, the least well-educated of the Hungarian gentry would blush to enounce such crude opinions, not only about France—pray give me credit

for the politeness of my expression "crude"—but about Cochin-China or the Hottentots. I must also add, for the Hungarians, that their manners, in every grade of society, are marked with a perfect ease and freedom, I had almost said "grace," without the least roughness or *brusquerie*, which arises from the utter want of affectation and pretension that prevails among them, from the absence of all desire to appear otherwise than they are or more than they really are—in fact, from their habit of being *natural*. And so rich, so graceful, so highly endowed is this *nature*, that the polish of the more artificial society of the great capitals of Europe, with which they mix, very frequently only tends to spoil them.

But to return to my country-house. The dependants of the establishment are very numerous, particularly if those be reckoned among the number to whom I have already alluded as half indoor, half out-door hangers-on, dwelling almost beneath the same roof, and yet having no connexion with the house,—half servant, half peasant still,—the amphibious specimens of the domestic natural history.

In fact, I have never been able to discover the uses of half the bare-legged damsels, who, with blue or white kerchiefs disposed somewhat Italian fashion over their heads, are continually pattering

about, as if for no earthly purpose than that of running after or over each other, or after or over somebody else, or may be seen in clustering bevy in the recesses of the kitchen, apparently rendering as much assistance to the cook as the black cats to a witch. The cheapness of living in Hungary, however, renders the wages of service proportionably cheap; and, consequently, even in a lesser country-house, more domestics seem to be fed than can be employed. Two arms are the usual supposed appendages to each mortal mouth; but here, I fancy, the work of *one* arm is considered a fair proportion to the filling of one mouth.

Let it be said, *en passant*, indolence is the main characteristic of the Hungarian peasant—not the indolence of laziness, but the indolence of a careless enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, perfectly Lazzaronian in its character. It is an indolence derived from the oriental origin of the Magyar race, and singularly combined with an energy of character and an activity of mind—thus, in the seeming contradiction of such strange compounds, giving a very peculiar stamp to the Hungarian character, and, joined to the natural grace, and lofty, but yet never insolent, bearing of the Hungarian peasants, bestowing upon them the air of so many gentlemen at their ease, and proud of their position in society.

I once saw a striking instance of this pride and grace of bearing in a young peasant standing before a pot-house door. He was leaning against the door-stall, with his fine dark eyes fixed upon the ground in dreaminess. His black hair curled in spirals on his bare neck; his dress was scrupulously clean; his short white cloak, gaily embroidered with patches of cloth of the brightest colours, hung jauntily from one shoulder. He was the very picture of comeliness. When the friend, with whom I was, accosted him, he raised his eyes without the least surprise, answered the questions put to him with the air of a prince, not the least in insolence, but in a spirit of perfect equality and almost condescension, and, when we quitted him, waved his hand to us with an air of infinite courtesy, and with a grace which many a nobleman whom I know in other countries might have envied, and tried to imitate in vain. Generally speaking, when the Magyar peasant has enough to eat and drink, like the Lazzarone, he cannot be induced to work more than the tenure of his little piece of land enjoins him to work for the lord of the estate; and it is only when his actual bodily resources fail him, that he will condescend to quit his Italian *dolce far niente* and his oriental opiatic state of dreaming, to seek employment, that may replenish his store of meat, bread, wine, and tobacco.

In those parts of the country, however, where German colonists have settled down, the active habits of this more diligent race—albeit the Magyar will look upon them with contempt—and more especially the constant proofs of the ease and even wealth they earn for themselves and children, seem to have inspired the Hungarian peasant with a spirit of competition, which, in many cases, vanquishes his indolence, and begins to change not only his condition but his very nature. This indolent temperament of the peasant is looked upon as one of the canker-worms which gnaws the deepest at the root of that well-being and prosperity, which the rich and ample resources of the country in itself have planted, like a tree that needs but the slightest watering to grow up, flourish, spread, blossom, and bear fruit. But a new spirit is decidedly astir in the lower as well as the higher classes: in time, it is to be hoped, and even to be expected, that this spirit may extend and work its blessings in the land.

Excepting the upper servants, who are hired as elsewhere, the domestic hangers-on of the establishment are derived from among the peasants of the estate, who, as far as they choose to work, can earn their wages in addition to the livelihood they might otherwise acquire from their patch of land upon the estate, for which, as your Esthonian

peasants, they pay their tribute of so many days' labour upon the land of the Seigneur.

Those who are employed upon the out-door occupations of shepherd or cowherd fulfil their duties to admiration. The Hungarian is the very child of nature, and the admirer of nature's beauties—the expression of which bursts forth continually, not only in his beautiful national songs, but in his sonorous and highly poetical language, which the lowest peasant speaks as purely as his lord, and without the least admixture of *patois*—at the same time that he is the natural master of the beast of the field. By nature's stamp a horseman, and a tamer of horses—and his aptitude for all horsemanship exercises is strikingly visible in his earliest infancy—the Hungarian coachman, in particular, seems to be *born* a bold and ingenious driver. His management of his half-wild horses, and his almost marvellous talent in overcoming the greatest difficulties in the art of driving, render him "a capital whip" instinctively, as it were, and without instruction. How he whisks round the corner of a precipice! how he flies over a morass! how he clatters over a broken bridge! how neatly he will cut a figure of 8 with his carriage and four horses, even in a narrow court, to the shame of a skater on one leg!

The servants more immediately attached to the interior of the household all, more or less,

speak German as well as their native tongue, and many of them in perfection: those who have the least pretension to raise themselves above the class of peasantry—but yet the words "*raise* themselves" are scarcely here appropriate, since the Hungarian peasant, generally speaking, comprehends not and despises servitude—have all an education superior to that of the general run of English servants, and, at all events, the advantage of speaking at least two languages, an acquirement we might seek in vain at home, excepting among those—and then how far does the accomplishment go?—who have followed their masters in their wanderings upon the Continent.

In the house where I am domiciled you must not expect to find the throng of hussars, pandours, and jäger, with all their respective richly embroidered costumes, with which the great Hungarian establishments swarm; but we are not, however, without our "fine gentleman" hussar, with tight pantaloons, embroidered jacket and dolman, all "vestments blue," with yellow braid "far glitteraund" on every possible seam or pocket-hole, and set off by a red vest as richly braided.

This brilliant individual is a hussar—civil, not military—belonging to the *Comitat-Haus*, or county hall, where all the county meetings are held, and where all the county officers have their apart-

ments and are lodged. In this domestic capacity he is attached to the brother-in-law of my friend, as being one of those *employés* to whom the attendance of a servant is given in addition to his salary; and, as his especial attendant, even when he is not in the actual performance of his public duties, and is resident in the country, master hussar shews his fine figure and his smart costume in every part of the house, to the evident mortification and spite of the more humbly liveried man-servant, and doubtless, also, to the infinite detriment of hearts, and the fostering of rivalries and jealousies among the softer members of the household, from Katti, the lady's maid, and Nanni, the children's nurse, to the bare-legged damsels already mentioned, as so distracted and so desultory in their movements.

Since I am upon the subject of domestic arrangements, I ought to allow a word or two to glide into my letter about Hungarian cookery. It is a difficult part I have to play with you, even in such minor matters of Hungarian domesticity, for I shall be lauding, ever lauding: you will accuse me, perhaps, of prejudice, of obstinate and inveterate partiality; and I shall miss my aim of persuading you into an acknowledgment of the justice of my predilections. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*" is an old story; so even let me have

my gusto. I will not force you to eat of my Hungarian "savoury messes," as little as I desire you to admire the "neat-handed" Phillises who have dressed them: all I request of you is, that you will consider me "utterly distraught," as a poor Frenchman did once, that I should prefer the Hungarian *cuisine* to that of any of the nations—and they have been many, you know—among which I may have rambled. The Frenchman to whom I allude I met with on a Danube steamer, upon leaving Pest one day. I make it an invariable rule never to discuss, much less dispute, with a Frenchman; for he never listens to any one but himself, and much less to conviction. For once my rule was broken. Who does not break "invariable rules" in weaker moments? I must have been uncommonly weak that day. We got upon the subject of Hungarian cookery, and when he heard me declare that I preferred it to any European cookery known to me, he complaisantly laughed at what he thought probably a very moderate ironical joke. But when he found I was in sober earnest, I shall never forget his look of mingled horror, indignation, and contempt. I had the unheard-of extravagance to prefer Hungarian cookery to his world-vaunted French *cuisine!* to prefer, in *domestic* life,—for I did not touch upon the great mysteries of the *chefs* of the mighty art

in some few good Parisian houses, nor even upon the productions of the Café de Paris or the Frères Provenceaux, all questionable as their merits may often be; I spoke but of the domestic table,—the *gulyás-hús* or the *halász-lév* of national Hungarian concoction, to the tasteless *fricandeaus* and half-done *cotelettes* and *petits pots de crême à la fleur d'orange* of French family life. He evidently thought me a moon-struck maniac, shrugged his shoulders, turned away muttering something about "*ces originaux d'Anglais!*" and never condescended to come in my neighbourhood during the rest of that day's voyage. Poor man! I feared, although perhaps very unnecessarily,—for upon a point on which his French vanity was concerned, nothing would ever have convinced him,—that he had never during his stay in Hungary eaten otherwise than in some of Pest's worst German *restaurants*.

You must not, however, expect from me, who eschew so entirely all knowledge or initiation into causes of effects, any distinct information as to the culinary mysteries of an Hungarian table. The cookery, in general, has all the solidity and nourishing qualities of our excellent English kitchens, with a far greater admixture of art and savouriness in the preparation. The native red pepper, (*paprika*,) ground from the capsicum pods, grown in such abundance in Hun-

gary, forms a notable ingredient in most of the dishes of fish and fowl, as well as flesh. Cream is also most liberally bestowed in savoury dishes, and, to my poor taste,—for you know that I am no epicure, and a most unworthy "swine" before "the pearls" of cookery,—adds greatly to their excellence. The puddings, both savoury and sweet, and other rich dishes in all their varieties, are also of a fantasy perfectly peculiar to the country; and the secret of their admirable combinations might puzzle many an Ude.

The Hungarian wines are genial and often strong: and, just as Hungary contains the productions of all other parts of Europe in its own bosom, so do its wines, in all their various qualities, find a resemblance in the many varied vintages of France, or Germany, or Spain. But, then, I am a water-drinker, although no disciple of Father Matthew; and I am little expert in appreciating them, much less in discoursing on them. You see how little able I am to enter into the merits of the Hungarian *cuisine* or table, so you must take or not take my praise for granted; and, if you believe it not, leave me in my firm conviction that the Hungarian cookery is the best in the world, uniting all the advantages of those of other nations with an excellence of novel combinations perfectly peculiar to the country, and not to be met with elsewhere.

The dinner in these primitive country-houses is at the early hour of one, or even earlier: the supper, at eight or nine, is a repetition, in scarcely minor proportions, of the dinner. A cup of coffee in German fashion constitutes the only breakfast, which each member of the family takes how and when he will. Tea has of later years crept into fashion in the country, and is often substituted for the coffee, as the coffee was substituted for the stronger morning's drink of yore. Old-fashioned gentlemen lament over these washy fancies, derived from other lands, and lament with bitter forebodings, sometimes, over the degeneracy of the present days.

There is scarcely a day that some chance guests do not arrive. Invitations are rarely given, since, in the system of universal hospitality, and, in fact, of "open houses," none are required. A welcome is assured beforehand: however much taken by surprise, the hostess, or the host, if hostess there be none, will set forth all the house affords; the guest contents himself with whatever he may find, knowing that the best has been done for his reception.

It was always a matter of especial wonderment to me how a second, and sometimes a third dinner was placed upon the dining-table for guests who arrived later in the day than was the usual dinner

hour, with a profusion and a celerity that far passed my comprehension. Although the conveniences of larger towns are not placed at such a remote distance as to your Esthonian country-houses, yet the nearest town, Grän, is several miles distant; and the lamentations about the difficulty of obtaining provisions, of getting butcher's meat, and such like housekeeping cares, had sometimes by chance crossed my ears. How much these difficulties must be increased when guests pour in unbidden, when there is no possibility of taking count beforehand of the quantity to be fed, it is easy to conceive. You would suppose them almost insurmountable; but yet never have I seen a housekeeping mistress of a family with a shade of perplexity upon her brow on such occasions, or the very slightest frown of annoyance to mar her sweet smile of welcome —no, not even with an appearance of bustle, to shew that the arrival is the cause to her of the least twinge of that common house-keeping disease, "the fidgets."

Hungarian hospitality seems to have a magic charm about it; a double miracle is at work,—the moral miracle of unruffled serenity,—the more material miracle renewed from Fortunatus' purse, of a provision that fails not. The lady of the house waves her wand of command; the dinner is renewed as if by enchantment: fresh guests arrive;

her wand is again waved; the dinner appears again, as if untouched by previous mouths, upon the table. You have seen, perhaps, tables grow out of tables, each with its load of dishes and lights, in a Christmas pantomime; and you have had a shrewd suspicion that mere mechanical art had something to do with the magic of the stage: but how explain the "hocus pocus" of these renewed dinners, which, like those of the pantomime, seem to spring out of each other? There is not a Hungarian lady-housekeeper who does not do wonders that would, in other times, have assuredly merited the stake. The devices of the miracles she effects are endless.

Most of the chance guests arrive from such a distance, that the necessity of a lodging for the night is presupposed. In a large Hungarian mansion it may seem no wonder that they should be stowed away; but in such a lesser country-house as this, fresh miracles are constantly at work. Beds seem to be multiplied no less than dinners. True, the guest again contents himself without all the nicer arrangements of an English bed-chamber; but yet the necessary comforts are never wanting; and the miracles are worked in "bed" with the same self-possession, the same calm, the same reliance on the power of miracle-working as in "board." Not the smallest surprise is expressed when a carriage is heard to rattle up

the entrance-court. The master of the house goes out to give a hand and an embrace to the new comer. The open carriage, if not elegant, is commodious: the four horses dash up with a wondrous speed,—the coachman fires off his whip with a volley of pistol shots,—the guest is in the host's arms.

Even the lesser Hungarian nobles never drive out without their four horses; the very poorest would think himself debased if he were to stir from his premises with less. The harness, perhaps, is not the most brilliant, but it is stout, and good, and strong, and often glitters with the brightest ornaments of brass along the streaming thongs of leather, which hang down in clusters from all parts of it, in a fashion as wild and peculiar as are all the manners and costumes of this bright romantic people. The horses are of a spare, but nervous breed, and as fleet and wild as their sharp-looking mustachioed coachman: streaming thongs of studded leather, streaming manes, flashing eyes, open nostrils, dashing fiery movements, dark-eyed resolute-looking coachman, feathers flying from his broad-brimmed hat, glitter and splash, — all that darts across your eyes with the rapidity of lightning, as the carriage rattles up, is in unison,— all corresponds with the sparkling, animated character of the people. Where all these wild-looking animals are stowed away, with their drivers

as wild, is again one of those mysterious matters which I was at a loss to fathom.

Cards form, as usual, one of the great resources for the gentlemen's amusement in these chance *réunions*. The card-tables are set out in the dining-room, the *salon* being more sacred to the lady of the house, and clouds being immediately drawn together upon the horizon, which would ill befit a "lady's bower,"—the clouds of tobacco-smoke. From the great pyramidal stand of pipes each guest selects what most strikes his fancy in the way of pipe, be it meerschaum, or Turkish bowl, or head of painted porcelain: the great earthen chest, for it is more than a jar of tobacco, yields up its contents; or from the box of cigars, dibbled with countless round holes within, and bristling with a fair plantation of brown stems, are drawn forth the slim rolls of either foreign or inland manufacture, by younger and more fashion-loving amateurs of the "weed." The worshippers of tobacco surround the ever-burning vestal flame; in a few moments the various minor clouds from each particular mouth swell together into a bigger cloud that incenses the ceiling. The performance of these rites, however, does not prevent the lady of the house from hovering about her guests from time to time, and interchanging words of interest or courtesy with them; for she is from her earliest

infancy accustomed and inured to the clouds of incense flung about by tobacco's votaries; and, besides, the proportions of the room are so vast, and it is so well ventilated, that the effect of the thickening atmosphere is far less apparent than might be imagined.

The card-tables are surrounded; chalk is provided to mark on boards the progress of the games; the gentlemen are quickly absorbed in the deep arts, unknown to me, of *preference* or *taroc*. The play is higher than might have been supposed from the fortunes of the players; but then this latter failing is so much in accordance with the ardent temperament of the Hungarian, and winnings or losses are equally sustained with so much gaiety and good-will, and, in fact, the scene is so animated, that I am weak enough not to know how to find fault with it.

Primitive as may be in many respects the manners of these parties, yet I must again give a great preference to my Hungarians over your Esthonian gentlemen. Gallantry to the lady of the house, or the female guests assembled, is never forgotten. The *salon* is never utterly neglected by the male part of society; conversation is there carried on with ease and animation; and parties of both sexes ramble in the garden. At dinner or at supper there is no division of gentlemen from ladies,—no

stiffness, and yet no want of courtesy,—but again conversation lively and gay.

For the most part, the gentlemen who visit here seem to be *comitat's herrn*, or persons employed by the county administration in the exercise of its affairs—in fact, county magistrates, or *employés* in the various branches of the county business. I have already said that I have found among them, not only the good-fellowship, the good-will, the ready ear, the sympathy with English natures,—spite of the striking differences that exist between the animation on the one hand, and the coldness on the other,—and the facility of attaching himself which is always to be found in the Hungarian, but also an advanced state of civilisation and education, for which the Hungarians in general do not receive sufficient credit in other lands, but which in other lands might be sought for in vain among those in the same station of life; for, again remember, I speak of the lesser Hungarian nobility, or what in other countries might be termed the provincial gentry. To be sure, I have seen a dandified young *stuhlrichter*, or justice of the peace, who, in his desire to shew forth his brilliant accomplishments and his superiority over his compeers, although his inferiority in fact, would chatter bad French, mention his last *chaisour* (*séjour*) in the capital, and talk about his *mis à vis*,—an ingenious invention, in

comprehensive phraseology, by the way, for he meant *vis à vis de moi.* But this good man is an exception, and to his acquaintances a laughing-stock. He goes out of his Hungarian sphere to be something that he is not, and, like most unfortunate persons in the same false position, plunges immediately into a slough of folly.

Among the neighbours of this estate I have heard of an English captain of the navy, who has married an Hungarian wife, and, I believe, has become a naturalised Hungarian; but I have never caught sight of him; and I am sorry for it; for he must be a most amusing original in his way, with his coating of Hungarian colour laid over his English groundwork; and his fame is great, far and wide, in the county. His extraordinary acquirement as a "dead shot" has given him, among the people, a reputation as a sorcerer, which, combined with a certain violence of temper and manner, causes him to be looked upon as a spirit of darkness. The accounts I have heard from the common people of the wonderful powers of his English gunpowder, which *can* only have been fabricated by the "black gentleman" himself, so unfailing is it in its effect, have excited my liveliest curiosity, and set my imagination at work in creating out of him a wondrous character for a tale.

But at the very moment I am writing guests are arriving; and I must quit my quiet snuggery and you, to see what fresh importation to-day has brought us. I would my Anglo-Hungarian sorcerer were among the new-comers.

LETTER VI.

COUNTRY VISITINGS.—VISIT ON THE FÊTE DAY OF ST. STEPHEN.—VILLAGE SCENE.—THE PALLFY ESTATE AND ITS PRIVILEGES.—PRISONERS ON THE ESTATE.—A STRIKING GROUP.—SYMPATHY OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN HUNGARY WITH ROBBERS.—THE STORY OF GESZTENYE.—HUNGARIAN ROBBERS AND ROBBERIES.—THE SZEGENY LEGENY.—THE CSIKOS.—A BAND OF GIPSY MUSICIANS.—THE GIPSIES IN HUNGARY.—THEIR VARIOUS TALENTS AND DEVICES.—SCENES OF GIPSY HORDES.—A GLIMPSE OF A VILLAGE FÊTE.—A MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.—THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND HIS ELDERLY BRIDE.—THE WORLD STILL THE SAME WORLD, ALL THE WORLD OVER.—SUSPECTED SORCERIES.—A WEDDING PROCESSION.—A VILLAGE SABINE RAPE.—RUSTIC BALL-ROOM, AND HUNGARIAN DANCING.—EXCURSIONS.—TOTIS.—THE RUINED ANCESTRAL MANSION.

EXCURSIONS, undertaken to shew the stranger some of the most remarkable spots in the neighbourhood, and visitings, are the constant "order of the day." Visits entail visits, as surely as one dog's bark elicits another. This battledoor and shuttlecock exercise of hospitality is kept up with considerable animation: our battledoor, however, seems to be little more than caprice; and, as a smart rap of its impetus sends us flying hither and

thither, I generally find fresh food for observation, the more solid pudding of novel information being frequently well stuffed with the sweetest plums of the picturesque. I rather suspect that you would prefer my dishing up to you the solid pudding; and I would willingly do so could I digest it myself; but you know how much more the "sweetmeats" are to my taste; and I am afraid you must even take the plums without the pudding, and be content if the smallest scrap of pudding still cling to any one of the plums. I, for my part, shall be sufficiently well pleased if you find, in what I lay before you, as much of the *piquant* as in Grumio's "mustard without the beef."

Scarcely a day passes that the coachman does not don his tight braided pantaloons, his high hussar boots, his braided jacket, and his best beaver, with its upturned brim, all adorned with the brightest feathers, or flowers, or ribbons, or upon extraordinary occasions all three of these dashing decorations at once, and rattle us in the light open carriage, with our four slight-made but spirited black horses, that are streaming upon their heads and flanks with the wildest-looking leather thongs, over high-road and by-road,—through waste land or village, in which there is perchance no church, and only a hanging bell beneath a sort of gallows, in the midst of the village-

green, to call the pious to prayer,—tearing up steep hill sides, or splashing through residues of inundations,—to some country-house at a greater or lesser distance.

I will not compel you, however, to be our companion in all these gaddings about, or to assist at all the big overloaded boards that are spread for our reception. You might be wearied with the houses of these country gentry, which are generally all similar, consisting of low ground-floor buildings, spreading over a considerable space, with galleried outer corridors, sometimes behung with a luxuriant screen of creeping plants, great court-yards, bright acacia-shaded gardens, and long suites of rooms. The after-dinner card-parties,—although sometimes established beneath the open corridors, sometimes under the shade of a spreading catalpa in the garden, sometimes in an arbour or pavilion,—might also not be to your taste, particularly when witnessed through the inevitable veil of smoke. I will confess—and it is a confession of which, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed, when I consider the infinite kindness and heartiness of my reception among my unknown hosts—that I myself have allowed a twinge or two of *ennui* to assail me sometimes upon these occasions, and have rambled far away, puffing my own little unsociable cloud all by myself, to hunt out bright spots

in nature's beauties or the country's manners,—in mountain or valley, in flower or creeping plant,—in the picture of the gaily costumed and tight-made damsel, with her metal pitcher of water placed upon the well-parapet, as she listlessly tugs at the chain which is to pull down the transverse beam on the top of the well-post, and raise the bucket at the other end—or of the young black-eyed swineherd, with the incipient down of mustache on his Hungarian lip, as he lies on the hill-top on his sheepskin cloak, and sings, with fresh sonorous voice, one of the many pathetic melodies of the country,—or to dream and sentimentalise, and regret, and still dream on, in some secluded nook, in garden or orchard. I will spare you, then, the repetition of all my dinnering excursions, and invite you only to accompany me on occasions when there was somewhat more of unusual interest to animate the scene of our parties.

One of these occasions occurred upon the *fête* day of St. Stephen, the king, the patron saint of Hungary. We started over hill and dale to a tolerably distant house, lying inland, the master of which celebrated his own name's day, as well as the *fête* of the patron saint of the whole country. As we entered the village, which, as usual, consisted of a broad double line of low white-washed cottages, each separated from the other by its garden,

orchard, and little grove of acacias, most with their gables turned to the road, and some adorned along their sides, with open clay-floored broad galleries, between the pillars of which hung in festoons thick pods of capsicum drying and reddening in the sun, in order to be ground into *paprika*, or heavy yellow heads of Turkish corn,—as we drove in, I say, troops of men, women, and children were pouring out of the parish church, forming the most picturesque groups imaginable, since all were in their holiday attire. The men had put on the smartest braided pantaloons and vests, and stuck fresh nosegays of flowers in their broad-brimmed hats: the women had braided their hair afresh, laced their brightest bodices, and adorned their heads with flowers; some of them, of a superior elegance, it must be supposed, sported the finest scarlet leather boots, with high heels, and wanted but the spurs to make them clank and jingle as those of the men. All was gaiety, animation, brightness, and comeliness.

The house to which we were bound belonged to Prince Pallfy; but the host, who received us at the door, whilst his pretty wife smiled on us from within, was only the administrator of this estate of the prince: he was a military officer, retired from the service. The mansion, which skirted the road, was of that ground-floor description so general in

Hungary; but it wore a heavy castellated appearance, which proclaimed its antiquity; its gateway was formed of a great stone arch: and a half-effaced escutcheon revealed the Prince's crown. On the other side of the road, a really lovely little English garden—not one of those bastard pleasure-grounds called English gardens in other countries, but a garden worthy of the name, of which, as a specimen of his own good taste, our host was very justly proud—stretched down into a valley, and looked as *fête*-like as the day. The brightest blessing of St. Stephen seemed to have rested on it. On entering the court, however, a sight met my eyes, which, until then, I had not chanced to see in Hungary. The estate, as belonging to the Prince Pallfy, was one of those in the possession of the greater magnates of the land, which give the Seigneur the right of holding judgment upon all offences committed within their limits, and of condemning to a discretionary imprisonment. The convicts thus condemned by the *hofrichter*, or judge of the estate, who, in this instance, was our host, the administrator, work out their time of imprisonment by labouring *in chains* upon the land; as, in the great towns and fortresses in many parts of the continent, the convicts may be seen in public places, or on town walls, going through their daily labours, and clanking their fetters be-

tween their legs. As we turned into the court, four of these wretched men met my eye, not now employed upon any work, but, as it was a great *fête*-day, lounging and basking in the sun. As the guests advanced, they did not seem to care to conceal, from any feeling of shame, the chains which fettered their legs, and which might have been screened by their full white drawers: they gazed upon us with a sort of listless curiosity, and then saluted us with that peculiar ease and grace so inborn to the Hungarian. The group they formed was striking in the extreme; their white attire was so well set off by their shaggy masses of hair. Three, one of whom was an old grey-haired morose-looking sinner, lay stretched upon the ground, or squatting upon the step of the gallery on one side of the court; a fourth stood leaning himself against a pillar of the corridor, with his arms folded theatrically before him. He was a finely featured and handsome young fellow, whose wild and savage expression, black hair, and swarthy tints, were in strange contrast with the half-veiled, tender, languishing look of his blue eyes, which were most strikingly fringed on the lower, as well as the upper lid, by the longest possible black eye-lashes. He was a very remarkable-looking being; and I longed to have you by my side, with your wonderful pencil, to sketch me the whole group. I attempted

it, but quickly gave it up in dispair. Upon asking what had been the crime of my interesting-looking individual, I learned that he had beaten and nearly murdered a poor old woman, in order to rob her of the few *kreutzer* she had in her pocket. I own that my sympathy for my romantic cut-throat diminished greatly at this revelation; and I almost swore a rash oath never to put any physiognomical faith, for the future, in melancholy, tender-looking blue eyes. I could not help, however, greeting the fellows, who seemed to have formed so striking a *tableau vivant*, as if for my especial entertainment, with my very best Hungarian, as I passed near them on entering the house. They all again bowed their heads, and answered with that singularly sonorous "Jesus Christ be praised!" which, although the common salutation of the country, came so strangely from the mouths of those savage, ruthless criminals. The greeting of the object of my misplaced interest was accompanied by a smile, which matched the expression of his eyes in mournful tenderness, and partially disclosed a row of pearly teeth, which many a lady might have envied.

After dinner, a party of us was seated or lounging in the open corridor, partly shaded from the sun's rays by an over-hanging bower of acacias, drinking coffee and chatting, or already cutting

for partners at the card-tables spread in the gallery; and I confess that my sympathies for the prisoners began again to be awakened, as I contrasted our well-fed, animated, careless groups, in their full enjoyment of life's luxuries and liberties, with that sad but picturesque group of unhappy men who were there, not many steps from us, and who, in spite of their listless expression, perhaps contrasted also their own position with ours in bitterness of heart. I had again recourse to my sketch-book, in order to stamp the picture better on my memory; but before I could begin to despair of my task once more, the domestic who officiated as gaoler came to tell the prisoners that their time for the enjoyment of the *fête* was over, and that they must return to their prison. A heavily ironed door was opened in the gallery, close by the spot where they were grouped: they raised themselves without a murmur; and all four entered the cell, clanking their chains most dismally—my handsome robber, with the same air of indifferent mournfulness, which his fine face constantly wore. I had looked to see a parting glance of farewell to the bright blue cloudless cheerful sky, but there was none. The sun, which was now declining, shone directly upon a grated opening above the cell-door; but its rays must have shone with an air of mockery to those within. In

spite of myself, I felt very sad, and inclined to be cross-grained and sulky with my good host the *hofrichter*.

An incident connected with these prisoners had also struck me previously in the day. The young coachman of one of the guests, after bestowing away his horses, advanced without scruple to embrace my handsome criminal, and then taking his hand affectionately, stood long conversing with him earnestly before us all. I learnt that the coachman was the robber's brother; and it took me rather by surprise that he should have thus avowed openly his relationship, and folded the prisoner in his arms, without one feeling of hesitation or of shame—perhaps, also, that the brother of a notorious criminal should occupy a post of trust in a gentleman's family, in a country where horse-stealing is one of the commonest crimes. But the surprise was confined entirely to myself; no one seemed to look upon this incident otherwise than as one of a very ordinary nature. Indeed it was entirely in accordance with what I had always heard in Hungary, as regards the feelings of the lower classes towards robbers, and highway-robbers in particular. Far from shewing any horror or aversion of the crime, they almost invariably evince a sympathy and even an admiration for the criminal. Even among the higher classes I have con-

tinually found a sort of enthusiastic expression of the same kind, when speaking of the romance attached to the lives of the Hungarian robbers. Their deeds are always related with the greatest *gusto;* and they are invariably proclaimed "fine fellows." The very name commonly given to the wild shepherds and herdsmen of the plains, who have the reputation of being bold and violent beggars, if not actual robbers,—and yet in many instances completely the latter,—the name of "*Szegény legény*" ("Poor boys," "Poor fellows"),—betrays the sympathy felt with them. Some of the most beautiful of the many exquisite popular national scraps of song tell of their life and doings with a *naïveté* of poetry that certainly bestows upon them a certain charm.

I could tell you many tales that I have heard of these hero-robbers, and more especially of the celebrated bandit Sobri, so well known throughout all Europe, at the time that his daring exploits were in every public print, under the name of Shubry; but I have already, elsewhere, placed the robber Sobri before your eyes; and I will now confine myself to a story which a friend, who had lately visited him in prison, told me of one of these romantic ruffians.

Gesztenye had been once an innocent and happy man. The bitter injustice of a *geschworener*, or constable, in the exercise of his duty, had caused

him to oppose and cudgel well the little tyrant of petty authority. Rather than be dragged to prison for this offence, and be deprived of his liberty, Gesztenye fled into the woods; and, be it said *en passant*, it is generally the fear of losing his precious liberty, or of being drawn for a soldier, and dragged away from his darling much-loved home, that places the Hungarian peasant in open opposition to the laws, and causes him to become their still more flagrant outrager. Cases of men taking to a life of pillage from sheer propensity to evil, or from the consequences of bad company and debauchery, are very rare. An outcast, a marked, hunted man, without resources, and without hope of resuming his former peaceful life, Gesztenye thus also became a robber. But, as these modern Hungarian Robin Hoods are never known to attack or rob the poor, and confine themselves chiefly in their depredations to horse and cattle stealing from landed proprietors, whose characters for charity and kindness to the lower classes are the reverse from good, or to the pillage of the wealthier Jews, and particularly such as are known as usurers, and, in the eyes of the Hungarian peasant, griping oppressors of the poor, not only no abhorrence of them is expressed by the common people, but, as I have said before, a great sympathy and admiration for them is constantly evinced. They

are looked upon as the protectors and avengers of the poor, and, as such, are almost invariably sheltered and concealed when in danger, fed when in want, perhaps aided and abetted when occasion may serve. Gesztenye was thus beloved and looked upon as a hero by the peasantry. His poetical temperament, his romantic life in his wild home among the forests and the hills, his strikingly handsome exterior, his fine voice, won him the hearts of a people to whom all romance is congenial. That his lost position, however, weighed heavily on his mind sometimes, and that feelings of repentance and remorse were not absent from his heart, was proved by one striking instance. In the midst of a village *fête*, Gesztenye entered the pot-house where the holiday crowd was assembled; he dragged out before the door the man, who, in his first embarrassments, had counselled him to adopt the life he led, and had, in fact, first tempted him to rob. Without any explanation, he flogged him soundly in the face of the whole village; and then, with the sole words, "Be that your punishment for first teaching me to steal!" he mounted his horse and rode away. There was not a witness of the scene who did not know him to be the celebrated robber; but not a hand was raised to stay his purpose, or arrest him. The man whom he had thus insulted found means, however,

to avenge himself some time afterwards. He followed the track of Gesztenye into the woods, came behind him unperceived, and shot him close in the back of the neck, and then leaving him for dead, hurried to the authorities to tell them where he lay, and claim his reward. Gesztenye, however, was not dead. He found force to raise himself up, stuffed his wounds with mud and earth, and thus crawled to the hovel of a shepherd, who, with the true sympathy with these wild denizens of the forest and the plain, which those of his calling are said ever to betray, sheltered him and bound up his wounds. He was followed, however, by the officers of justice, who tracked him, like a wild beast, by the traces of his blood. But when the hut of the shepherd was reached, both the men were already gone. None of the shepherd's family would betray the secret of the robber's whereabouts. A little child, however, was laid hold of, and dragged away apart. By chance it had seen the direction in which "papa" had gone "with the strange man," and, in its simplicity, betrayed the secret. Gesztenye was again pursued: the house in which he now lay concealed was surrounded; again the robber found means to escape from a window, and for a long time he kept the commissary and his pandours at bay with his carbine. Thus retreating, he had nearly reached a wood

which skirted the background of the scene of action, and in the recesses of which he might have once more avoided pursuit. At its entrance he dropped down exhausted and fainting, and he was seized.

When brought up for examination before the magistrates, Gesztenye happened to be placed near the man who had betrayed him. He warned the guards to take the traitor out of his reach; but his caution was not heard. He then raised his iron manacles with force, and would infallibly have struck the fellow dead, had not the guards dragged the man back at this critical moment, and saved his life.

When my friend saw Gesztenye in prison, the robber's trial yet awaited him. He is described to me as a powerful and eminently handsome fellow, with all the striking characteristics of beauty so constantly to be found in the privileged Hungarian race. When the party who had visited him in his prison took their leave, after much conversation, in which the robber betrayed as much simplicity and sincerity of avowal, as poetic feeling, and always expressed himself in that poetry of language so common to the Hungarian, and almost oriental in its character, Gesztenye, instead of bidding them "a good day," only said, with an air of mournfulness, "Pardon me, gentlemen," as if

to excuse himself, that he, such a wretch, should have presumed to speak to them.

Perchance you may accuse me of having allowed some of the sympathy expressed in these wild criminals to have crept into my own fanciful head, and to have given a colouring of romance to the story of Gesztenye and his fate that did not tinge it in reality. You know I never scruple to confess my fancies and even my weaknesses: as I cannot become master of them, I e'en make the best of them, and stick them absolutely up aloft as "feathers in my cap;" and perhaps, if at confession we are, my grave father, I must avow that the "romantic" in the wild poetical life of these fellows *has* somewhat tempted my fancy, and led my better judgment astray into the paths of sinful sympathy; but, at the same time, I protest most positively against any charge of having "touched up," with colours, or lights, or shadows of my own brush, the simple story of Gesztenye. At all events, "I tell the tale as told to me."

I will even own to you, *entre nous*, that robbery is the dark spot in the bright character of my fascinating Hungarians. Twice, during my sojournings with my friend in his country-house upon the Danube's banks, burglaries have been effected. Once, during the absence of the male part of the family for one night, the dining-room was entered

from the garden by the extraction of that same fantastical irontrellis-work I introduced to your notice in a former letter, and all the plate within reach was stolen, the lady of the house being locked in her bed-room in a state of dreadful terror. A second time, the coach-house was cleared of all the harness, and the garden pavilion of all the gardener's tools. But in both these cases my friends were not to be persuaded that Hungarians had any hand in plundering the house of a family which had never done otherwise than shew charity to the poor, and kindly feeling to their lowly neighbours; they persisted in attributing the thefts to certain vagabond Jews, aided by a Jew of notoriously bad character in the neighbourhood; and, although the burglars were never discovered, the robberies are, even to this hour, laid to the charge of the detested Hebrews.

Since we are upon the subject of robbers, I will take this opportunity of saying another word or two upon my friends the "*Szegény legény*," and more particularly about my more especial picturesque and romantic favourite the *csikos*, or horse herdsman of the plains. As my course this year lies no further than the Danube's banks, and I foresee no opportunity of carrying you off with me to a *puszta*, or one of those great desert ocean plains in the interior of Hungary,—those plains so

wonderful in poetical colouring, more particularly at sunrise or at sunset, although so barren and so bare,— where alone the "*Szegény legény*," or rather those, who, half herdsmen, a quarter beggar, and a last quarter robber, lead a wandering life, are to be found, I will introduce you here without further ceremony to that strange and fancy-stirring animal, the *csikos*.

The *csikos* is employed as guardian and rearer of those immense herds of horses, which are sent out by the wealthy nobles to run wild upon the plains during the summer months. During the greater part of the year, then, he leads the life almost of a savage, frequently far from any habitation, and without ever sleeping under a roof, in these uncultivated tracts. But his life is as poetical as it is wild; and he desires no happier or more joyous one. His home is the wide plain; his friends are the horses of his herd. He has an innate perception of the savage beauties around him, and expresses his sense of them in his rude poetry of language. What does he need more, as long as his horses neigh around him, and he can lie on his back stretched on his *bunda*, or sheep-skin cloak, and dream of his bright-eyed damsel? This cloak is invariably decorated with the brightest patches of coloured cloth arranged in arabesque device along its seams and edges, the smooth skin

of the fleece being turned outwards. By night it serves him as a coverlid: when the storm rages over the plain he fixes it up as a tent, and shelters himself beneath. He has his store of tobacco, and his tobacco-pouch is braided with the gayest colours: when he sticks his short pipe into his mouth and indulges in the narcotic reveries it excites, he can dream himself to be a king, ay! more than a king. If his leathern wine-gourd is filled, he is happy; if it be empty, has he not the pure spring, whence he can draw water in the upturned brim of his broad hat, and quench his thirst as well? All nature was made for him; and he adores nature as his loveliest mistress. His *gatya* is fringed with the longest fringe, and sometimes embroidered below with the most brilliant embroidery. His *szür*, or short white cloak, the sleeves of which are sewn up at the end, and thus shew that they are never used, is also patched and arabesqued in wondrous lively fashion, and is sometimes slung hussar-fashion over his shoulder. A leathern girdle binds his slender waist, into which is stuck his tobacco-pouch and all the requisites for smoking, (that is the first consideration,) and those for cutting his food and eating, (that is quite a secondary thought.) His short, white, full-sleeved shirt, which hangs surplice-fashion about his hands, and leaves him the full liberty of his arms, scarcely

reaches his girdle, and often shews a piece of sunburnt back behind. His hat is decorated with flowers or wild goose feathers. His whip, short in the handle and immensely long in the lash, is ornamented with rosettes of coloured leather. His spurs are almost as long as his boots, and are the bright objects of extraordinary cleanliness and care. Although without a tinge of vanity, the *csikos* has an instinctive knowledge that he is a fine handsome picture of a fellow; and he never fails of shewing himself off to the best advantage in the eyes of the stranger. He is gay and melancholy by turns, but in his gaiety or his sadness alike poetical and romantic: the songs which he sings possess this double character, and are full of a pathetic sweetness or wild originality of melody.

But, above all, he is strong, hardy, vigorous, and adroit. "The Hungarian is born a horseman," is a saying common among the people: no one exemplifies it more than the *csikos*. He is born more than a horseman; he is born the tamer of horses. How he flies over the plain when he has first vaulted upon an animal which has, as yet, never borne man upon its back! How he clings to his seat, heedless of the bounds and plunges of the infuriated beast, without thought of a saddle, with no rein but a rope halter flung adroitly about the

horse's neck! If the animal throws himself down, he remains still upon his back, and rises with him, a very centaur, a part and parcel of the beast! On he flies, singing, shouting, talking to his unruly scholar with reproving, or encouraging, or sometimes tender words, but without ever removing his pipe from his mouth. When, at last, the horse falls overcome with fatigue, he is already tamed: the *csikos* looks at the direction of the sun or of the stars, and finds his way back unerringly to the herd, from which he has flown far in his rapid course. His horses are his family; and he knows them every one among thousands. The horse, too, knows his guardian; and strange and mysterious are the conversations which take place, with evident comprehension on both sides, between the *csikos* and his herd. How insinuatingly and caressingly the wild horseman hangs his head on one side, and utters his peculiar cry! how intelligently the animal pricks his ears, swells his nostrils, opens his large eyes, and paws with his hoof, uttering a variety of Houyanymiân sounds in answer!

But then the *csikos* is frequently not only the herdsman of his lord; he is *Szegény legény* on his own account. Living in the desert *puszta*, and left for long days to his own thoughts alone, he adopts the most singular ideas of honesty. He would infallibly stigmatise the man as a thief who should steal

any objects manufactured by the hand of man, and which must be bought in shops. But all Nature's productions belong to him, he says, as to every free-born man. The word "poaching" is unknown to him: every beast of the plain and bird of the air he considers his own by right; and it is not only about the hare or the pheasant that he thus reasons, but also about the horse, or the ox, or the cow. What God has created for all, that is his also. He has as much right, he argues, to cut down the tree of the forest as to sit beneath its shade; and that the deer can belong to any master, is an idea that it would be impossible to put into his head. If he find another herd of horses unguarded, he considers it the property of every man, and takes without scruple any animal that may please him: he may have an indistinct idea that the horses he guards belong to his own lord; and with this idea he will seize any other horse, where he can, to replace that which may have been lost or stolen from himself; but this vague notion of property goes no further. The *csikos*, then, is a *Szegény legény*,—a "poor fellow," a robber, in one word. But yet the *csikos* will receive the wanderer on his plain, share with him his last morsel and last drop of wine, risk his own life to save that of his chance guest, steal, to be sure, to do him honour, by better provision that he may possess,

but, at the same time, feel his dignity insulted by the offer of remuneration for his hospitality. Be he robber, then, there is yet a poetry and a romance about his life, a host of good feeling about his breast, and even a sentiment of God's justice in his heart, which cannot fail of calling forth sympathy, even if that tiresome, seducing, picturesque look of the fellows, which will always charm an artistic eye, and turn a fanciful head, be quite put out of the question.

We have wandered very far, however, from our dinner-party on St. Stephen's day: and I must lure you back again; for we have more still to remark. During our dinner an instrumental concert accompanied (in that agreeable fashion that is said to be so advantageous to digestion, and which, at all events, enlivens rather than disturbs conversation) every bit of Hungarian delicacy that was conveyed into our mouths. I am a great admirer of this continental fashion of eating to music, as people act in melodramas; the only disadvantage of it is, that, if your soul is very musical, and apt to be lured away in sympathy by the varying strains, you may, perchance, dribble your soup as you cast up your eyes during an *adagio* movement, disturb the equilibrium of the table or your neighbour's legs in a stirring waltz time, or run your fork into your own eyes during an *agitato*. I cannot recol-

lect whether any of these accidents happened to me upon this occasion; but I remember that some of the most beautiful of the many beautiful national airs of Hungary, pathetic and animating in turns, were played beneath the windows looking into the road, with an expression and spirit of execution which might have immediately led me to guess that the little band of musicians belonged to one of those knots of gipsies who haunt towns and villages upon *fête* days and holidays, and form the temporary orchestra of the day. And so it proved. On looking out of window after dinner, I discovered a group of those singular-looking men, whose eyes yet darker and more flashing, whose complexion still more swarthy, and whose features more rugged than those of the Hungarian, betrayed at once their gipsy blood.

These gipsy tribes—at all events, those with which Hungary swarms—have a musical instinct in their natures, which goes to an extraordinary pitch; they are almost invariably admirable instrumentalists, and seem to reach a perfection of execution, expression, and nicety of ear without any instruction, and by the mere intuition of their natures.

Most of the larger towns of Hungary possess gipsy bands of their own, of whose merits they make a boast and a rivalry. Other orchestras of

the kind ramble about from place to place, from *fête* to *fête*, from fair to fair, smelling out a marriage here, or a christening there, as it were by instinct; for when they are wanted, there they assuredly are, fiddling with an energy, an animation, and, in the true-national melodies, with a pathos, which might put many an opera orchestra, at times, to shame.

It is not only for their extraordinary musical instincts, however, that the gipsies are celebrated in Hungary. They are renowned for a thousand talents in mending and doctoring human bodies, as well as tables or chairs, or saddles or harness, or pots and pans. Their cures of the body are generally effected, however, with all the mystification of charms. They have remedies, to be sure, to administer, which often effect wonderful cures; but these medicaments are never given without a variety of mysterious conjurations with talismans, and magic candles, and buryings of toads in the earth, and such like necromantic rites, which give them a great hold over the minds of the people, and in some instances, be it avowed, of the better educated classes also. Oxen, and cows, and horses are the peculiar objects of their skill; but the poor beasts, as well as their betters, are similarly subjected to all the same talismanic adornments and fumigations.

Of course, as may be supposed from their reputation, they are not less applied to as sorcerers and conjurers than in other lands, for the finding of stolen goods, the winning back of truant hearts, the casting of good or evil spells, and, as usual, the telling of fortunes. Their charms, and philtres, and conjurations, and magic devices are as multifarious as they are strange; of course, you will not question my truth when I tell you they are infallible.

Their other talents, however, are often turned to very useful account, in mending, and making, and patching, and devising. Many as are their talents, they have still more manifold ways of turning them to account, with a readiness and a tact which would do credit to a more trustworthy people. There can be little doubt that they are as ready thieves as artificers; and, as the old proverb, "He that hides can find," is as true in Hungary as elsewhere, an idea may be obtained of the facility with which they apply their infallible charms to the recovery of stolen goods.

Those who have no fixed employment, such as the musicians,—an employment, however, that, whether it be mending harness or glueing pots, is always of a rambling nature,—wander about in hordes of some extent. Here and there you may stumble upon them, forming the most pic-

turesque groups in the most picturesque spots that it is possible to imagine—their tents pitched, their fires lighted, their cattle straying near at hand, their carts close by—themselves arranged in a *tableau vivant* on the skirt of a wood, or on an eminence with a background of distant mountain, or in a precipitous hollow, where their bandit-like appearance might make the soul of Salvator Rosa envy our seeing them. As you pass, the half-naked little children run after your carriage with a thousand tricks, and antics, and tumblings, to beg; or a swarthy maid, her white surplice-like robe bound by a girdle in wondrous folds beneath her full bosom, flings back her dark hair,—she is no make-believe gipsy, such as England produces,—fascinates you with her dark eyes like a rattlesnake, and lures you, with a brown but beautifully modelled hand, to listen to her tale of palmistry; or a black youth will sit under a hedge by the road-side, and call you to listen to his dulcimer or his glass harmonicon, on which he strikes with a rapidity of execution perfectly marvellous.

The loose shirts and wide *gatya-hosen* of the males are generally made in the fashion of the Hungarian peasant, and bound in a similar manner round the waist; but the materials are frequently black instead of white, and almost inva-

riably smeared all over with grease, as are also their streaming manes of hair, to preserve them, probably, against the incursions of numerous little enemies. Sometimes their attire is most singularly varied with all sorts of pieces of dress, either obtained as gifts, or perhaps stolen from some of the neighbouring gentry; and then no object can be more picturesquely grotesque than one of these dandy gipsies: perhaps a bright silk waistcoat with flowered pattern is put over the black shirt, or a fine cambric shirt, adorned with a fantastic hole or two, is drawn over all, and flaunts about like a smock; a pair of lacquered boots, from a hole of which peeps a dark toe, is displayed over the *gatya-hosen*, which are carefully tucked into the red leather tops; or a bright cravat, *à la Joinville*, is tied tight about the waist; or a Xamiel-like pointed hunting-hat, rejoicing in a *chamois*-beard cockade, is sported over the greasy mane. There is no end, however, to these varieties of amusing gipsy dandyism.

I ought not, in justice to the gipsy race, to forget to state that there are two distinct *genera* of them to be found in Hungary. If the one be thievish, the other bears a reputation of honesty and trustiness. This latter is called, I never could learn why, the Wallachian race; for the true Wallachian bears not the best reputation in

the mouth of his neighbour of Hungary. These better gipsies are offered willingly some secluded *oasis* in the woods of any lord of the land, where they pitch their encampment, mend what may be needed, make a variety of iron or wooden articles for domestic use, and traffic in the neighbourhood. They seldom remain more than a fortnight in their retreat; they then move on to some other estate, or wander to some town to sell or exchange their manufactures.

The gipsy musicians who had charmed me during the dinner at our host's, the administrator's, were a very favourite band in that part of the country. When we drove away in the evening they had formed themselves a sort of orchestral stand of benches and tables upon a little mound on a species of village sward near the church; a crowd of peasants, male and female, was collected round them in their bright attire, which contrasted with that of the "*artists*," who, gentlemen in their way, were in common European costume—the more foolish they! They evidently did not know what became them best. Every preparation was made for dancing; saucy lips, beneath impudent-looking mustaches, were whispering into willing ears, and calling forth still ruddier blushes from ruddy cheeks; a few stout arms were already about slender waists. The sun was setting behind a distant vine-covered moun-

tain; the sky was in a glow no less ardent than the hearts. As we whirled by there was a movement among the crowd; I thought I should have caught a glimpse of some dancing; but a cloud of dust, and then a turn in the road, hid the holiday group from my sight.

Ample amends were made to me for this disappointment, however, a few days afterwards. We had driven early to the house of a relation at some distance; and, upon my arrival, I found, to my great delight, that a servants' wedding was going forward in the house. An opportunity, then, was offered me of seeing the Hungarian lower classes in all the glory of their sprightliness and brightness. To the utter detriment, however, of all my feelings of romantic sympathy with the happiness of loving couples, I learnt that the bride was a damsel of forty years of age, the bridegroom a smart youth of eighteen! Alas, for romance! the bride was the cook, who, by long savings, had amassed herself "gold and gear in store;" the bridegroom was the cow-boy, without a *kreutzer*, and no other "fortune" than "his face." Interested views are not confined, then, to French adventurers or Irish fortune-hunters; the Hungarian village Ganymede had no less an eye to the "lucre of gain." To be sure, this combination might be looked upon as the happiest mixture of the *mariage d' inclination*

with the *mariage de raison*, the respective merits of which have been so often and sometimes acrimoniously, disputed, between young hearts and old heads. Here the *inclination* was on one side, the *raison* on the other: it was the union of a young head with an old heart. Young heads and old hearts are, to be sure, no phenomena now-a-days; but I had not exactly expected to find them in the Hungarian village. It seemed, however, to be, after all, a sort of phenomenon in its way here; for I learned that the bride was strongly suspected of having unlawfully engaged the youth's affections by a powerful charm. She had been seen, or supposed to have been seen, closeted with a reputed witch: it was even whispered that she had contrived to procure an under garment of the object of her affections, worn for at least a week, and forming a stew of it, had drunk off "the brew," —an infallible philtre to win an unwilling heart. *Probatum est!*

In spite of these murmured suspicions, however, everybody seemed inclined to think no more of the matter, and enjoy the wedding festivities to his heart's content. There was boiling, and roasting, and baking in plenty, superintended by the amorous cookmaid herself: tables were spread in the servants' hall; the kitchen door opening on the court was behung with a huge garland of flowers,

typical, perhaps, of the bride's ample charms. Alas! there was many a withered blossom amongst the leaves. But why, then, had they hung up the garland so early? Presently there was heard a fierce firing off of whips, and a rolling of wheels, and a snorting of horses; and a quantity of carts whisked adroitly, one after the other, into the court: they were all behung with garlands of flowers and kerchiefs of the brightest colours streaming upon poles as flags, and little glittering paper banners, about as big as those held in the hands of gingerbread kings, and just as gay with colour and gilding as the old-fashioned book-covers of my childhood: and the horses were as thickly begarlanded and bebannered, to the evident confusion of the poor beasts' minds; for they snorted and shook their heads, and scattered blue, and green, and red paper strips, and rose leaves, and acacia branches, all over the court: and the men had all put on their hussar pantaloons and vests in spite of the sweltering weather, and had whole forests of flowers, and ribands, and feathers in the broad vases of their upturned hats: and in the last cart —there might be about half-a-dozen—came another band of gipsy musicians, all fiddling away in a standing position, and after a most miraculous fashion, in spite of the joltings and jerkings of the cart, and the utter impossibility of elbow-room.

After much spluttering and prancing, the cart containing the bridegroom stopped before the kitchen door; and the youth himself was led down, with a white pocket-handkerchief stuck in his button-hole, by way of a favour, I suppose. He looked vastly sheepish and sad, as if he had been indeed the victim of a spell, or had some vague ideas that he was selling himself like a sheep; and he hung down his pretty face, and bent his slim figure as if his legs trembled. He was pushed into the kitchen, however; and presently I heard from these culinary recesses, into which the crowd prevented my penetrating, a mighty shrieking, and struggling, and tittering, and shouting. I was told that the fair bride thought it her duty to do the modest, and resist, and cry "*Nolo*," as though she were a bishop, and shew off all the pretty tricks her mature years had given her ample time to learn by heart: perhaps, after all, she was only desirous of trying how far the force of her spell would go. But, after due resistance, she was at length led out, all glittering in bridal attire and garlands; and she looked still more sheepish than the bridegroom, until, as he seemed to hesitate in his energies, she puckered up her face in one big angry wrinkle, pinched his arm until he squeaked, and compelled him to carry her off by force into the cart, where, in spite of all previous appearance

of every impossibility of finding a place, she was duly stowed away, as were the gaily attired, laughing bridesmaids in the other vehicles.

As the carts again dashed out of the court, with all the adroit manœuvres of true Hungarian drivers, there was a great firing off of all the guns and pistols to be found in the house, or any houses of the neighbourhood, by the *chasseur* at the head of the male domestics and on-hangers; and in the midst of this thunder and lightning, and a cloud of smoke, the bridal procession vanished.

Circumstances prevented me from following the party to the church; but, as I understood that there was to be dancing in the village hostel, previously to the wedding dinner, I could not resist my curiosity, and dragged off my friend from our party, to witness a sight so novel to me. We found the whole wedding assembly conglomerated in a large, low, white-washed rooom, with low deep-set windows, which was already steaming with heat,—the garlands, which had been hung up upon the walls, looking more withered still. Alas! poor bridegroom! A few side-rooms seemed to be used as village flirtation *boudoirs;* for in some of these couples were either reposing after their exertions, or whispering soft nonsense, or planning, perhaps, new weddings under better auspices. In one sat the bride, attended by some women; she

was looking very disconsolate, for her boy was dancing, as if he had recovered his spirits, under the copious libations of wine that were distributed. Eating, also, was going on with vigour, as if to prepare the stomach by gentler doses—and yet they were no gentle ones—for the great meal to come.

As we entered the *improvisé* ball-room, the gipsies were fiddling intensely; and a *friss*, or lively Hungarian dance, was in the act of performance. The movement was rapid: the couples were setting to each other in a variety of very fantastic heel and toe steps, which had a very martial appearance on the part of the men—then pursuing and retreating, with gestures of love-making from the men and of coquettish reluctance from the women—then whirling round in each others' arms—and then recommencing—the whole mad dance accompanied by a slapping of hands, and, above all, a clanking of spurs, which had again a most animated and martial effect.

I must say for my Hungarians, that there was an ease and grace of movement in both sexes, scarcely ever to be found in any other peasant dancing, and a bold manly bearing on the part of the men, which was peculiarly striking. One very fine gentleman—he was the domestic hussar of a neighbouring family—had tucked a white pocket-handkerchief before him, apron-fashion, by

the way of being peculiarly graceful and fascinating; and he lifted up the ends of this appendage during his setting, with all the airs of a lady in a ball-room. The more he saw that he attracted our attention, the more seducingly were the pocket-handkerchief ends twitched hither and thither.

Certainly the scene was one of a wild gaiety and animation, perfectly peculiar to the country, although without the least confusion. At the request of my friend, for my own peculiar edification, another kind of dance, called the *werbung* in German, was afterwards executed: to my disappointment, however, the men alone were engaged in it. This time the air was slow and pathetic—one of my favourite lovely melodies, charmingly played by the gipsy band. The dance was therefore slow and stately. The men stood in a circle, now holding each others' hands, now letting them fall, and danced round with a slow movement, in which the clanking of their spurs played a considerable part, and which reminded me somewhat of the mazourka step. The dance was accompanied by all the dancers with the words of the melody played: the chorus was really a fine one. Our aproned hussar again distinguished himself preeminently by his graces. But, although this sort of Pyrrhic dance was of a highly picturesque character, and not executed without a certain military grace, it in-

terested me far less than the sprightlier performance: the absence of the female dancers deprived it of more than half its charm. The "stew" of the room growing shortly rather insupportable, and a smell of garlic mingling, with somewhat too great a *potpourri* essence, along with that of the garlands, we were glad to beat our retreat: but I own that I enjoyed the wild sight amazingly.

There was afterwards much confusion and laughing, and probably eating and drinking, in the regions of our host's kitchen; but we did not stay to witness the ceremony of the bride and bridegroom standing on the table and eating out of one plate, and other such matters of a peculiar character; nor have I yet heard anything further of the married bliss of our "fair, fat, and forty" cookmaid with her cow-boy.

Among the excursions I have made since I have been here, I can find space in this long letter to mention only two which more peculiarly interested me; I must mention them, however, briefly, since they afford but little that was national and so far remarkable in their character. The one was to Totis, an estate belonging to a Count Esterhazy, on the other side of the river, in order to visit the gardens of the *château*, which have a reputation far and wide for magnificence, equalling, or even far exceeding, our English pleasure-grounds. My

friend, however, disclaimed all comparison of the kind in desiring me to see them; and very right he was. They were extensive, prettily laid out, kept in a very trim order, unusual on the Continent, and all adorned and studded with ruins, grottos, subterranean caves, bridges, temples, and many other such matters, to say nothing of an *obligato* lake and swans, and a pretty Italian villa pavilion, seemingly never used as a residence, and looking fearfully damp and uncomfortable. But they came not near our great English parks and gardens. What most charmed me were the thousands of bright cool springs which ran in all directions through the garden, forming ponds, and watery recesses, and baths in rocky nooks, and waterfalls. They were of a transparency and colour which I never saw in any other water, clear as glass, clear as air, a soothing, calming, cooling sight on that sultry day, beneath those thick masses of trees; I believe they possessed mineral properties.

The town attached to the estate was of a long rambling description. It happened to be market-day, and our acacia-skirted inn-yard was filled with the most lively groups of peasants in their Hungarian attire, and carts and skittish horses, and gipsies fiddling as usual with all their might,—the whole forming, as is always the case in Hungary, the most striking and lively pictures. The market-

place swarmed no less with bright costumes and animated confusion. In this I found, more than in the gardens, my customary interest, as well as in a little lake just out of the town, that had played its part in history. On the banks of it stood the old *château* of the family of the Esterhazys, and close by an ancient fortress-looking building. From one of the windows of the latter the Turkish ambassador had been flung down (1520) into the little lake below, which looked as stormy as if still boiling with that wrathful deed—a deed which was fatal to Hungary, inasmuch as it roused the ire of Soleyman, and caused the war which terminated in the defeat of the Hungarians on the bloody field of Mohacs.

The other excursion was only interesting to me in a mere personal point of view. It was undertaken for the purpose of visiting the *stammschloss*, or old ancestral castle of my friend's family, which lay in the great island Schütt—that immense tract of land cut off by an arm of the Danube, and extending from Presburg down to Komorn. The Schütt, with its many streams, and willowed banks, and low shaded villages, was not without its charm, although utterly flat and Dutch-like. The old ruined house still shewed some remnants of its castellated condition, in towers, gateways, and

inner courts. Tottering wooden staircases led exteriorly to hanging doors; vaulted chambers, with deep-set low windows, still served as granaries for the farm attached to the place. An old woman and her daughter dwelt in the quaintly furnitured rooms of the heavy lower story; but the whole looked desolate and sad in that flat country. Florian had never visited these ruined halls of his fathers; and, like Edgar Ravenswood, he now entered them with pale face and moisture in his eye, to mourn over the fallen fortunes of his family. I would gladly have given him, were it but a portion, of dear old Caleb's sympathy.

LETTER VII.

LEAVE-TAKING. — THE BAUERN-VORSPANN. — WILD DRIVERS. — DRIVE TO GRAN ALONG THE RIVER'S BANKS.—SIGHT-SEEING.—THE CATHEDRAL OF GRAN.—VIEWS FROM THE CATHEDRAL PROMONTORY.—UNFINISHED INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.—THE CATACOMBS.—AN EVENING RAMBLE IN THE HILLS.—COWS.—THE TOWN OF GRAN.—THE COMITATS-HAUS.—PROJECTS OF RETURN.—STEAM-BOAT TO PEST.—AGAIN ROMANTIC RIVER SCENERY.—VISSEGRAD.—RAILROAD ON THE RIVER'S BANKS.—APPROACH TO PEST.—PANORAMA OF BUDA AND PEST FROM THE RIVER.—ARRIVAL.

It would seem that there are two kinds of hearts in mortal bosoms; for I have invariably been told that the heart gets tough-skinned by much rubbing; and yet it appears to me that the more friction mine gets, the more scarified and tender to the touch it becomes. It is no use my having acted the part of *flâneur* about the world so long, and scraped my heart countless times, most vigorously, in leave-takings from cherished friends and places full of fond remembrances that cling to it, and *will* cling to it in spite of all the scraping; my heart is obstinately bent on not growing tough,

and is sure to be hit most painfully "on the raw" whenever a fresh leave-taking gives it a blow. I suppose it is your good, sound, solid, properly constructed diamond sort of hearts that know how to take a hard polish, and only your soft, pulpy, worthless ones that allow themselves to be thus scratched, and squeezed, and jammed afresh after frequent usage: if that be the case, I must own to having a very worthless heart of my own; for each time the hour of *adieu* comes to kind friends and pleasant places,—and how often in the life of a *flâneur* must that hour strike!—it turns out just as soft and vulnerable as ever, and is sure to set out bleeding afresh: now properly brought up persons possess all sorts of palliatives for their use on such occasions, or never are visited by such vulgar annoyances at all. And thus it happened to me for the hundredth time: the hour of leave-taking came at last from my hospitable Hungarian country-house and its affectionate inmates; and there was my heart at its silly old tricks again. I tore myself away at last to pursue my voyage further down the Danube. Florian, however, offered me his companionship as far as Pest; and I have thus carried off the stoutest piece of friendship the house contained. I could not have had a better plaister for the sc[illegible]ifications to which I have alluded.

It was proposed, instead of taking one of the steamers at the landing-place on the opposite side of the river, to drive over to Gran, the distant cathedral of which has been often visible to us at the further point of the landscape down the stream—now standing forth on its promontory, a dark speck against the grey vapoury background of mountains and sky, now abright white spot lightened by the sun, while all was dark behind, now scarcely discernible in the general gloom of the vista—and, after there spending a day on our way, to proceed by water to Pest. I was glad to see somewhat more of this residence of the Prince Primate of Hungary than I had as yet done in my former visits to the country; and I gladly acceded to this plan.

It happened, however, that on the day of our departure all the horses in the stables of the country-house were either sick, or employed, or absent, or wanted shoeing, or were the victims of some such mishap. It was necessary, then, in order to proceed on our excursion, to have recourse to the *bauern-vorspann*, or peasants' horses, which the peasant is obliged by law to furnish, when required, to the lord of the estate, and to the county officers. This mode of travelling, as well as the peasant-post, established by the peasants themselves, which in parts of the country admirably sup-

plies the want of regular establishments, is well known for its extraordinary expedition.

In the court, at the hour of our departure, I found two or three wild brigand-looking men employed in harnessing to our light open carriage four horses as wild and savage-looking—the necessary quantum, as I have told you before, without which no Hungarian nobleman can condescend to shew himself in public. The harness was brown with age; but leather harness it was, and even ornamented with a variety of brass studs, and not the rope harness of your civilised French government post. When the manœuvres of harnessing were expeditiously completed, the driver sprung upon the box. What a shriek of horror would he have elicited from a delicate French lady, accustomed to the big jack-boots, delicately stuffed with musty hay, of her French postilions! The grey hair of our driver was torn off from his rugged face, and flung back to be trussed up behind in a sort of club, with a big comb; his grizzled mustaches were waxed for the occasion, and stuck out in points on either side of the face; a stumpy pipe sent out clouds of smoke from beneath them; a short white cloak with hanging sleeves was suspended from his back. By his side sprung up a little boy, his *gatya-hosen* tucked up about his bare legs, to serve as aid on extraordinary occa-

sions; he rejoiced in a pipe as stumpy as that of his elder. Far, however, from uttering any exclamation of horror at the aspect of our uncouth guides, I felt marvellously well-disposed towards them, for having the kindness to look so wild, and picturesque, and bandit-like, and thus give us all the physical advantages of the brigand without any of the moral inconveniences of that animal.

I verily believe that, in the impatience of drivers and horses, no consideration was ever taken by them whether those they were to convey to Gran were duly behind them or not, much less whether "bag and baggage" were duly bestowed; for, without a look, the usual "*Ne!*" was shouted to the horses; and off rattled the carriage out of the court-gate, whisking round the post at a hair's breadth. By chance we *did* happen to be already seated in it.

Our way, which at first lay along the river's banks, was charmingly enlivened by the varying aspect of the mountains on the other side of the Danube. At every moment the panorama shifted, and presented to us a fresh scene. Now we clattered through a wood; and now again we dashed through a creek of the stream. As we drew near Gran, however, the horizon of mountains extended to both sides of the river, and displayed the greatest

variety of forms, round and conical, flat and aspiring, wooded and bare, with one volcanic Vesuvius-like fellow, putting himself ever forward to the best advantage: the mighty stream lay constantly before our eyes. A storm was coming up; and masses of white clouds, tinged here and there with red, as solid-looking as the mountains, were towering heavily up into a dark blue sky, like Pelion upon Ossa. For the first time in my life, I comprehended the massive clouds and leaden air of some of Poussin's pictures, as true to nature. A few blue butterflies, as if affrighted at the coming storm, danced continually around us in agitation during our way, and seemed to beg us for shelter. The air was cool; and it was a most lovely drive. The distant views of Gran, with its cathedral, upon a rocky height overhanging the stream, and its mountains covered with vineyards and dotted with garden-houses, and its many church towers and cupolas sheltered in the valley below, were as picture-like as they were ever varying. As we drove through the village of Parkany, the Italian pile of the cathedral, on the other side of the river, rose directly before us on its promontory in a very imposing style; although it is in an unfinished state. The storm now set off the white pile with a black background; the gilded cross upon the summit of the dome shone like a glory in a last ray of sun. But

as we still gazed, the glory vanished; the pile grew grey against the clouds; the lightnings every moment flashed behind it. But now, in the midst of the thunder, we clattered with a little miniature thunder of our own, over the lengthy bridge of boats, which fortunately did not keep us waiting, by having its jaws open for the passage of steamers or boats; we rattled round the cathedral rocks up the first street into the town: as we dashed into the court of the house, where our host stood ready to receive us, we shouted out "*Gerettet!*"—saved! The next moment the storm burst over our hospitable roof. The afternoon, however, turned out exquisitely lovely; and we had the most charming opportunity of seeing Gran and its beautiful environs to the best advantage. Again I bid you be our companion on our ramble: and as it is only "in spirit that you give us your fair company, I trust the world will have no scandal to talk about your being in the society of two such "harum-scarum" desultory-minded individuals, as we are both said to be.

The great sight-seeing attraction of Gran is, naturally, its newly-built immense cathedral; and, as good and obedient sight-seers, we will pay it a visit. By the way, I am in general a very rebellious one, eschewing all sight-seeing and touristical duty-doing as one of the greatest

miseries in human life, and guides and *valets de place* as the diabolical agents thereof. A confirmed *flâneur* might be about as easily bear-led from sight to sight as a butterfly dragged by a chain from flower to flower. In your company, however, I will be decent and well-behaved, as any orderly sight-seer ought to be; and so, as I have said, as good and obedient sight-seers, we will mount up the great paved road, which, on the inland side, conducts to the top of the rocky promontory upon which the cathedral stands. As we gain the summit, we see the houses of the *Domherrn*, or Canons of the Chapter, lying to our right in the valley beneath, in a great unfinished parellelogram of a court, to which a gigantic bridge leads down; immediately to our left, rises the great cathedral church, before the principal entrance of which we now stand. The church itself is built in a sort of bastard Italian style, which little pleases me, although the portico on this side, with its many columns, is handsome. What an effect would not a Gothic edifice have produced upon this wonderful situation! and what a pity it is that such a thought did not enter the mind of the Prince Primate Rudnayi, who first commenced the building of this new cathedral! The church alone is terminated as yet, and that only externally: the great wings, that in the proposed plan are to

form the palace of the Archbishop of Gran, the Primate of Hungary, are not yet commenced. The present Primate, by the way, occupies a very moderate house, as palace, at the base of the promontory precipice on the other side. At present, the works are conducted with but little vigour: the monies necessary for their execution are grudged by the economical ideas of the Primate, in spite of the enormous fortune attached to his post; and the cathedral still stands bare and bald on its elevation, surrounded by workmen's sheds and temporary stone-cutting yards, and dirty overseers' huts.

In spite of the defects in the style of architecture of the whole plan, and in a variety of the details, the whole would probably possess a most imposing appearance were the entire original plan carried out: but then something must be done to prevent the great chapter buildings below, so finely connected by that great bridge, from looking less like barracks or second-rate manufactories, than they do now. As it is, I dare say you will regret with me that the old fortress, which once occupied the same space, and some of the ruins of which still cling over the edges of the rocky precipices, on the river-side, with walls, and octagon watch-towers, and parapets, and terraces, full of historical recollections, should have been razed to make way for

this magnificent but misdirected ecclesiastical pile. The façade towards the river, in spite of the gigantic saintly figures above its pediment, is flat, monotonous, and paltry looking in its detail of door and round fly-window; and as this façade is that which most strikes the eye when seen from the river below, one feels inclined to sit down by its waters and weep, that so much treasure should have been so ill expended. The whole of the dome, also, is covered with copper of a most disastrous violet-brown colour, which gives it the look of a sunburnt and vulgar full face, and has a glaringly dull piteous effect in its contrast with the rest of the white pile. Another subject of regret to me was, that a part of the summit of the promontory should have been shaved down to a much lower level, in order to give a greater flat space around the church, and that it should have thus lost much of its grand commanding position.

But come, let us turn our back upon the big cathedral, and climbing one of the ruined walls of the fortress overhanging the high and precipitous rocks, which tower over the waters of the Danube, sit down on their summit, and gaze upon the splendid view we shall there see. Before us is the mighty river, rushing towards us amidst low mountains, or tearing against the long bridge of boats

beneath our feet, upon which carriages, and carts, and laded peasants, and horses, and herds of white oxen are continually moving backwards and forwards in a sort of continual diminutive phantasmagoria—then rushing on again past the rocks at the base of our eminence. As we sit and gaze, an opening gradually forms itself in the long line of bridge; a few boats with their boarded platform float aside; the hemmed passengers, stopped in their circulation, congregate in thick mass of carriages and horses, and carts, and foot wanderers, on either side of the opening; and presently a big steamer, looking insignificant enough, however, in the broad stream from our watch-tower, dashes proudly through the aperture in the bridge, and is soon lost to sight behind the rocks of our promontory, although the roar of its panting and paddling, and the lashing of the waves it raises, are long audible on the clear bright air; and then the boats seem to take their lost situation again of their own accord; the circulation is resumed; the busy phantasmagoric scene upon the bridge is again set in movement. Around us rise lovely green mountains on every side. To our right, on the other side of the stream, the river Gran winds its way through its beautiful valley, to glide softly into the arms of the Danube. To our left lies extended the city of Gran, straggling inwards into the

country along another valley, and spreading itself out in such fashion that it looks of far greater size and importance than it really is.

Celebrated as the birthplace of St. Stephen, and frequently and long the residence of the Hungarian monarchs, Gran was formerly a far prouder and more considerable city. Turkish invasion destroyed and annihilated here, as in so many other parts of unhappy Hungary, sweeping away almost every vestige of antiquity. Gran, then, is really of very inconsiderable extent, compared to that which it once possessed; but, as we here sit, it is fair and pleasing to the eye, thus crawling along its valley like a luxuriant creeping plant full of bell-flowers along a hedge-row. Towers of public buildings, and domes, and cupolas—not always again in the best taste—rise hither and thither in tolerably thick profusion, and seem to assert its character as the residence of the Hungarian primate. Hills and rocky eminences intrude here and there upon the regularity of the town; and houses, mingled with groups of trees, are perched, terrace-fashion, on all these precipitous slopes. Chapels, and crosses, and saintly figures crown the summits of some of these abrupt hills; and up their sides creep, along winding paths, and by rugged steps, those little stone niches, painted and adorned with saintly pictures and figures,

which mark the various stations for prayer to the pious wanderers to the chapels above, and form what, as you are aware, are called "*calvaries*" in all Catholic countries. Behind the side of the valley, the most remote from the river, rise more distant mountains, richly covered with wood and vineyard, and speckled all over most cheerily with those many vineyard-houses of which I have already made mention; and up and down hill paths, and *calvaries*, and more distant mountain passes, are moving objects ascending and descending, and animating the picture to our hearts' content. Charming as is the position of Presburg, viewed from its castle-hill, I consider the situation of Gran as far more beautiful still. I scarcely know a town in the world to equal it for the loveliness of its position. Grander positions there may be, but *lovelier* few or none.

But now, when we have gazed our fill, let us return to our bounden duties as sight-seers, properly or improperly so called, and going round the cathedral to its great entrance, penetrate into the interior. Here the work of progress is still going on, although with not much apparent energy or zeal, and all is in a mass of confusion: scaffoldings hide the further extremity; small mountains of earth, intersected with valleys and ravines, as mountains ought to be, rise here and there beneath our feet;

wheel-barrows are trundled slowly hither and thither, or lie topsy-turvy around, sleeping in comfortable laziness; workmen are dawdling about like understrappers in a play, as if they had no real part to act; hods, and pails, and masses of lime are apparently enjoying a repose as desirable: yet there is a noise of grunting and craning, and a heaving of beams up the scaffoldings, that tells us of slow movement, although after all it seems more for show than for purpose. In the midst of this chaos of earth and beam, we are told by a polite inspector a great deal about proportions, and measurements, and scales, which gives us a confused idea of immense size, but which,—in the case of my poor self, who never know or can retain anything about numbers, and sizes, and measures, any more than dates or quantities of souls in towns,—goes, in vulgar phrase, "in at one ear and out of the other."

I can do no more than remark that the walls are lined with very dull-looking red, polished marble, and that there are a quantity of columns of the same; and I am told that all this is to be taken away again, I do not know why. We are conducted then into a small side chapel which is finished, where service is performed; and here are some white marble monuments, one of which, much vaunted, I thought in very poor fantastic

be-garlanded and be-frizzled taste, and another, which nobody would let me look at, far more simple and elegant in its style. A hideous stiff picture, representing the coronation of St. Stephen, perpetrated by a certain Hess—I could not learn whether he was really the celebrated German painter, or not—was hung against the walls. It had been originally intended for the high altar of the cathedral; but the present primate has had the good sense to degrade it from its great destination, and is about to have a copy of Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Academia of Venice, painted to supply its place. I wish the good archbishop had gone one step further, and burnt it outright. Our sight-seeing, however, is not yet done. We are led down unto the under-vaults, or, as they are called here, the catacombs of the cathedral. Here repose in great niches the bodies of canons, ancient and modern; and monuments of ecclesiastics of various rank attached to the chapter already begin to cover the walls around. Destruction it seems makes quicker work than creation. Death is filling the vaults below before man's hand can finish the works above. The catacombs, however, constitute the most interesting part of the sight to me. The proportions of the arched vaults, which spread in all directions, are grand even to sublimity; there

is a heaviness of stern magnificence about them that is in harmony with their destination..

But, if you have any sympathy with me, you will be getting as weary of our sight-seeing as I am; and, to relieve your mind, I will propose to you to accompany us once more upon an evening ramble. It lies among those hills and mountains on which I bade you gaze from the cathedral rocks. At every point among the vineyards, or from hill top, or beneath some stone cross upon a rocky summit, the views "are ever changing, ever new," over the lovely panorama that encircles Gran. Everywhere there is legend and history to amuse us in our climbings. From the point where stands that iron cross upon the top of the precipitous Eselberg, which overhangs the river, a despairing lover-pair flung themselves down into the stream beneath. Love and madness seem to play a great part in Hungarian natures, for this story is renewed continually at different precipices on the Danube's banks.

The sun is setting darkly; but the cathedral, which from the distance resumes its highly imposing effect, stands forth against the sky, under every aspect and at every point a striking picture. Its great gold cross still gleams powerfully in the sun against the angry clouds; a bright full moon also does its best to aid the setting sun in giving it

the look of Constantine's fiery cross in the heavens. As we descend to the valley, and enter the town, we find that enormous herds of cows are, like ourselves, returning quietly to their night quarters. They have only one little ragged boy, with a lesser dwarf-like girl, to drive them home; but they need drivers it seems still less than we, for the intelligent beasts go asunder at each separate village-like street, and, marching each unerring up to its own house door, stop and low for admittance, as distinctly as if, before a French *porte cochère*, they had cried "*Cordon, s'il vous plait.*" The darkness is gathering around us as we return through the wide half-deserted streets of Gran; the rocks on which stands the cathedral look dark and gloomy, and full of mysterious ravines; the pile itself is grey and ghostly in the moonlight. Good night!

Gran possesses all the attributes of a great town—wide streets, long rows of houses, public squares; but then the streets, in their width, have a road-like, straggling, desultory look, that is anything but comfortable, and are imbued with a very suspicious air of being likely to become very sloughy and misbehaved, when seduced into bad conduct by wintry or wet weather; and this *mauvais sujet* air of streets seldom misleads a physiognomical *flâneur*, even if he see them in the

starched prim order of fair summer weather. The long rows of houses are low, and have an oppressed unhappy look, although clean; they rarely elevate themselves to the dignities of first-floors. The public openings—for to call them "squares" would be to mislead your imagination, although accustomed to the continental idea of what the French term "*places*"—in spite of the attempt at solidity which they affect here and there in rough pavement, have, like the streets, that suspicious, rakish, caked, chapped look, which leads me to mistrust their decency in winter time. The market-place alone, which has its old arcaded town-hall, and its twisted, fantastic, saint-topped column, to commemorate the cessation of the plague, and is sure to be full of the most picturesque groups of Hungarian peasants, and Austrian dragoons, and flaunting hussars, and market-women, with boots as big and as high as the men's—another very suspicious symptom—and all those other varied and ever-varying attributes of costume of every kind, which render all the popular scenes in Hungary of such infinite loveliness and animation, wears a really town-like look, and, what is a very unusual case, is thus the point of greatest interest to me. There are also pleasant walks skirting the town by the side of an arm of the Danube, which are not without their charm in their willows and bushy

thickets, particularly on a bright moonlight night, when gleams of candles cross them from low windows, and music and the noise of dancing is heard from suburb pot-houses, and there is solitude around you. There is a shady promenade also along an island formed by the same arm of the river. But then the ups and downs of the precipitous banks of the water-side walks, and the leaps you must sometimes take to spring upon broken wooden bridges that connect little ravines, give you again the idea that in winter they must possess a sort of miniature Abruzzi character, more wild than agreeable; and there is a vague aspect of probable inundations about the public promenade that makes you shudder, if you have anything of a lively imagination. In fact, lovely as is Gran viewed from its cathedral height, country-like as is its aspect within, alluring as it may look in summer, I fear I could not, with any conscience, recommend it as a winter station.

I must not forget to mention the great white building which flaunts along one of the wide streets, and which is the *comitats haus*, or county hall; for it is there that all the county officers, from the first *Vice-gespann*, or chief deputy-lieutenant of the county, downwards, have their suites of apartments or their chambers; it is there that are held all the county meetings or congregations, at which

every noble, or he who possesses the privileges of a noble, be he only a peasant in fortune and position in life, has his right of speaking and his vote; it is there that all the county business is transacted—there, in fact, that deputies are elected for the Hungarian Diet, and their instructions how to speak and vote decided by the majority, and matters affecting, not only the weal of the county, but that of the whole land, thus settled. It is there, also, that the struggle of parties, liberal or monarchical, of passions, prejudices, intrigues, public and private, in fact of all those agitations common to all agglomerations of men, be they civilised or savage, is fought out. As I hear, however, that a restoration or re-election of all the county officers, which takes place every three years, is to be held in the autumn, about the time when I shall be returning from my voyage down to the Turkish frontiers, and as I shall then have an opportunity of witnessing all the commotion of a great public county meeting, I shall do as well to reserve my description of the *comitat's haus*, and its interior arrangements, to a time when I hope to revisit it in all its glory of bustle. The Prince Primate was also absent from Gran; and, as I was thus disappointed of my introduction to him, I trust to combine my visit to the great ruler of the ecclesiastical destinies of Hungary with my

peep at a county election hereafter. With this intention I bade adieu to Gran for the present, and steamed on to Pest the day following my arrival.

I will spare you all details of the waiting for the arrival of the steamer at the *bureau* by the river side, in the midst of peasants, soldiers, priests, monks, and Jews, and masses of baggage and wares of all sizes, fashions, and descriptions, and of all the orderly disorder and confusion of disembarking and embarking. Suppose us to have worked our way upon the steamer, and undergone the ceremonies of ticket-giving and controlling, to have shaken hands with the captain and nodded to the conductor, and smiled at the waiters graciously — for they are all old acquaintances, and most zealous in their services—to have snorted our way through the aperture, which the bridge most obligingly opens for us, to have paddled round the promontory on which the cathedral stands so proudly and imposingly—why cannot I not add, alas! so beautifully—to have greeted the cross upon the Eselberg out of respect to its melancholy legend, and to have lost sight, at last, of the great dome at one of the turns of the much winding river. We are again surrounded by fresh picturesque and romantic scenes of mountain, and precipice, and rock, and wood—sometimes in a

desert solitude—now passing a secluded village. The channel is contracted; and the mountains press threateningly upon our passage: we are once more among those wonderful beauties of this enthralling and enchanting river. But I must not lose myself in any fresh attempt at description: again I must call upon your imagination to supply the void my pen must leave. There is, however, a mighty object of interest upon our wondrous water-path, which I cannot pass by in silence. Upon the summit of a precipitous mountain to our right, rises a mass of ruins, which may almost match with those of Heidelberg in their extent, and which surpass them in beauty of position.

Clusters of towers and battlemented walls, rising tier above tier, and broken windows and archways, crown the mountain top; a long, straggling, dentilated wall stretches down the whole mountain side, and joins a massive isolated octagon tower which stands below, at a very little elevation above the water: wherever the big flanks of precipitous rocks permit, woods of waving larch and beech rise, terrace above terrace. Those ruins are the crown of Hungarian antiquity—the jewel of Hungarian history, the setting of which is broken and lost: they are the remains of the once proud castle of Vissegrad, which was, in times gone by, the favourite residence of the Hungarian monarchs. Here it

was that in the days of the gay and gallant young king, Matthias Corvinus, the Hungarian court glittered in all its most gorgeous splendour. Those walls were then strong and magnificent in their rich architecture; those rocks were then covered with hanging gardens; those mountain sides were enriched with such wondrous pleasure-grounds, so full of device and phantasy, as earned for the spot in old manuscript the title of the "Paradise on Earth." But the Turk has despoiled and ruined here as elsewhere: nothing remains but the interesting and spirit-stirring shell of former beauty. A halo of romance throws a bright veil over the dead skeleton. Legend abounds upon the spot—legend of sadness and crime, as well as splendour. In that tall octagon tower by the river side King Solomon of Hungary was confined for many years by his cousin Ladislaus. In the halls of those ruins a father sought to avenge the violence offered to his daughter, the beautiful Clara of Vissegrad, by the brother of a queen of Hungary, in an attempt to assassinate the sister, who had instigated and abetted the foul deed; and in those halls he was cut to pieces in his vain attempt. But were I to allude even to half the romantic legends attached to this spot with which my friend amused my fancy, I should make of my letter a whole volume—a consummation, for your sake, devoutly to be

avoided. But my interest and fancy are too much engaged in these romantic ruins to glide ever past them thus, without making better friends with them. I must return hither one of these days from Pest, to spend a long day in rambling, to my heart's content, upon mountain summit and mountain side, amidst ruined courts and towers, and giving my craving fancy its whole fill. As it is, the indifferent and restless steamer rushes past those mighty ruins far too rapidly; they are still to be seen, however, in the far distance, spite of promontory and river-bend: but now they are wholly gone; and full of dreams of the past glories of Hungary I have little care for all the scenes that follow quickly after. One object, however, and that of modern times, does, I own, attract my attention and my wonder. Along the precipitous left bank of the stream is being hewn, at a great height above the water, the passage for the railroad between Pest and Presburg. The soul absolutely chills within one at the sight of this terrific road. Bound by an abrupt precipice on one side, it seems on the other positively to overhang the flood. As we pass along the water below, it appears as if space were scarce left for passage: it is a madrepore channel in a lump of fossil. Pigmy workmen are busying about upon it like gnomes, and fling down earth into the stream out of tiny

wheelbarrows. They look like ants employed in a vain attempt to build a Roman aqueduct. But the work will be completed; and I cannot help imagining what will be the terrific sight of one of my dragon railway trains whisking along this aërial road between mountain and flood.

Not long after the glories of Vissegrad, the river, as if satisfied with the effect of the charms it has displayed in such fulness of beauty, begins to give itself not much further trouble. On the left bank, the mountains dwindle to hills, the hills glide down into the plain—on the right, the mountains retire from the banks to some distance, as if vexed at having lost company with those on the other side. The episcopal town of Waitzen, with its fair inn, is passed without much interest, beyond that attached to the host of new, gay, lively, and noisy passengers returning from a day's pleasuring, which the steamer is sure to take on board. But before long, the rough precipitous outline of the Blocksberg on the right bank, but lying before you on the horizon, begins to announce to you that you are approaching the Hungarian capital: and now, the long line of the far stretching suburbs of Old Buda begin to rise to your sight on the same side; and green wooded islands stud the stream; and innumerable anchored water-mills tell you that a great town is near: and then the Margarethen-

Insel is passed with its archducal gardens and woods: and then, all at once, what a wonderful panorama is before your eyes! On the right is Buda, with its terraced garden and stately hanging palaces, rising above each other up the mountain-side, its palatinate palace, and its citadel—Buda, the old capital of the Hungarian monarchy, the city of middle-age *souvenirs* and great historical deeds. Beyond, rises still higher, the huge, uncouth mass of the Blocksberg, with the observatory on its summit, and suburbs clinging to its side. On the left are the new palace-like houses which line the quays of Pest, spreading along the flat banks of the plain on that side. Pest is the representative of modern reforms, modern ideas, modern architecture, as Buda, on its height, of old aristocratic stateliness and ancient times. The two form a panoramic whole, which will scarcely find its match in the world. The sun is setting; but its last glow yet sheds a beautiful tint over this grand scene. Lights begin to gleam along the heights of Buda and the quay of Pest, and add liveliness to the general effect. And now, the great piles of the mighty suspension bridge across the Danube, which, when finished, is to be one of the wonders of Europe, are shot past with rapidity: the steamer cannon is fired; and the steam-boat sweeps up to the quay of Pest. Then there is farewell-taking

from temporary friends, and confusion; and baggage is got together, and hosts of ticketed luggage-porters invade the boat: and how you get your affairs together, and on a man's shoulders, and, after crossing the landing bridge to the quay, upon his barrow, you have no notion in the confusion: and your brain is still somewhat bewildered by the noise of the cannon and the steamer's last roar, and the bustle upon deck, and the crowds that throng around the landing-place and the swarming quays, as you instinctively follow your porter and his barrow along the rows of great stately houses, and past casino and theatre-building to your big square balconied and verandahed hotel: and after a great ringing of a big bell at the entrance, you resign yourself into the hands of the *zimmer-kellner* and fate, in a perfect whirl, and are led to a large room, looking out upon the great stream and the crowded bridge of boats, and, not knowing which way to look first, you sink down into a velvet arm-chair and gasp for rest.

LETTER VIII.

THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL IN SUMMER.—LIVING ASPECT OF THE STREETS AND QUAYS.—CROWDED STATE OF PEST DURING THE SUMMER FAIR.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.—NEW STREETS AND SQUARES.—IMPATIENT CHARACTER OF THE HUNGARIAN.—OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE OF THE INHABITANTS OF PEST.—THE KIOSK.—THE CAFES.—SUMMER HEAT AND ITALIAN FEELINGS.—THE ARENA.—THE STADT-WALDCHEN.—EVENING RAMBLE.—NIGHT SCENES IN THE CITY.—MILITARY BAND.—THE QUAYS BY NIGHT.—A POLITICAL SERENADE.—TUMULT AND FIGHT OF PARTIES.—THE BATTLE OF THE TORCHES.—DISPERSION OF THE RIOTERS.—EXPLANATION OF PARTY NICKNAMES.—PESCOVICS AND KUBINSZKY.

As we are in the midst of summer, Pest is declared to be as empty as London in November. The Hungarian nobles have all retired from the capital to their estates, or to their native or the German fashionable bathing-places; or they are travelling—a pleasure for which Hungarians, who, in this characteristic, betray another sympathetic feature with our own country people, have a mania almost as great as ourselves. I never met a people so deeply attached to their own country, so fully convinced of its excellence, so proud of its worth, so

disposed to give it the preference over all other nations, who, at the same time, are so fond of rambling into other countries, and seeing the world at large. I must say for them, however, that they almost invariably return as proud of their father-land as before they compared it with other countries; and if, in a few instances, they bring home any strong predilection, it is for England. How should I find fault with them?

Pest, then, is now completely "out of town." The splendid equipages which swarm in the streets during the winter season, with their glittering hussars, and heiducks, and *jäger* behind them, glittering with an exuberance of gold lace, streaming with feathers, and behung with scymetar or *couteau de chasse*, forming living peacocks' tails to the body of the carriage, are seldom or never seen. The brilliant and beautiful Hungarian countess, in her somewhat over rich fashionable *toilette*, is a "native specimen" rarely to be met with. The glitter and show, and pride and pomp, almost oriental in their character, of the streets of Pest, in the hey-day of the fashionable season, are gone. But still the city retains an aspect of the most gay and varied description, which cannot fail of striking the foreigner most forcibly. Whether we enter the principal streets, which lead into the interior of the city from the quays, or those that run

parallel to them—the shop-streets, the lounging streets, the Regent-streets and Bond-streets of Pest, in fact,—or whether we penetrate into the more remote streets, and even into the *faubourgs*,—or whether we stroll along the quays, the varied panorama of the many costumes that throng the capital bestows upon it the liveliest and most animated look. In fact, it would be almost impossible to find scenes so exciting and extraordinary in any other capital as in that of Hungary,—a country in which so many different tribes, races, and even nations, with their several languages, have been conglomerated to form one kingdom. Thus the Hungarian peasantry of the different countries, from the northern Carpathians to the southern confines abutting upon Servia and the other Turkish provinces, offer a variety of dresses which would make the fortune, fifty times over, of the biggest and most exorbitant albums.

Let us resume our old habit of rambling together. I will not call your attention to the streets as yet, otherwise than with a glimpse. The shops are bright and gay with wares, and ornamented with great paintings along the sides as signs, some of them not ill executed, after Vienna fashion. The houses are large and palace-like, the streets broad, the squares spreading and vast; but we have far other living matters to interest us at present. See!

here comes one of the wealthier peasant nobles, with his tight embroidered Hungarian pantaloons, his braided hussar cloak flung upon one shoulder, his fur cap feathered,—braid and embroidery, in fact, bestowed on every part of his dress: he is attired in all his best, to do honour to his visit to the capital. Here again strut by two or three poorer peasants, still in their long full white trowsers, and their large hanging shirt-sleeves, with their long, black, shaggy-mane-like locks streaming from under their broad-brimmed hats, and their heavy sheep-skin cloaks flung loosely over their shoulders.

How striking is the contrast between the jaunty, dancing, easy air of these Hungarians, and the slouched gait of the Sclavonian who follows! He is a *topfbinder*—a pot-binder—a travelling tinker and pot-mender. His long hair is smeared with grease; his broad hat is torn and battered; his wide *gatya* are of a rusty black; his shirt is of the same colour, congenial to his trade; his face seems to have caught a natural reflexion from his dingy garments; his feet are curiously swaddled up in rags that mount above the ankles, and are most ingeniously kept together, as well as were they stout entire stockings, by the thongs of his "sandalled shoon:" if they get a hitch that displaces their temporary entireness, you will see him sit down upon a post, or a doorstep, at a

crowded street corner, or by the side of a palace court, to unswathe the dingy, dirty babes, give them a rub of his hand by way of a combined caress and purification, and then, after swaddling them up again with ingenious care, fix all tight once more with the straps of his sandals. At his broad leathern belt, which is held together in front by a quantity of thongs and brass buckles, hang all sorts of tools of his tinkering trade, perfectly unintelligible to me in their uses, and of a most indescribable nature, unless they be compared to the horrible instruments which cruel surgeon-dentists use for the various torments of poor mortal gums—a comparison which gives me an involuntary shuddering sympathy for the agonies of the poor pots and pans—of different lengths, also, but invariably arranged in order of size, *diminuendo* or *crescendo* as it may happen, like the pipes of organs, or black families on monuments. In his left hand he bears a quantity of iron hoops and rings for the various mystic purposes of pot-mending. A stumpy nose serves as very convenient chimney, provided by nature, for the smoke of a still stumpier pipe. Over the back of this walking curiosity hangs, in spite of the hot weather, the *bunda*, or sheepskin cloak, the outward turned skin of which is as besmeared with rust as if it were intended for a sign of the *topfbinder's* trade: it looks like

a curtain drawn to prevent the public from seeing the whole of the strange animal at once, gratis. But if the appearance of the wandering pot-binder be rough and squalid, and his gait be slouching and almost cringing, there is a look of intelligence in his dark grey eyes, and a half-smile of good-temper and honesty upon his rugged round face, which render him sympathetical to one's feelings, if not an object of beauty.

And now comes along a figure that seems to have walked down from Trajan's column in Rome, like Fanny Elsler from the picture-frame in the ballet, and surprises me no less by its walking alive about the streets of Pest, than the animated *danseuse* seems to astonish the half-crazed painter: it is absolutely attired like the Dacian of old; and, upon inquiry, we find that it is a peasant from the Wallachian frontiers, from ancient Dacia in fact, who has never taken the trouble to change his dress for the last two thousand years or thereabouts. He is almost run down, as he moves slowly along with the half-dogged, half-sullen look of the Dacian prisoner on the column, by a dashing demi-brigand from the lower provinces or the plains, with his bold bandit look and independent air—his open vest glittering with numerous flat metal buttons—his loose white trousers and shirt sleeves brightly embroidered—his bare back visible

in the interval between his short shirt and his belt.

Remark, again, how strangely the long dark *talar* of the Greek ecclesiastic, girdled with his flowing purple silk scarf, behung with gold chain and jewelled cross, and swept by a long black beard,—the dark robe of the bald monk from a neighbouring convent,—and the smoother, finer, close-fitting black cloth gown of the richer Catholic priest, mingle along with the gay uniforms of the Italian foot-soldier and the Austrian dragoon, in all their varieties of blue, and white, and green, and red.

The Hungarian nobleman, in his rich and characteristic national attire, is absent from the streets; for there is no public occasion that calls for his putting on this costume, which has, in latter years, become one of ceremony only: but here we stumble upon a quantity of dashing, handsome, mustachioed and bearded young men, who are dressed in the national attire, although almost invariably in black: they are either lounging about in swarms before that *café* door, or standing in groups or wandering in couples in the *Herrn-gasse*. The tight pantaloons and thickly-braided *attilas*, or outer frock-coats, are of black cloth; their Hungarian black caps are surmounted by dark feathers, which spring from a gold or jewelled clasp, and

dart upwards, as if emblematical of the wild, free, aspiring thoughts of the wearers; the hanging bands of their long black cravats are adorned at each end with gold fringe; the laced boots, which closely encase their neat-made feet and ankles, are also enlivened at the top by the same gold fringe; their sabres hang by their sides, suspended by black silk cords from a thick girdle of similar twisted cords, speckled with gold threads, and every now and then, if not looped up, clatter with most military harmony along the pavement. You would scarcely suppose, from their dashing martial air, that these young men are *juraten*, or law-students, who have finished their studies and await their final examination, and that they are thus costumed in order to attend, as in duty bound, the courts of law. The arched gateway of that low old house, chained off during the midday hours, in order to prevent the rattling of the passing carriages, where another swarm of young fellows has clustered in noisy hum, belongs to a law-court, where business is now going forward. And in the midst of all this varied throng push about the *leib-husaren* (the domestic hussars), in all their glitter, and the pandours—also servants of gentlemen's families—all covered with red and yellow braid, and coachmen, flaunting various-coloured feathers —frequently a mixture of white, red, and green,

the national tricolor—in their upturned broad hats, and serving-boys, half-peasant, half-pandour, in a mixed costume of embroidered vest and full white *gatya*, with feathers as flaunting in their hats as their bigger prototypes, and very often with spurs as long upon their heels, and bright-eyed damsels, with white kerchiefs on their heads, and bright red bodices and full blue petticoats, and sometimes long braids of hair hanging down their backs, and dark Jewesses with semi-oriental half-turbaned heads, and, in spite again of the sweltering weather, with furred, loose, full-sleeved pelisses on their backs, and Jews with big noses, scanty coat-sleeves shewing huge, long, dirty hands, and meagre, thin, wiry, rat-gnawed beards, sometimes rusty black, sometimes grizzled, sometimes red, and ever and anon with porcelain-white dead whiting, staring, but cunning eyes, to make a variety with those more characteristic restless dark eagle eyes that go to match the eagle noses.

And now let us turn our eyes from the pavements to the middle of the streets. Here the scene is not less lively, and is absolutely sometimes semi-savage in its character. Herds of my favourite whity-brown-paper-coloured oxen, with their horizontally branching horns, looking more like wild buffaloes than respectable civilised oxen in a civilised country, as if to be on a par with their

herdsmen,—and yet very respectable and properly-behaved beasts they are at heart, take my word for it,—are being driven along the streets by the savage-looking peasants I have before described to you, and they stop the rich equipage of some last lingering noble dame, with its splendid harness and still more splendid hussar behind. And peasants, well to do in the world, cut along at a dashing pace in long carts made entirely of wood and wicker-work, without any visible iron about them, and adorned with a big hood of a head behind, that makes the cart look as if it was lying on its back, and raising its head painfully to gaze about it; and the drivers crack their whips in curious circles above the heads of their little horses,—sometimes there are six of them,—and then turn back to interchange a smile at the mighty deed they have done with the females ensconced beneath the hood. And young *élégants*, in a sort of Tyrolese summer attire, are driving out of town scarcely less fiercely, with *jäger* and dogs and guns. And then come again, to hem their way, whole herds and flocks of men and beasts, four-footed and two, as if a real Noah's ark had been suddenly emptied into the streets; and the confusion grows somewhat complicated: but never fear! drivers both on foot and coach-box are active and adroit, and there will be neither upsets nor runnings over.

And now let us wander on to the quays. They are lined with lounging peasants and soldiers, and market-women sitting before great mountainous heaps of big water-melons, green outside, and of the liveliest, most tempting pink, when cut, and great basketed stores of plums, and basket-women with their wicker wares, and sausage-sellers, and shoe-sellers, and *tutti quanti* to the utmost stretch of pedlaring imagination; and all these venders are seated between big bales of goods and wares not yet taken into warehouses; and there are crowds in carriage and cart, on horseback and on foot, coming from Buda, from the long bridge of boats, or turning towards it; and, as a background to the groups upon the quays, are steamer funnels and big boats, and roofs of our old acquaintances the Noah's arks.

I hope, dear coz., in spite of all the world being out of town, there is enough of the varied and the gay about the streets of Pest to afford your eyes some not uninteresting occupation, and your mind some entertainment.

But I have led you about the streets of Pest during their ordinary every-day state; and, as it happened, one of the great fairs, which are held four times a year in the Hungarian capital, was taking place upon our arrival. Upon such an occasion the confusion is multiplied a thousand-fold.

I will say nothing of the teeming hotels, and of the difficulty of getting any resting-place for the sole of a poor *flâneur's* foot, much more a bed for the repose of his limbs: I will not even take you into those great *places*, or more distant road-like streets, where whole towns of wooden booths, with all their complications of streets and lanes, are erected, and goods of every possible description are offered for sale by people of every possible race in the land, and where there is a thronging of buyers and sellers, and Jews and gipsies, and there are legions of huts and tents, and carts piled together in seeming fortresses, close by heaps of brittle pots, looking like the cannon-balls before them, and temporary stablings of horses at street corners and in dirty nooks, and herds of horses, and oxen, and sheep penned into impossible places, that neigh, and low, and bleat, and make confusion enough; but even if we confine ourselves to the more fashionable streets near the river's banks, we shall everywhere see that the fair is going on.

The throngs of bustlers and idlers, of men who have business to do, or whose business is done, or who have no business at all, absolutely give the Hungarian capital a Fleet Street look; and herds of wild horses invade the thoroughfares, to the utter rout of the tamer buffalo-oxen, that give up the case as a bad job, and yield the streets to the

invaders, and lie quietly down everywhere,—in the gutters, or in the middle of streets, or even on the pavement,—and, like Turks surprised by a Cossack enemy, chew their cud with a true "kismet" feeling, and never move when they are kicked and trodden on and climbed over by the foot-passengers; and bales and casks, and sacks of wool, and heaps of leather form barricades upon the pavement, over which you have to make an ascent, as if you were crossing the Wengern-Alp; and the Jews are multiplied exceedingly in the land.

So, to comprehend Pest as I witnessed it on my last arrival, you must put my sketch of the aspect of the streets into a kaleidoscope, turn it about into a thousand shapes, and then reflect back these shapes *ad infinitum* by a thousand prisms. If you can now form any idea of the Hungarian capital during the *marktzeit*, I shall think I have done a feat in my faint attempt to convey it to you, and we will turn to the more general aspect of the city.

As much is being daily done towards the adornment of the Hungarian capital as towards progress in national culture. The only fault I have to find with this animating and soul-stirring impulse is that so much is attempted to be done at once. The sap of the revived tree is too exuberant; the leaves and blossoms sprout too quickly, and look

faint and discoloured in consequence. Young Hungary is, like most other youths, too apt to be led astray by the ardour of his impatience. Like a high-bred foal let loose, it dashes at everything, never caring whether it come down and break its knees or not.

This impatience is the impatience of a spirited and gifted youth, full of energy and of hope, to be sure, but too eager and impetuous to work out his purpose solidly and well — an impatience which sometimes thwarts its own end in the efforts made to give Hungary "a name amongst nations." And this impatience also, that characterises every step towards progress in this growing country, is visible in the rapidly rising buildings which, on every side, decorate the spreading city, and threaten soon to crush, in their stretching arms, the green parks and public gardens now embowering the outskirts.

There is in all these new constructions an evident desire to build, as quickly as possible, a capital — a fine capital — a showy capital, for the honour of Hungary, and to be worthy of the nation — at all risks and ventures.

Large and handsome-looking buildings spring up in every direction; but there is a barrenness, and a stiffness in their architecture, that betray the haste with which they have been conceived and

executed. The general effect of flatness and monotony which results from these hasty productions of the architect, gives an unfinished and make-believe sort of look to what might be otherwise so grand a city, which will probably be greatly regretted by a future generation. The new streets are wide and handsome, to be sure; but some of the great squares are so extravagantly disproportionate in their size to the surrounding houses that they look like little bits of the *puszta*, which have made a mistake and wandered into the city, and there found themselves imprisoned by houses and unable to get out, and become very uncomfortable in their minds, being now neither square nor plain, neither desert nor city. They always saddened me, poor things!

In all this Pest has gained, unconsciously, a vague resemblance, in its wide streets and neglected squares, to that dreariest, and most soul-deadening of all would-be grand cities—that showy but dull, magnificent but shabby, new and yet seemingly half-ruined, capital—that still-born creation, galvanised into a false and spectral life—St. Petersburg. And certainly Pest has no reason to be proud of her resemblance.

Let it be said, however, for the Hungarian capital, that, with its double city of Buda, proudly towering on its rocky height, whatever there may

be of coldness and monotony in its modern architecture will always be redeemed by the magnificence of its natural position; and as much cannot be said of that great Russian ark, run aground upon swamps. To own the truth at the same time, I confess I find one charm in the aspect of a big capital, all new, and fresh, and white, and glittering in every part, as if all built but yesterday, which suits my fancy: it looks so like a large Aladdin's palace sprung out of the ground in one night, that I cannot help fancying the wonderful lamp must be hidden in some corner of it.

The fearful inundation of 1838, which undermined so great a part of the city, has been the cause, however, in a great measure, like the wicked magician, of those wonderful-lamp marvels: all that was old, and shabby, and tottering was then swept away; and the cleared spaces were obliged to be built upon afresh.

In some of the remoter streets, however, may be yet found, here and there, a few palaces of the old Hungarian families, built in the heavy, but not unpicturesque, architecture of the beginning of the last century, and flanked with shady, thick, quiet, drowsy gardens, that look very refreshing and repose-inviting behind their massive walls: and there is an old, low, quaint-looking town-hall in the market-place, which has a very old-gentlemanly,

picture-like appearance, although it now only serves for public schools, and is vainly endeavoured to be put to shame by a staring, full-faced, ugly, coarse *parvenu* of a new town-hall, with a high, narrow tower, like a goose's neck, that is always insolently gabbling, from another side of the same market-place, at the quiet undisturbed old gentleman of ruined fortunes close by; more shame for it!

But this monotonous flatness in the general architecture of Pest is so agreeably relieved, not only by the living panorama which I have endeavoured to describe to you, but by the general habit among all classes of living and lounging out of doors during the summer months, that, after a grumble or two, you may be inclined, like me, not to think any more about it, and to be no longer wearied by it, as you are in some other towns, where the feeling of oppression and dulness it gives grows upon you, until you fancy yourself buried in a great sepulchre, and call lustily to be taken out again before you absolutely turn to a mummy yourself.

The life abroad and in the air, which gives so lively an aspect to many southern continental towns, is here, also, one of the most lively features of the capital, and adds much to its brightness. Touching by his port of Fiume upon Italy, and

situated upon the borders of the Turkish provinces, the Hungarian often combines in himself the traits of both countries; and the *dolce far niente* of the one, and the smoking opiatic indolence of the other nation, are to be found mixed in the Hungarian, with a native spirit, impetuosity, and restlessness, which combine to form a most *bizarre* and characteristic whole, that must be seen to be understood. This strange combination of nobleness and languor, of indolence and ardour, of orientalism and refinement, may be found to be generally stamped also upon the striking features of this people.

In the middle of the *place*, before the façade of the great theatre occupied by the German company,* not far from the quays, stands an oblong wooden building, all gaily painted, and verandahed, and surrounded by an entrenchment of great green wooden boxes full of orange, lemon, red laurel, and pomegranate trees: and between this wall of living verdure and the building in the midst are numerous tables and chairs; and ices are here dispensed to heat-oppressed loungers. It is called the Kiosk, although but little Turkish in its character; and my dandy *stuhlrichter* wilfully in-

* Since these letters were written it has been burnt down; and I understand it is to be rebuilt for the use of the Hungarian company, the overflowing audiences of which render a larger theatre necessary.

sists upon denominating it the *bosquette*, wholly by mistake, but, perhaps, with a vague notion that the green wall has something to do with the name.

Here, at almost all hours of the day, a crowd of gentlemen, and smartly dressed ladies, and Austrian officers may be found congregated about the tables in groups, lolling, laughing, chattering, and flirting, upon the pretext of eating ices; and there is much animation in the scene. And invariably, and at all times, sits, in the very middle of the front opening between the bushes, a celebrated Hungarian novelist, who raps his boots incessantly with his cane, and darts eternal lightnings from his genius eyes, and rolls them fiercely upon every one who enters, as if he wondered that they did not instantly bow down and worship his great talent, and, when I ask him for a light for my cigar from his, is nearly suffocated by his astonishment that I should address myself as if I did not know him—him, the great man—and were ignorant of his name: and there he sits eternally, like a lion at a park gate deprived of his twin supporter, and mightily proud of having it all to himself; and he accompanies the lightnings of his eyes with such blasts from his swelling cheeks, that ill-intentioned people say he has been paid by the town authorities to sit there always, during the summer

mouths, and keep the air cool. He sits not, however, always "alone in his glory;" for the runaway supporter on the other side of the park entrance sometimes comes back to its place for a while: but, lo! it is not another old lion, with a false black mane, like the first, but a supporter of the *simia* tribe; for he is very small and deformed in person, and has a hirsute visage of a nature that leaves you no possibility of making a mistake about what heraldic beast he represents; and he chatters so incessantly when perched upon his post, and chatters such bitter scandal, and bites so right and left, and puts out his paw to clutch so constantly whatever he can lay his claws on, that, if you were the dullest of scholars in natural history, you could mistake no longer. He has a Spanish cloak disposed in elegant folds around him, as if ready for a *rendezvous* with some "ladye faire," and insinuates a *bonne fortune;* and you fancy it is his guitar upon his back beneath; but it is only his hump: but you divine at once that he is a great Don Juan in his own conceit; and you are not at all surprised to hear that this little body contains a great soul, and employs itself as editor of a weekly paper, the title of which tells you it is for the "Enlightenment of the Fatherland," in writing scandal, and fashions, and slip-slop Parisian anecdotes. And there sit the two supporters, and blow

intensely, both; but if the *simia* be employed as the lion is said to be, certainly he never earns his pay; for he soon springs up again, and skips away to enlighten others of his country-people,—he thinks he has done enough for us for the day,—singing an air of an opera with a cracked voice.

There are *cafés* also by the street sides, no less embowered in spreading bushes growing from large green boxes than the *kiosk*, and festooned with luxuriant creeping plants, that climb along the poles of their verandahs, and hang down with absolute curtains of green leaves, and form a pleasant and refreshing shade to the groups of students, or actors, or *bürgher* sitting beneath, and make pretty scenes, that seem put up on purpose for you to look at.

And people are lolling, half-dressed, before shop doors; and porters are sleeping, *lazzaroni*-like, in the streets, on bales of wool if they can get them, if not, upon the flag-stones; and little boys and old women are sucking at luscious water-melons, beneath shady porticos and colonnades; and market-women are cooking and frying fish upon the quays; and all this out-of-door life makes you fancy you must have shifted in the night with the whole city into Italy, by a rub of the wonderful lamp, which you know is concealed somewhere: and the skies are so dark, and blue, and burning,

and the heat is so intense, that you wonder what the Blocksberg is about, that it does not turn into a volcano, and vomit fire and smoke, in order to be a proper Vesuvius to our Naples; and you fancy that it inevitably would, if the observatory on the top did not plug up the crater like a cork: and when you read "*Ernani*" or "*Nabucco*" on great play-bills at street corners,—for an Italian opera troop is singing, alternate nights, at the German theatre,—you have no longer any doubt about the matter, and are convinced of your having been conjured into Italy. Or if, by any probability, you can have yet any hesitation in your mind, I will drag you off, after our early dinner, to the open summer theatre, which is called here the Arena, but which ought to be called *Teatro Diurno*, it is so redolent of Italy.

The fondness for this singular open theatre is another trait of the *al fresco* summer life of the Pesthers. This sort of wooden amphitheatre is situated at some little distance out of the town, in the centre of the *Stadt-wäldchen*, or great public garden and wood, which, by the way, enlivened as it is by pleasant by-paths and thickets, and a lake, and an island upon the lake, with villas upon the island, in which rooms may be hired for the summer, and gardens round the villas, and charming views over the mountain-chains on the other

side of the Danube in the distance, would be a very agreeable and capital public path in its way, were it not so far off, and led to by such dusty, road-like, half-paved streets.

When we enter the Arena we shall probably find it crowded; and what a pretty scene it presents! The semicircle of boxes is open to the air, the pit likewise, the stage likewise! The stage is elevated; its natural and eternal scene represents a wood or garden, that may be diversified with the usual scenic effects of hut, or castle, or villa; but all is real—trees are real, bushes real, hills real, banks of turf real, flowers real! The actors come in and out among the trees, or between side-scenes formed of clipped hedge-rows and living bowers: the stage is separated from the orchestra by a row of flowers in lieu of lamps. The piece to be given is probably a Vienna farce, as much as possible adapted to the natural scenery of the locality; it is performed by the comic portion of the company of the German theatre, and with much spirit and humour.

The performance begins about five o'clock, and ends about the hour of sunset; and I think you will agree with me, that there is a great enjoyment in thus sitting under the balmy sky of a bright summer's afternoon, smoking your cigar—I beg your pardon, not you, but I,—no! *you* eating your

ice—and allowing yourself to be amused by a drama, to which natural scenery gives a grace and truth not to be found between the walls of painted canvas. I tell you we are "*en pleine Italie.*"

When the performances cease the sun is beginning to set. Perhaps, if the piece has been unusually long, the faces of actors and actresses have begun to fade in the dusk towards the end—an effect, which in some of the comic fairy tales here enacted, gives a ghostliness and unreality to the performers very congenial to the subject. But, instead of driving back to the town, let us dismiss our carriage, and walk. Our way, at first, lies through the *Stadt-wäldchen;* and it is pleasant walking upon the dewy turf, catching glimpses of the blood-red sky of the sun-set through the trees and clumps of bushes, and now of the broad silver shield of the lake in the last light of day, spangled with the streaky reflections of the lamps already lighted in the villas on the island, and now, again, through a dark vista of trees, of a faint distant misty background of jagged mountains on the other side of the Danube.

It is pleasant walking thus, and sentimentalising on the past and dreaming of the future—letting other parties pass on, or ourselves overtaking a lingering couple, and forgetting that we are flitting ourselves, as they appear to us to be flitting, beneath

the deep shadows of the trees, like quiet ghosts sniffing the evening air, without a thought of being tormented in the spirit. After the heat of the day our souls begin to lift up the heavy coverlid that weighed upon them, and breathe more freely; for the summer's heat acts as a soporific, and the winter's cold as a deadener to the intellects; and few indeed are the genial days when the spirit is entirely free to "roam in pleasant paths." But these, at least, are genial moments; and, spirit and body having both got into "pleasant paths," they wander along together, for once in a while, pleased with their own company.

Even the dusty high-roads and suburb-streets that lead into the interior of the town we find not without their charm in that evening aspect; for the villas that line the former have lost their bald monotony of aspect in this dim light; and the latter give glimpses here and there of small gardens belonging to houses of public entertainment, at the end of courts, full of acacias and dotted all over with tables and benches, which are surrounded by pleasurers; and there are candles with glass globes about them on the tables, and lamps among the trees, shining like the big carbuncles of the wonderful garden of Aladdin, and long streaks of fantastic and capricious candle-rays across the courts inviting you to come in, like long beckoning fingers

of light; and from all of these illuminated recesses come sounds of instrumental music or of song, and savoury odours of suppers.

But we are not to be tempted by all these delights, and advance further into the city; and there the *cafés* in the larger streets, with their encircling bowers of bushes and creeping plants, now spreading and hanging like black lace veils before the lighted windows and doors, look even more stage-*tableau*-like than by day.

Presently the sound of music comes floating along the air, and a noise of many steps and a dim murmur; and then the street is invaded suddenly by a military band, and an immense crowd of listeners: it is the *zapfenstreich*,—the retreat; and as they are going to play before the house of the general, opposite the *Café de Paris*,—yes! even in this country, so remote from France, there is a *Café de Paris*,—let us throw ourselves down upon one of the sofas before the *café*-door, and enjoy this unexpected serenade.

The band ranges itself in semicircle before the general's windows; several fantastic Chinese-looking lanthorns borne on poles illumine the thick surrounding mass of bodies, and give a wonderful *chiar' oscuro* effect to the whole scene, so crowded with varied figures. The drum-major flourishes his fanciful club; and a regular concert, beginning

with an overture, continuing with an opera air or two, and ending with marches, waltzes, or polkas, ensues. The fellows play admirably; and we enjoy the treat. At last comes a flourish of drums; the band moves on with its Chinese lanthorns, in the light of which the brass crescents and bells of the Turkish music glitter, like a little firmament of stars; and the whole dark mass follows.

Let us now try the effect of a little solitude after this pleasant tumult. Come down this street to the quays; let us pass along those masses of white stone which are lying ready for the construction of the suspension-bridge, but which, in the dim light, now look like a very tolerably successful attempt at getting up a model of the ruins of Palmyra. And now we are standing almost alone by the banks of the river. How awfully that mighty stream rushes on, dark and impetuous, and apparently full of death! The funnels of the steamers, and the hulks and masts of big boats, look indescribably spectre-like; the bales and casks, and mountains of wares on the quay, like coffins and catafalks; the coils of heavy rope, like dark imps that have taken serpent shapes: the very *bureaux* of the steamers, and other such wooden buildings by the water's edge, have a Morgue-like aspect; and, as the fading moon has just risen there, far down the

river, beyond the dark mass of the Blocksberg, it tinges the panoramic background of the heights of Buda, on the other side, with a phosphoric light, so "snap-dragon" blue and ghastly, and "pale face" making, and such as I never saw before in any other moon-light effect, that the ghostliness of the scene is perfect.

And yet what a charm of thoughtful melancholy there is around and about us, as we sit down upon a heap of stones on that spot, a few hours before so teeming with life, and now so lifeless, and sentimentalise again, but still more mournfully than before. Even the sight of the long lines of palace-like buildings, public or private, on the quays, including the casino or club, the Redoubten-Saal, our big hotel, and further on a few churches, continues our spectral vision: for the whole white vista looks like a great still city of the dead in some tale of the "Arabian Nights."

When we rise to return home, we find long rows of peasants lying in double line, like people in hospitals, but close together,—for you must not forget that we are in the midst of the fair,—under every arcade and colonnade before the public buildings, upon sheep-skin cloaks, and bags, and blankets; and there are women and children among the number. These are evidently the eternal sleepers of the enchantment-smitten city; and so

you might think as you step over them, and brush a nose with your heel unheeded, or stamp upon an outstretched hand while picking your way with care, like a horse on a battle-field strewn with dead, did not an occasional deep snore, or a heavy snort, or an infant's wail, followed by its mother's "Hush!" chase away your fancy.

But before we can enter our hotel, we hear the distant murmur of a tumult in the town; and, with our true spirit of *flânerie*, we must be going to see what it is all about. In one of the great streets we find an immense concourse of men, and a most discordant howling and hissing and shouting, mingled with the almost overpowered sounds of an instrumental serenade, performed by torch-light beneath a house. The honours of this serenade are intended to be given to an unfortunate individual, just nominated as administrator of a *comitat*, or lieutenant of a county,—a post which in some of the *comitaten* supersedes that of the *Ober-gespann*, the original officer of the same rank: but the unlucky administrator is of what is called the Pecsovics, or ultra-royalist party, and is consequently obnoxious to the liberals, who are determined not to let the other party have their way in thus shewing him honour. The howlings and hissings of the liberals, who are in great majority, are not sufficient demonstration, however: pots, and pans, and tongs,

and sticks, and whatever objects can be begged, borrowed, or stolen in the emergency, are brought forward, and a regular "marrow-bones and cleaver" concert is *improvisé* forthwith, in rivalry to the serenade. But now the exasperation of the disturbed Pecsovics serenaders grows too great for any mortal phlegm, much less for Hungarian temperaments; and the torches are plunged by the serenading party into the faces of their opponents: but some are wrested from their hands; and a most picturesque torch-fight, not yet produced on any other stage, but a good hint for fabricators of melo-dramas, is got up with immense applause; and there is a great flaming and singeing of beards; and there is a struggling, and thrusting among those who have no torches to fight with—one man has monopolised two, and keeps a host of beards at bay, like the gallant virtuous protector of persecuted innocence, with two broadswords, in a play; and, in the very height of the riot, patriotic chambermaids, from upper windows, pour down the contents of all sorts of vessels, not caring, in their hasty zeal, whether they deluge friend or foe, but probably out of concern for the conflagration of so many handsome young beards, which they trust to put out.

This strange beard and torch combat still rages, amidst the most deafening sounds of every possible

description of infernal noise, now increased a hundred-fold by the gathering crowds, when a troop of horse, hastily sent by the town authorities, rides up; and all the yelling and screaming is turned against the detested German soldiery; and there is every appearance of a battle: but the cavalry only advances very slowly, gradually sweeping the rioters upon the pavement; and, as they ride along, the mass is broken up, and the spirits have time to be calmed. The objurgations against the "hounds" of soldiers still continue, it is true; but, somehow or other, the tumult gradually "dwindles to a calm;" and when, at last, the crowds disperse,—no one can tell how,—nothing is to be seen of the late *émeute* but a few broken panes of windows in the houses, the effects of the chambermaids' deluge on the pavement, a few handfuls of singed beard, and an extinguished trodden torch or two.

These serenades by torch-light, either real or mock, either to do honour or to express scorn and hatred, are common enough in Hungary; and they are frequently the occasion of such riots as that which we have witnessed, when party disputes run high. A celebrated Hungarian reformer, who in latter years has lost much of his popularity, and even incurred much odium, by a supposed truckling to the Austrian court, is said, upon the occa-

sion of a *charivari*, or mock serenade given him by his enemies when in Presburg, to have advanced upon the balcony of his hotel and thanked his flouting serenaders, with the assurance that he considered every popular demonstration to a statesman, whether in favour or disfavour, as a *distinction*, and thus to have completely disarmed his assailants.

I dare say you are heartily tired with our long ramble and with all this excitement, and would gladly retire to rest now that all is over; but, just at this crisis, I have an unusual caprice to put on a grave face, and explain to your tired ears the meaning of the word "Pecsovics," used to designate the royalist or government party.

That party spirit runs high in so young a country as Hungary, still struggling in all the throes of its new progress, you may well imagine; that each party should apply to the other terms of reproach, follows as a matter of course. But those now employed, and which promise to remain the distinguishing names of parties, as historical designations to future times, are derived originally from an anecdote of so trifling a nature,—as our own long-used names of Whig and Tory arose from sources perhaps equally trifling, and now almost unknown,—that it remains a matter of surprise how they should have ever been thus spread abroad throughout the land.

The name Pecsovics—the designation applied to the royalist party, the party of the House of Austria—was that of a steward of a Count Festitics, who distinguished himself by his zeal and intrigues in gathering votes for the anti-liberal deputy to the Hungarian diet, elected in his own county. Kubinszky — the term bestowed upon the liberal, in other words, the national party, but less generally used than the other—was of still humbler origin, and a shoemaker only in the village where Pecsovics also resided: by his genial manners, however, his energy, his rude wit, and his enthusiastic activity in the liberal cause, he contrived to hold a formidable opposition in his limited sphere against the intriguing steward. How these names, however, escaped the boundaries of their village, and, spreading abroad, were finally accepted as general historical designations of the two great parties that divide the country, it would be a difficult matter to determine. I believe that any tracer of causes and effects—and I pretend to be none—would be baffled in his research. And now, upon this bit of sleepy gravity, I bid you again "Good night."

LETTER IX.

THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL SPIRIT. — THE SCHÜTZ-VEREIN. — ITS RISE, PROGRESS, AND EFFECTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES AND ARTS.—THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN WORKS OF ART. — RISING TALENT. — THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL THEATRE. — ITS INSTITUTION AND RIVALRY WITH THE GERMAN THEATRE. — HUNGARIAN ACTORS. — THE FOREIGN DRAMA ON THE HUNGARIAN STAGE.—SCRIBE, SCHILLER, AND SHAKSPEARE. — THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL DRAMA. — SZIGLIGETI AND CZAKO.—FIELD FOR THE DRAMATIST IN HUNGARY.—THE OPERATIC COMPANY AND THE NATIONAL OPERA.—CELEBRITIES.—COUNT STEPHEN SZÉCHENYI. — COUNT CASIMIR BATTHYANYI.—BARON JOSEPH EÖTVÖS.—THE CASINO.—RECEPTION OF FOREIGNERS.—PREDILECTIONS FOR ENGLAND.—THE ANGLO-MANIACS.—STORY OF A TABLE.—THE RESTAURANTS.—WATER-DRINKING.—GERMAN ORTHOGRAPHY.—THE HOTELS.—CHOICE OF A NAME.

Of course Pest is as empty of Hungarian celebrities, political and literary, in the summer season, as of fashionables; but still I have made acquaintance and discoursed sufficiently with some of the leading young men of the day, at different times, upon their chance flying visits during summer to the capital or elsewhere in the country, to have been imbued with a strong sense of the national feeling

which now throbs, as its very life's blood, in every vein of the land, so long asleep in lethargy, and but lately awakened to new life and strength. Pray heaven it work itself not into a fever in its exuberance of activity!

I have already entered my protest against any supposition, on the part of yourself or of any body else, that I have the least thought of entering into any political disquisition upon any matters whatever in these letters. You know how incapable I should be of such a grave task: I know best what a rough, jagged piece of business I should make of such an attempt, thus working against the grain of all my tastes and feelings, as well as of my character. Should any allusions, then, escape from me in reference to the subject of this fresh burst of nationality in the Hungarian, which has made a deep impression upon me when viewed on its romantic and poetical side,—any allusions, in fact, that you may find tainted with a political odour,—you must suppose that I have let them slip by inadvertence, and that they have no more the presumption of intending to set up for political heavy shot, than a school-boy's cracker pretends to be a cannon.

It is impossible, however, for a foreigner to mix, even in a slight degree, and for a very short time, with the Hungarians of the present day, without

being struck by the *national* spirit, which pervades almost every thought, as well as action of their lives; and the letters I address you, although only intended to vindicate my predilection for this country in its *picturesque* aspect, would exclude one of the brightest lights that gleam across it, did they not contain a word or two about the colouring with which this spirit tinges the whole moral being of the country.

This feeling of nationality, *avant tout*, has sprung up, at least in its present flourishing luxuriance, only within the last few years; but after progressing with a marvellous rapidity of growth among men of all ages—for the spirit of "Young Hungary," if so it may be called, is by no means confined to the young, hot-headed, and inexperienced,—it has evidently taken a deep, firm, and widely-spreading root. It appears so woven into every part of the Hungarian existence, like some brightly-coloured thread into a tissue, that, turn the stuff which way you will,—examine it in its whole breadth, or in every little portion—the colour is visible, indelible, never to be mistaken. It may be compared, perhaps, to that universal peculiar smell of Russia leather, that seems to the traveller to pervade the whole empire of the Czar: go where you will in Hungary, your every sense must be struck with the penetrating odour of this spirit. Every detail

of daily life among the Hungarians, however insignificant it may be, seems, somehow or other, stamped with the impress of this national feeling; and nothing can be done, no word spoken, that is not in some degree marked with it. Among the better results of this patriotic impulse, littlenesses and affectations, to be sure, spring up like weeds in a crop of rich grain.

Some of these thorough-going nationality-supporters, for instance, although well acquainted with the German language, which under the rule of the House of Austria is indispensable to every young man of any education, will affect a foreign accent in speaking German, and an ignorance, now and then, of German words, in order to evince their complete attachment to their renovated native tongue, which only latterly has become of constant use. Some remnants of the Latin, which until very late years was constantly employed by the upper classes in common intercourse among themselves, to the exclusion of their mother-tongue, and is still in common use among the clergy, will, it is true, still creep into Hungarian national mouths; and not only are magnates commonly addressed as "*Domine illustrissime*" in the midst of an Hungarian conversation, and ecclesiastics as "*Domine spectabile*," but "*Servus*" is the common every day salutation among acquaintances.

So rich, so poetical, so sonorous, however, is the Magyar,—perhaps, by the way, only a little too pompous and declamatory in common conversation,—so full of animation and energy, so well adapted to every kind of versification, so bold and yet so tender, so harmonious and full of melody, so purely spoken, as I have told you before, by all classes alike, that I can almost pardon the affectation of the Hungarian, who is resolved upon "going the whole hog" in his fondness for his mother-tongue, to the exclusion of all others. But there are other little affectations of exclusive national pride, which have sometimes excited a smile in me; and I should not have been very much over-astonished had I been informed by any one of these thorough-goers that Alexander the Great was a Hungarian, that Troy was the seat of the ancient Hungarian monarchy, or that Adam and Eve spoke Magyar in Paradise!

One of the most important, and, at the same time, the most striking results of this national spirit may be found, without a doubt, in the establishment of the Society for the Protection of the National Trade and Manufactures, the purposes, progress, and probable issue of which you may, perhaps, have heard mentioned and discussed as the Hungarian *Schütz-Verein*,—in Magyar, "*Országos-Védegylet.*"

The members of this institution, although they take no oath to observe its regulations, like the disciples of Father Matthew, yet give their word of honour to adhere to all its principles, and to obey its commands for a space of six years,—the term allotted to give the society fair play and prove its efficacy,—that is to say, to wear nothing but Hungarian manufactures, to consume nothing but Hungarian products—in short, to be national, entirely national, national within and without, as far, be it understood, as is possible.

It is a pity, be it said *en passant*, that the words "possible" and "impossible" should exist in any man's moral dictionary; for they have such unlimited, all-comprehending latitudes of interpretation in many minds, that they, finally, have no meaning left in them at all. And thus fair ladies will subscribe the regulations of the society, excepting several items, such as foreign laces, and similar adornments, as things "impossible" to live without; and some fine gentlemen will except foreign cigars, as luxuries "impossible" to be dispensed with, and yet support existence: but, on the other hand, be it said, I have seen young *élégants* throw away their cambric "under garments" and their French cravats, and put on coarser Hungarian linen, and wear Hungarian silks, without too many sighs. At all events, the great extent to

which the society has spread itself is extremely remarkable, seeing that it was only established two years ago, or thereabouts. The immense number of persons who have subscribed their adherence, in every part of the country, almost passes belief; and, by most of those who have thus bound themselves, the great regulation is observed with the most rigorous strictness. The results of this national league are to be found, to a very striking degree, in the establishment of so many manufactories throughout the land, and in the thriving condition in which they flourish under the auspices of a separate company, maintaining a close connection with the *Schütz-Verein;* and the progressing improvement of the national manufactures may be every day witnessed in the wares exhibited at every shop-window, not only in the capital, but throughout the country, proudly ticketed with the announcement that they are "*honi*" (native, home-made), or "*nemzeti*" (national).

The political results of this great national league for the protection of the national industry, have been also very apparent. Established in order to prove a check to the painfully restrictive system of the Austrian custom-house, as regarded the commercial relations between Hungary and Austria, it was at first held up to ridicule in the latter country as a childish folly, incapable of any

effect of solidity or worth,—as a mere futile dream, in fact. But the change of opinion has been great in the short period since its institution: its consequences are now looked to as important; and this importance has been strikingly proved by an offer on the part of Austria to make a change in its system of commercial relations with Hungary,—still more, perhaps, in the refusal of the Hungarians to accept *now* a change, which, however, it may propose a system of free trade between the two countries, no longer offers the same advantages to the rising manufactures of Hungary, as long as the outward restrictions of Austria in its dealings with other lands remain the same. But you hold up a warning finger. You insinuate that I am floundering out of my depth. Very likely.

I have this summer had an excellent opportunity of witnessing one of the advantages which have accrued to Hungary from its awakened national energies, in the *Industrie-und-Gewerbe-Austellung*,—the exhibition of manufactures and arts,—which is now open at Pest. The society for the direction of this exhibition of national products was established some three years ago; and the exhibition itself was instituted as triennial. The present one, consequently, is only the second which has been opened; and, under the circumstances, the great difference which, from all ac-

counts, even the most impartial, exists between this display and the former one,—the immense progress, in fact, that has been made in the national manufactures during this comparatively short period,—is as much a matter of astonishment to the foreigner, as it must be a subject of congratulation among the Hungarians themselves; and there can be no doubt, at the same time, that this astonishing progress has been greatly owing to the efforts of the *Schütz-Verein.* It would be rather a bull to say that the national league has proved a mother to the other society, since it was later born; but that it has grown up into its protectress and nurse is very evident, although the latter is encouraged by the government, the former instituted as a counteracting influence, and almost in opposition and defiance to it.

It is impossible for me, in the limits of a letter to you, to enter into any detail about the excellence of silks, or velvets, or furniture (which may vie with the most graceful productions of French workmen), or pianos, or glass, or jewellery and silver-work, or porcelain, or gunsmith's work (as is natural in a country, the sporting tastes of which have more congeniality with those of England than any other country in Europe), or the picturesque and beautiful Hungarian costumes,—or about the failure of cutlery, and paper,

and leather, and some other matters,—or about the comparison of all these various manufactures with those of other lands. Suffice it to say, that the exhibition is one of beauty, as well as of interest in proving the great progress made in the country.

I can only note my regret *en passant*, that so much more should have been achieved in articles of greater value, of *luxe* in fact, and, generally speaking, in the products consumed by the higher classes, than for the demands of the lower classes in cheap wearing-apparel and domestic wares, — a bad symptom, methought, — and my astonishment, that, in his articles of the loom, the Hungarian, the native of a country where the picturesque, the varied, the kaleidescopic prevail so greatly in nature, in language, in costume, and manner, should have failed as well in brightness as in harmony of colour. The exhibition finds full and ample elbow-room in the great and, alas! empty chambers of the National Museum.

This unfortunate museum is always the subject of my regrets in Pest, as one of the proofs of that over-eager, childish impatience which is ever desirous of achieving the grand and the noble before there is any call for it—of making a complete capital before the nation has arrived at its completeness of civilisation. The building is erect-

ed in one of the more distant, broad, suburb, road-like streets of the metropolis, and is a splendid palace-like structure of very imposing appearance: but it has never been completely terminated, and is still surrounded by a court wall of ugly planks, intermingled with sheds, stone-cutters' buildings, and similar uncomfortable excrescences. I believe the completion of the works has come to a stand-still for want of funds.

In spite of myself, I cannot but shake my head when I reflect upon the paucity and poverty of the treasures this immense structure has been erected to contain. The rich and costly casket is so out of all proportion to the jewels it encloses, and is likely to possess for many, many years to come,—the broad and massive frame is so out of all keeping with the insignificance of the picture, —that the stranger naturally regrets that so much should have been thus bestowed towards the outward adornment of the rising city, as if to cheat him into a false idea of its greatness and magnificence, when so much still remains to be done of vital necessity. The museum has thus the air of an ambitious *parvenu* dressed out in fine clothes, and covered with fine ornaments in imitation of his betters, for the purpose of deluding the passer-by into a belief of riches he does not possess, and hiding his poverty within. A few antiquities, a

few relics attached to recollections of Hungarian history, a scanty collection of pictures of a very indifferent description,—some modern ones alone being worthy of slight notice,—and a tolerably good but small library, chiefly connected with Hungarian history and literature, are almost all that the desert halls of this vast national museum have got to shew.

To me the most interesting matters it contains are a collection of specimens of all the mineral products of the country,—a great quantity of gold and silver ore among them,—as illustrative of the vast internal resources of the land, and a curious botanical collection of all the plants and trees of Hungary, arranged in volumes,—the barks of the trees, with the mosses and lichens growing upon them, forming the binding of the backs, the wood that of the sides, with dried specimens of the blossoms, leaves, fruits, and flowers contained within.

The exhibition of modern works of art is likewise now open in the rooms of the Redouten-Saal, a great public building, the façade of which adorns the quay. But here, again, I cannot but regret the "vaulting" impatience "that o'erleaps itself." The determination that has fixed itself upon this exhibition as *annual*, appears to me a serious mistake in a country where art may be said to be in a great measure in its infancy.

In France—in teeming, active, artistic France—the subject of annual exhibitions of modern pictures is still one of constant dispute, as connected with the true interests of the progress of art; in this country there can be no doubt that this impatient desire to imitate other more advanced nations is dangerous, as likely to be productive of bad results. Young painters have no time either for study or mature reflection: they are forced on to run before they can walk; they burst forth like crude winter blossoms, which have had no time to reach their full expansion and odour of maturity. New-born amateurs, also, however their feelings of patriotism may lead them to encourage native art, grow lukewarm before this annual appeal to their feelings and their tastes, and art languishes instead of being fostered.

Thus, among the hundreds of pictures which crowd the many rooms opened for their reception, the difficulty of picking out any, of which the country has reason to be proud, is not small. It must be said for the Hungarians, however, that, in spite of the competition opened to foreign artists by the Society for the Encouragment of Arts, most of the best pictures—those, in fact, which promise any future fame to the country in this branch of civilisation—are executed by native hands.

Marko, at present the director of the academy

at Florence, one of the first of living landscape-painters, is an Hungarian by birth, and he never fails to exhibit some specimens of his genius every year in his native capital. I own he is a little too classical for my romantic taste. Barabas, the first Hungarian portrait-painter, is an artist of merit; but, in spite of much that is praiseworthy in colouring and handling, and great ability in the treatment of the *material* life of his personages, in the mere form and flesh, his portraits have the capital defect of wanting the stamp of soul. Among the young Hungarian painters, whose talent has been fostered by liberal patrons, and whose artistic education has had the advantage of the Italian schools, I remarked three. Zichy, who this year exhibits a very excellent "Christ upon the Cross," is full of promise. The ideal heads of Heinrich, in a style of bold handling, which wavers between Vandyke and Corregio, are also good. But, more especially, Kovaes, in his large pictures of Italian life, gives warrant for future first-rate excellence.

Pity, then, it is, that all this promise,—that this spirit of progress,—that this rising talent, which might one of these days give Hungary a place of pre-eminence among nations in painting, (what the name of Liszt has already done for it in music, and that of Fanny Elsler and Madame Ungher on the

stage,) should be endangered by that reckless spirit of impatience, and that desire to gallop up the hill of fame too fast, which may speedily take the breath out of the body of Hungarian art.

In a minor branch of art, however, too much cannot be said in praise of the extraordinary and rapid progress made in Hungary. It is only within the last few years that a national theatre has been established in Pest, and the first foundation laid for an Hungarian stage and an Hungarian dramatic literature. Until this period a German theatre alone existed in Pest; and, throughout the country, there was not a single fixed stage for the representation of dramatic performances in the Magyar language. A few wandering troops of Hungarian actors only were dispersed about the land, who acted plays of not much greater merit than the *libretti* of a puppet-show. The new burst of national feeling called for the institution of a national theatre in the capital; and it is a matter of real wonder to witness the almost miraculous progress in the drama which so short a space of time has produced both in actors and pieces.

The new national theatre is a small structure; but it is built in very good taste, and surrounded by a pretty garden: within it is clean, commodious, and tastefully arranged. It has the disadvantage, however, of being at somewhat too great a distance

from the central parts of the city, and, still more, of being far too small for the crowded audiences, which, attracted as much by their national enthusiasm and pride in their national stage as by the real merit of the performances, nightly fill the theatre. At every annual renewal of the subscriptions for the boxes, a great struggle takes place among the higher classes; and intrigues are set on foot long beforehand, in order to secure them; daily a similar struggle takes place for stalls at the box-office, and even standing places in the over-crowded pit.

The time must come, then, when, in obedience to the national feeling, the German company, which retains its possession of the great theatre near the quays, must yield its building to the Hungarian, and be satisfied with the smaller stage. After immense efforts of rivalry, supported in vain, the German theatre finds its huge walls almost deserted, or, at most, scantily furnished forth by some of the German officers of the garrison, the German shop-keeping classes, and the Jews; an Hungarian is a rare visitor.

The utter defeat of the German theatre, however, is to be ascribed as much to the real superiority of the Hungarian troop, as to the overpowering influence of national feeling. This troop, all newly formed and newly educated as it is, not

only possesses several actors of first-rate merit, but displays a zeal, a degree of good taste, and an *ensemble* in acting, which I may say, without making any invidious reflections, would do honour to many national stages, on which the dramatic art has flourished for ages.

Szentpetery, in old men, as well in comic as pathetic parts, may be put on a par with Farren, or even Bouffé. Lendvayi, in young lovers, is full of a gentlemanly grace, which reminds me of Charles Kemble, and has an ardour and passion in the more dramatic parts, that our comedian did not possess. Egressy is an actor of much study and research, full of theoretical excellence, although deficient somewhat in practical execution. Fancsy, in parts called by the French "*intriguants*," also displays great merit.

The comic actors, among whom I must, however, distinguish the names of Laszlo, a sort of Charles Matthews, and Telepi, are in great number, and invariably act the characters drawn from Hungarian low life to the utmost perfection.

The actresses are, in general, inferior to the men—a remark, I believe, common to most countries; but I ought to do justice to the beauty and the zeal, at least, of Roza Laborfalvi, and not omit the name of Madame Lendvayi, who, however little she may be to my own individual taste,

is a great favourite with the frequenters of the national theatre.

In the first period of the existence of a genuine Hungarian stage, its *répertoire* naturally consisted mainly in translations from the German, French, and English. The productions of Scribe, to this day, form a staple dramatic commodity upon this theatre, as all the world over; and other modern dramas of the French romantic school are caught up here, as well as elsewhere, with avidity.

Most of Schiller's plays take their turn upon the Hungarian stage; and of course,—how proud one feels in writing those plain simple words "of course!"—Shakspeare is, on the Hungarian stage, the sun of dramatic art, in the rays of which author and actor seek to bask—the great luminary that shines above all, illuminates all, vivifies all!

I was not able to judge well enough myself of the merits of the Hungarian translators of our great dramatic poet; and I have heard from others, and, among them, from rival translators, so many different opinions as to their excellence, or the contrary, that I must abstain from giving any. I myself have seen "*Romeo és Julia*" excellently well enacted to a crowded house, with an *ensemble* and a taste in stage arrangements that might have given Shakspeare's own native land a lesson in our

degenerate days: a representation of "Macbeth," also did my English heart good to see. "Coriolanus," "Othello," "Richard III.," and the first part of "Henry IV." are favourite stock-pieces, which are continually passing over the stage.

I am sorry to say that I have missed seeing a new translation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was given for the first time. Szentpetery must have been admirable as Falstaff. In recording the names of Scribe, Schiller, and Shakspeare, as the specimens given in a remote country of three great national stages, how proud I feel myself of the pre-eminence of our country's representative, much as I may be a worshipper of Schiller, and an admirer of the lively and fertile talent of the more modern French dramatist.

In a very short space of time, however, after the establishment of the Hungarian theatre, original pieces, of more or less merit, began to be produced; and at the present day the management is as much persecuted with new plays as any other great theatre-management in any other great capital. Many of these new productions may challenge a comparison with the modern dramatic literature of all other countries. Those that embody Hungarian historical deeds and anecdotes are, naturally, of frequent recurrence; and, in these, the young gallant king, Matthias Corvinus, constantly figures.

This new outbreak of a national dramatic literature has been productive at the same time of singular instances of talent bursting suddenly, and from unexpected quarters, into light. One of the most popular among these new authors has arisen upon the very boards of the theatre of Pest. An actor of but moderate pretensions in his art, by name Szigligeti, has lately produced several pieces, written in a true national spirit, and acted with the greatest applause. Without pretending to the highest flights in dramatic literature, the lively, stirring, and exciting pieces of this imaginative author have the merit of containing scenes taken from daily life—pictures drawn from the manners, customs, and romantic life of the lower classes, and illustrative, although in a less degree, of higher society.

Generally mixed up with an original plot of deep interest, these living pictures of Hungarian life—so bright with costume and scraps of those exquisite national melodies, and that simple national poetry, in which the outbursts of applause at the theatre constantly shew the deep national pride—have a colour, a vivacity, an originality, a stamp of truth, and a flow of humour and quaintness, which deserve high praise, as what the French call *tableaux de genre*. The pieces which have already proceeded from the pen of Szigligeti are numerous;

but a wide field is still open to his imaginative talent.

There is, probably, no country in Europe where there are still to be found so much marked character, general as well as individual, and so great a variety and originality of manners, habits, modes of living, and costumes. The *bizarrerie*, in so many respects, of the Hungarian constitution,—the mixture of so many nations in the one kingdom, all still bearing in such strongly-marked colours the impress of their origin,—the want of civilisation in some respects, mixed with much refinement in others,—the young, fresh, active, progressing spirit, still, in some degree, wild and untutored,—are all matters affording free scope and a varied field for the dramatist. Certainly the monotony, the equality, the general white-washed tint pervading all classes, of which English and French dramatists so bitterly complain, as destructive of all striking character, and prejudicial to the art, in as much as, finding no varied effect in society as it is, it obliges them to have recourse, more or less, to exaggeration and caricature, can never be a subject of regret in Hungary at the present day.

The dramatic garden is wide and varied; the flowers to be plucked are of the brightestcolours and the most attractive forms: and the dramatic authors have a winning game before them; for the

public backs them with all its national enthusiasm and national pride. The eager curiosity with which any new production of a genuine Hungarian pen is expected by all ranks of people, and the crowded state of the theatre in every part upon the night of a first representation,—even when the city is almost entirely deserted by the upper classes,—prove the deep interest taken by the Hungarians in their national theatre.

Another dramatic author, the appearance of whose productions on the boards of the national theatre has formed a sort of epoch in the new dramatic literature of the country, offers a phenomenon still more striking than the sudden popularity of Szigligeti. Sigismund Czako was a man of no education, and employed solely as the lowest of understrappers in the theatre, having not even arrived at the dignity of the servant who brings in a letter: but Sigismund Czako had the consciousness of genius within him, and in spite of all the difficulties of his low position and the necessity of self-education, he has arrived by force of patient study and talent to a sudden and extraordinary pitch of dramatic renown. His first drama, "The Will," gave great evidence of talent in the originality of its dramatic effects; its conception was both novel and good. A new piece by his pen, "Leona," a tragedy in five acts, in which four personages

alone appear, has just achieved a new success. There is, undoubtedly, much profound and beautiful poetry in this new play of Czako; but, for my own part, I should have utterly condemned it as a dramatic work for stage representation, not only for the want of sufficient stirring interest, as is natural in so long a piece confined to four persons only, but for the very reasons that contributed so greatly to its triumph.

The whole tendency of the piece seems directed against the restraints of *religion*, when perhaps the young author only intended it as a declamation against the restraints of *priestcraft;* and as it is, this pleading in favour of a *natural* education *versus* the dictates of religion, in a *moral* point of view, perfectly fails of its end and aim, and only goes to prove the contrary of what was purposed. The author's intentions are, however, clear; and the success of the piece may be said to be owing to the thundering applause of the anti-priestly party, —a very numerous party in the land, which threatens to become, by its exaggeration, an anti-religious party, so evidently does it begin to confound the altar with its servants,—aided by that national enthusiasm which takes so much pride in every native rising talent.

I hope, in the true interests of Czako's real, undoubted genius, he may leave this mistaken path,

and this mis-directed tendency to sermonise in favour of a misguided party, and leave himself free to the poetical inspirations which gave such a brilliancy to his first productions, and rendered them deservedly so popular.

I have instanced to you only these two dramatic authors among many, on account of their giving evidence of talent and success in men placed in an inferior position. But I cannot refrain from mentioning, also, another popular comedy called the "*Tisztujitás,*" or general election of county officers, or "Restoration," as it is familiarly termed; it is illustrative of Hungarian manners in these elections, with all the manœuvres and intrigues employed on such occasions, and is full of popular scenes admirably well "got up," and mingled with a lively plot. This amusing and spirited comedy might be ranked by the side of many of Scribe's best *esquisses de mœurs.*

At the same time that the Hungarian theatre has thus made such rapid steps in the dramatic art, it has achieved as brilliant a progress in the musical department. Erkel, the director of the orchestra, has produced operas of real sterling worth. His "*Hunyadi Laszlo*" is full of beautiful compositions, combining a *national* colouring in the melody befitting the historical subject with an Italian style of "working up," which, independ-

ently of his other great merits, is a perfect *tour de force*. The score of this opera deserves a place among the great musical compositions of the day.

All the favourite Italian and German operas are likewise translated and given with admirable spirit:. and our own Balfe figures upon this stage with his highly successful operas, "*Les quatre Fils d'Aymon*" and the "Bohemian Girl," by the side of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi.

Mademoiselle Hollosy, the *prima donna à roulades*, is a first-rate *cantatrice*, reminding me constantly of Sonntag, but with more of passion in her delineations. Madame Schodel is no less a *prima donna* of a high order; but, unfortunately, she is already *passée* in voice. Wolff, the tenor, Furedy, the barytone, and Benza, the *basso cantante buffo*, are all likewise admirable in their way. With such elements in authors, actors, composers, and singers, Hungary stands already "high among nations" in dramatic eminence. But this was, perhaps, to be expected, although not so speedily, in a people so full of strong feeling, easily excited passions, and an all-pervading poetical temperament.

In spite of the emptiness of Pest, I have been able this summer to bring down a few celebrities "on the wing," as they have flitted through the capital—among others that most practical and yet

most polite of men, (how seldom do these qualities mix harmoniously together,—the dry and hard with the moist and impressionable,—the sound bitter with the pleasing sweet,) that clear-headed, stirring, active-minded ex-reformer, who has done so much for the good direction of the awakened energies of his land, who has aided so greatly its material progress, and whose motives, and ends, and aims are now so frequently questioned; I mean Count Stephen Szécheny: I have made acquaintance also with that brilliant head of the mild liberal party, the promoter, fosterer, protector, and president of most of the liberal institutions of the day,—that man at once so talented, rich, young, handsome, elegant, and agreeable, so "loving, well-composed with gifts of nature flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise," that one flounders in one's theory of "compensations" in this world, and asks, involuntarily, "Where is all the evil to counterbalance so much good?" I speak of Count Casimir Batthyanyi: I have, too, many others of the rising young men of the day.

And wanting, indeed, should I be in the commonest grateful feelings of the heart, did I not pay the tribute of my strong sense of gratitude to those who thus receive the foreigner, not only with that hospitality which is the Hungarian's attribute, but

with a kindliness, an interest, a ready friendship even, which warm the heart into a glow that long, long years cannot cool down. In his charming country retreat among the mountains behind Buda, I have visited, also, Baron Joseph Eötvös—the man of imagination, and poetry, and feeling, combined (how rare, again!) with sound practical sense, and reasonable views of men and things —the author of that beautiful novel "The Carthusian," and of that still more brilliant and striking tale, so full of the brightest scenes of Hungarian life, so replete with wit, humour, sense, and sentiment "all in one, like rays into one focus kindled from above," so spirit-stirring and pathetic by turns, "The Village Lawyer" —the author, at the same time, of so many admirable papers upon the most varied subjects of political and material reform. Some of my pleasantest moments in Pest have been passed in his amiable society; some of my most agreeable *souvenirs* are attached to his sparkling conversation. Treasure him in one of the kindliest folds of your heart, dear coz., and feed him when you get him there with the choicest crumbs of gratitude for my sake.

Since my feelings of gratitude for my reception in this kindly land are just now uppermost, I ought not to forget to "return thanks," also, in

my own name, as well as that of every foreigner, for the gentlemanly liberality with which the Casino, the great club of Pest,—it is that large, handsome, big-balconied building, which forms a fine street angle on the quays, and constitutes one of their brightest ornaments,—is thrown open to the stranger, with its extensive library and reading-rooms, as well as its dining, ball, and billiard-rooms. This admirably arranged institution is alone sufficient to stamp Pest as a great civilised capital: the ease, friendly manner, ready kindness, and politeness of its committee and members impress for ever upon a foreigner's mind the highest opinion of the character and education of the Hungarian noble.

Perhaps I ought to be somewhat proud of my title as an Englishman, as a peculiarly privileged passport to this friendly reception; although every foreigner who has visited Hungary has similar reasons for vaunting the hospitality of the land.

The Hungarian, however, has an especial predilection for England, among all the other countries of Europe: a similarity of tastes in country life and sporting matters, as well as a resemblance, however vague, in the political institutions of the two countries, may have led to this sympathy in the Hungarian towards England. At one time this feeling waxed almost to idolatry; England

was the favourite country to which the liberal always referred, as the true land of liberal institutions. But in latter years this fever has somewhat subsided. The Hungarian ultra-liberals began to compare their own position as regards Austria with that of Ireland as regards England,—however little the parellel will stand good when applied; and O'Connell was suddenly exalted into a hero and a demi-god: the red-hot predilection for England began first to cool into very questionably ash-grey admiration; and in this lukewarm state I believe it still remains among them.

But in minor matters—in matters of comfort, of sporting fashion, of domestic arrangement—England is still the country to which the Hungarian looks; and to such an excess is this Anglomania carried by some few young *élégants* of the day, that not only will they mimic many of the stiff awkwardnesses of the under-bred Englishman,—the slouching gait, and the hat stuck back on the head, as if to leave full play for the open mouth—but they will forget their Magyar and their German to use English words, and ask what is the Magyar for some English expression. Get them into a corner, however, and ten to one but the English vocabulary will go no further than a few slang sporting terms caught upon "the turf."

One good Hungarian Anglo-maniac count, who

allows nothing to enter his house but what is purely English, sent a beautifully wrought table of English manufacture to be slightly repaired after an accident; some unfortunate mischance happened to injure it in the hands of the workman, who was forced to replace it by an imitation: the fictitious English table was sent to the count, who did not discover any difference in it, when compared with the other pieces of similar English furniture. At length, however, in the pride of his heart, the workman owned the deception to the count; the table was examined, but the count refused to believe in the probability of so nice an imitation: the workman shewed his own mark upon it; the convinced count acknowledged the beauty of the workmanship, but ordered the table of native fabrication to be immediately broken into a thousand pieces, as unworthy to stand by the side of the other pieces of English manufacture! A most amusing specimen of these Anglo-maniac caricatures has been very wittily introduced by Eötvös, as a character of the day, into his "Village Lawyer."

Most of the young men lingering by chance in Pest may be met with, not only in the Casino, but at the *restaurant* of the "Queen of England" hotel, which is fancifully and shadily set out on a tented terrace overlooking the court of the hotel, and all embowered in greenhouse shrubs. At the

early two o'clock dinner, and at the supper-hour of nine, many of the "bright spirits" among the young men of the land may be found here assembled; and gay, agreeable, and animated conversation is always going forward. My good Florian is one of the prime promoters of the liveliness and wit which sparkle around.

One of the remarks that most struck me in these *réunions* was the very little quantity of wine drank among the young Hungarians of the day, in spite all the admirable qualities and the varied excellences of their native wines. In other lands the Hungarians are invariably stigmatised as "topers:" a French novelist would inevitably picture a Hungarian in the character of *gourmand* and *ivrogne;* and the truth is, that they are almost all as great water-drinkers as a modern hydropathist, or a disciple of Father Matthew. I have found myself quite at home among them, and been much amused at the intense astonishment—almost the horror—they expressed at the quantities of "genial juice" poured, without any apparent effect, down the throat of a spirited young Englishman.

Another source of eternal amusement to me in these *restaurants* is the orthography employed by the German waiters in drawing up the daily bills of fare, particularly when some French word is introduced. I thought myself peculiarly clever, when

I had discovered that a "*fricandeau à la meiderd-hodel*" was "*à la maître d'hôtel,*" and that "*beoufs d'eack*" was positively intended for "beefsteaks." This confusion in orthography arises from the nonsensical manner in which German children are taught, in learning their letters, the difference between the soft and hard b (the latter means p) and the soft and hard d (the latter being supposed to be t). B's and p's, and d's and t's, consequently, are mixed in "sweet confusion" in a German head; and on inquiring at the "Poste Restante" for letters, this "confusion" becomes "twice confounded," to the dismay of the poor foreigner who is waiting for his correspondence. After repeating "p—p—p" till your throat is sore with exertion, while you see the German *post-beamter* searching among a heap of letters beginning with the letter "b," you at last hit upon the happy expedient of saying "Hard b;" and then the official at last turns to the initial "p," with a very cross grumbling remark at the stupidity of the fellow who "could not say so at once!"

The hotels are invariably of immense size, and, as compared with continental hotels in general,—those of the Rhine and of some parts of Switzerland alone excepted,—of a first-rate description. I, for my part, feel myself immediately "at home" in their apartments; and I write to you now as com-

fortably as were I in my own choice "snuggery." They are generally under the patronage of some regal sign; and with an anecdote on this subject I will now close this unwarrantably long letter. The master of an hotel informed me that he was about to open a new grand establishment on the quays under the auspices of the "Archduke Stephen;" and when I asked him why he had chosen this archduke, so popular in Hungary, as a sign to his hotel, expecting to elicit some patriotic remark, which would give me another proof of the estimation in which this young prince is held, he answered, "Why, you see, sir, we always take, now-a-days, the name of a king, or an archduke, *ou d'une bête quelconque!*"

LETTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM PEST AT HAND.—RAPIDITY OF TIME.—THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—QUESTIONS CONNECTED THEREWITH LEFT UNTOUCHED.—LENGTH OF THE BRIDGE.—BUDA.—PATH LEADING TO THE UPPER FORTRESS TOWER.—VIEWS FROM THE SUMMIT.—NIGHT-VIEW FROM A WINDOW IN THE FORTRESS.—THE PALACE OF THE PALATINE.—HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—THE PRISONS.—MOUNTAIN PANORAMA SEEN FROM THE FORTRESS WALLS.—THE SCULPTOR FERENCZ.—THE KAISER-BAD.—THE PUBLIC TURKISH BATHS.—THE SCHIFFS-WERFTEN: THEIR PICTURESQUE APPEARANCE AND CURIOUS REGULATIONS.—A FAREWELL.

THE extreme heat of the weather has so baked my very life's blood within me, that I have found all effort at exertion or activity impossible, and have delayed my further progress down the Danube, and, consequently, into more oven-like regions, far longer than I had intended. But the time has slipped by I know not how. I have tried to grasp it, possess it, enjoy it; it has run through my fingers like impalpable sand—the very ghost of time! In fact, as we advance in years, time seems to have no duration by which to fix it. With what

a strange rapidity do we glide on in the stream of life, as we approach nearer and nearer towards the torrent which is to plunge us into another world! As the rapids draw nigh, with more headlong course rushes the stream.

How quickly, how imperceptibly, how incomprehensibly have the last weeks flown by. Months are to me, now, what days were in my childhood,—days, no more than hours! This progressively increased celerity of time is awful! It becomes, indeed, an auctioneering pace. The lot of our lives is held up to be knocked down to the best bid of death. It is "going—going—gone!"

Thus my prolonged stay in the Hungarian capital—not unwillingly granted to the solicitations of kind friends, as well as to my own inertness—has reached its longest termination, before I begin to make up my mind that I am really here. Before I am quite "gone," however, I must take you over the Danube to the rock-built fortress-city of Buda, on the other bank. Buda, to me, is the crown of Pest. In spite of the fine garments in which the modern city decks itself, it is Buda alone that places the diadem of ages upon its brow, and crowns it at once a regal capital. Let us scale its heights, to examine the gems with which the diadem is studded.

The long bridge of boats which joins the twin

cities during the summer time,—for during the winter season, when the Danube is covered with a frozen sheet, and, excepting the epoch of the dissolution of the ice, affords a path of Nature's building across its stream, it is necessarily removed,—has now an importance of continual movement and bustle, which it will probably lose when the great suspension-bridge is terminated; it is not only the sole means of communication between the stream-severed portions of the double city, but it forms the last link of the high post-road from Vienna, and many other considerable towns, to Pest.

It affords, then, continually, concentrated scenes of those variegated costumes, and those kaleidescopic flittings, hither and thither, of men, and beasts, and equipages of all descriptions, which I have faintly endeavoured in a previous letter to paint for you in the streets of Pest. Upon crossing it, I am aware that I ought, as a duty-bound tourist, to enter into the usual disquisitions about the non-payment of the tolls upon this bridge by noble and gentleman, in fact, by all who wear good coats to their backs, and pretend to an air of "gentility," and their payment by every peasant or individual of the lower classes, excepting gentlemen's immediate retainers,—about the freedom of the Hungarian nobleman from all tolls, taxes,

and imposts, and the obligation of the peasant to pay them, as connected with this subject,—about the justification of this system, in the excuse that the peasant, in contributing to the taxes, gives to the government a part of that rent which he would otherwise pay to the lord for his land, and that, consequently, the landed proprietor also pays indirectly,—in fact, about all these seeming anomalies in the Hungarian constitution.

I know it is my duty to write you at least two sides upon the subject—what foreigner would not, upon placing his foot upon this bridge of boats? But I am always very viciously inclined to grow skittish, and kick whenever I find the halter of duty, in such matters of tourist-doing, placed upon my pen; and so I make a great plunge, break the halter, and clatter upon the bridge, like a wild colt. So many other tourists have so willingly put the saddle on their own backs, and cantered round the subject so gracefully, and shewn their paces to such advantage, that I hope you will excuse me from going through all the manœuvres of "the school" in their track.

Often as I have passed this bridge, I never cross it without a feeling coming over me of its interminable length; it spans a stream wider, Murray tells us, than the Thames at London. I am convinced that he is right; but I, for my own part,

never know anything about measurements. Be that as it may, this feeling of length is one that grows upon you. It does not come upon you at first, for the length is not visible to the eye. It is only when you walk on, and on, and on, amidst the moving crowds, half stunned by the noise of carriage-wheels, and trampling feet and hoofs upon the planks, and wholly bewildered by the shaking of the firm, but seemingly dangerous structure, beneath the rumbling of the vehicles,—it is only when, convinced that you must be near the end, you arrive at a small wooden chapel, decorated with a statue of the Virgin embowered in a host of vases of flowers, and guarded by a sentinel, and are then forced to believe that you are only half-way over, — it is only when that strange sensation which comes over the foreigner, who first enters St. Peter's, at Rome, and gradually, only, as he advances towards the high altar, feels a crushing sense of immensity, at first unperceived in the great harmony of the whole, weighing more and more upon him, finds its way by degrees into the mind of the passenger, that the extreme length of this bridge is at last comprehended. At the same time you begin to understand the grandeur of the work that has been undertaken in the building of the suspension-bridge.

At length we stand upon the end of the bridge

before the streets of Buda, that line the stream, and, to our left, creep up the steep ascent, which forms a sort of gully between the rock upon which upper Buda or the fortress stands, and the rival height of the Blocksberg. Terraces above terraces, cut upon the rock, rise immediately over our heads in the midst of all sorts of complications of walls and gardens, that form the hanging pleasure-grounds to the great Italian-looking palace of the Palatine above. Further on to our right, stand, also, upon the summit of the rocky height, the palaces of various magnates, all with their terrace-walls covering the flanks of rocks; and here and there is a hanging garden, with its pavilions and summer-houses: these are the mansions of the names of Carolyi and Bathyanyi, and the more modern name of Sandor.

Lower Buda, or the Water-town, as it is called, contains little worthy of our notice; and so let us mount to Upper Buda, ancient Buda, which occupies the space formerly enclosed by the walls of the citadel. A great carriage-road between high walls and terraces, and all the complicated buildings of the Palatinate Palace, sweeps upwards, round the height, and reaches the platform of the fortress on the other side: but I will lead you up by the side of the height overhanging the river, along one of the steep sloping walks, which, after you

have passed a dark, mysterious-looking, prison-like, low gate-way, and climbed a quantity of stone steps covered by a vault, conducts gradually upwards to the town above. The broad walk which we choose, along the sides of the rock, turns and winds, zigzag fashion, with steps at every angle to aid its ascent. It is lined with a double row of tufty acacias; and here and there benches are placed, to allow the climber to sit down and dream beneath their shade.

What a magnificent view gradually rises before our eyes, as if lifted up from the level like a great opening trap-door, while we mount higher and higher. A few steps more; the summit of our sloping gangway is gained; and beneath us, on the other side of the river, lies the whole city of Pest, presenting proudly its long line of palace-bound quays to the Danube, as it rushes by, spreading out far, far into the plain, and adorning its outskirts with woods and gardens, as with a girdle of bright green: beyond, stretches the vast plain; and dimly, in the extreme distance, a few bluè, indistinct mountains swell the far horizon of the great flat lands.

Below, upon the stream, are moving steamers and boats; and there is the bustle and movement of busy ants upon the quays. Here and there distant clouds of dust upon the opposite bank tell

of carriages and carts arriving to the city, and of the animation of the outskirts of a capital: the rising piles of the suspension-bridge already lift their heads from the rushing waters, to promise future splendour.

To our right, as we stand and gaze, with our backs to the fortress, the Danube flows on, and seems to lose itself behind the great cliff-like Blocksberg, as if it there, upon that spot, disgorged itself into the sea: to our left, it sweeps towards us, out of the distant hills, animated by its picturesque strings of anchored water-mills, and beautifully dimpled, as it nears the city, with green islands, that grow out of it like great clusters of bright flowering water-lilies. The Margarethen-Insel, with its woods and gardens, and its archducal summer residence peeping from among the trees along with a ruin or two, forms the biggest and the brightest cluster of these masses of water-plants. On the same side rise mountains and villa-studded hills, upon this bank: and from among the vineyards that creep down the nearer hills, stands out alone, solitary and sad, a small octagon white building, with a dome; it is an oriental shrine, covering the body of some Mussulman saint, which seems a last mournful remnant of Turkish conquest and rule in the citadel of Buda, and is still a point of pilgrimage to many a pious dervise from

the far east: and, in the half distance, cutting the view like a side-scene in a play, stands nearer to us, upon an abrupt height of the rock, a terraced church, which always, I can scarce tell why, reminds me of some part of the great castle of Heidelberg, but which of our favourite points I cannot now say: it is a mere vague fancy, but probably you will feel it as I do: and when you have gazed your fill upon this scene, you will perhaps say with me, that Pest, with its twin city of Buda, possesses one of the most imposing aspects that any capital in the world can boast. Naples, Constantinople, Prague, Edinburgh, Pest: who shall say which shall bear off the palm of beauty? You will be tempted to give the preference to each in turn, as you look on each; and is it not the true philosophy of life, to prefer that which for the moment you possess?

Let us enter the upper city through the great dark arch behind us, which is one of the last remaining gateways of the old citadel. We are now within the so-called "fortress" of Buda, which forms a very considerable town in itself. How willingly, in this large square to which we come, would I invite you into that great mansion, from the windows of which, on the side that overlooks the Danube, the magnificence of the view I have so feebly painted is doubly enhanced by the frame-

work which the windows give: to my taste, a framework, be it of trees, or opening rocks, or balcony columns, or mere window-posts, bestows a great charm upon a living picture.

How often have I leant upon one of those great windows at evening-tide, and watched the setting sun beyond those distant hills—and the great Danube far below, growing grey and dark in the day's close, or sweeping like a broad riband of silver fire in the moonlight, and now and then glittering in spots with the sparks of fire which a dark demon steamer, gliding along the surface, snorts from the nostrils of its chimney, as it sends up its roar to our ears above—and the long line of the illuminated quays bursting through the gathering shades of night—and the sparkling lights from the other parts of the town, from which comes, in swell and "dying fall," the sound of a military band: how often have I leant there—thus in the balmy night air—chatting with a friend all sorts of romantic chat, and indulging in a thousand fantastic *schwärmereien*, while Florian, perchance, kept measure to our fantasies at the piano, in strains now grave, now gay, as was our converse. But, unfortunately, the windows belong to the apartment of a bachelor—a slim Hungarian youth; and, in spite of all his recommendations of poetry and sentiment, and high feeling, and kindly heart,

I fear it would be outstepping the bounds of propriety to introduce you there. " "And what would Mrs. Grundy say?"

The great palace of the palatine or viceroy of Hungary has not much to recommend it to us, beyond the splendid views similar to that we have already seen, which the low terrace walls by its side command, and the historical recollections contained in the information, that upon the same spot stood the palace of the gallant young king, the pride of Hungarian history, Matthias Corvinus, and that there, upon that open space by the side of the great entrance, was executed his brother, the patriot hero's son, Ladislaus Hunyadi, whose last look was probably turned to that wide plain upon which the destinies of Hungary, for the glories of which he had striven, were to be decided in the future.

Within the chapel of the palace are said to be hidden the regalia of Hungary, the sceptre, sword, and mantle belonging to St. Stephen, the king, which are still used at the coronations of the Hungarian monarchs: to their preservation the people of Hungary attach the superstition, that upon their possession hangs the fate of the kingdom.

Beneath huge walls and terraces close by are hidden, also, other objects—living objects; for in

the rocky recesses below the bastions near the palace, where those gratings in the pathway give light to passages below, and those chimney-like funnels afford breathing-holes, are contained prisoners. You may see some of them in their white dress move yonder, clanking their chains between their legs, or leaning for a moment's recreation, in their intervals of labour of cleansing the public streets, against the bastion walls. You will care no more than myself about public buildings, such as the treasury or post-office, or similar structures, nor about the churches of the fortress-town, in which there is nothing to see. Come with me, then, to the shady walk which traverses the whole length of the top of the bastion walls on the side of the height furthest from the river, and towards the interior of the country.

Over the roofs of the houses, that grow, like periwinkles upon a sea-washed post, up the precipitous side of the rock,—over the broad valley beyond, dotted with houses and green spaces, and refreshed with a small stream,—over the groups of villas and gardens that constitute the further suburb of Buda, our eyes can here rove to that splendid amphitheatre of lovely wooded mountains, among which more summer villas tell us that many of the Pesters there find charming summer retreats, with here and there a house of

entertainment for wandering pleasurers, its towered balcony overhanging a valley side.

These mountains are full of wondrous beauties, among which I have often roamed in pleasant company whole long days, and are not without their legends, also, chiefly connected again with Matthias Corvinus: rocky height, and valley, and forest, and ravine leave the Hungarian no reason to envy even Switzerland itself. But I must not now lose myself in contemplation of this bright scene; for I should inevitably end by flying off with you among these romantic mountains; and when we got there, we should be so intoxicated with nature's fullest draughts of spirit, that I cannot tell when we might get back again. And, alas! for such freaks of fancy, we have no longer any time.

I would willingly lead you into the *studio* of the sculptor Ferencz before we descend from the heights of the fortress-town, but for the honour of Hungary I think it is best to pass his door. To be sure, we shall miss seeing a Eurydice, the conception of which is new to me. The hand of Hades emerges from the ground, and grasping the dying nymph, drags her down into the bowels of the earth, which seem to open beneath her. Much has been done by the sculptor in the execution of this idea; but my grumbling spirit in

matters of art demands still more that I do not find in it. Besides, I have no mind to irritate what artistic fibres I may possess with the sight of the model of the great patriotic monument to Matthias Corvinus by this artist, which is one of these days to be erected in Pest. Such jumbling confusion in a national monument it is almost impossible even for an Englishman to conceive. The pedestal has the air of an Egyptian sarcophagus, upon the top of which an equestrian figure of the young king and hero prances in Roman attire; bas-reliefs in *Roman* costume, commemorating the battles between Hungarians and Turks, are sculptured stiffly around. This application of the eternal classical naked and behelmeted style to a Hungarian national monument, when the old Hungarian costume is so admirably adapted for effect, has always "wrung my withers," even before I witnessed at Munich that beautiful model of a similar monument, upon which a grand figure of Matthias in Hungarian attire, with the mantle of St. Stephen on his back, the crown upon his brow, the sword in his hand, rides proudly over Turkish fallen banners, his horse led by two noble pages, also in Hungarian costume,—two lovely graceful figures,—that Schwanenthaler conceived in one of his most inspired moments, with the idea that the execution of the monument, given by a

mistaken patriotic feeling to the inable hands of Ferencz, was open to competition. No! let us pass on.

On descending from the fortress by crooked stone pathways between old walls and gardens, and here and there an old ruined-looking building, that may have been originally Roman, or Turkish, or perhaps both, the latter people having built on the foundations of the former, wé come to the long rows of streets with which Lower Buda stretches far up the river, and we arrive, at last, at a large white edifice, which is the *kaiser-bad*, the new great bathing establishment erected close by one of those hot sulphurous springs known and enjoyed in turn, long centuries past, by those two bath-loving nations, that have, in turn, proudly ruled upon this spot on the Danube, the Romans and the Turks.

The garden-court of this establishment, which stretches down to the river's banks, is lively with trees, and bushes, and flowers; arcades and galleries leading to the various baths surround it; a *café* and *restaurant*, built after the fashion of the Kiosk in Pest, adorns the middle space; and it is the fashion, on summer mornings, for crowds to allow themselves to be wafted hither in the constantly running little steam-boats from Pest, and, if they reap not the advantages of health from the

mineral springs, the efficacy of which Roman, Turk, and Hungarian have all acknowledged, at least to wander in the flowery court and neighbouring gardens, listen to the band,—that *sine quâ non* of all continental bathing establishments,—drink their morning coffee, and chat away an idle hour.

If we enter a low door beneath one of the galleries, and descend a few time-worn stone steps, we shall find our way into several vaulted chambers, which bear that unmistakeable oriental air of being of Turkish construction: a few remnants of Turkish painting are also still discernible upon the steam-washed ceilings and massive walls; Turkish inscriptions are visible here and there over the arched entrances; in all of them bubbles upwards always that tepid sulphurous water which has never ceased to bubble there for three long centuries: to bathe in it, is to fancy oneself floating in a warm oily air, that one may imagine to have been the atmosphere of the Garden of Eden.

Just out of this new establishment is the low entrance to the great Turkish baths, which are open to public use. It was evening when I first descended, through vaulted passages, and oriental-looking door-ways, into this strange infernal cauldron. I found myself in a large circular hall, the dome-like roof of which was supported by several

round pillars: within the circle of these pillars was the bath. The light of day scarcely entered the long slits of open windows that were almost mere loop-holes. So thick was the cloud of steam which overhung and enveloped this species of enchanted vault, that it was long before I was able to distinguish in the dim light the ghostly forms that were animating it. At length a quantity of apparent spectres of both sexes might be seen, either sitting on the steps leading down into the pool, or splashing in the boiling cauldron, or reclining on stone benches around.

The female souls in this dark purgatory were attired in loose garments, with their wet hair streaming about their shoulders: the male ones seemed to have been Indian savages during their life-time; their loins alone were girded; a few feathers on their heads would have completed the illusion. The faint light that fell, here and there, upon the ... ornately dusky or gleaming figures, and caught now and then, the drapery of the garments of the bathers, hung or disposed about, gave a very fantastic and Pandemonium look to this curious scene, the effect of which was increased by the eternal cloud of sulphurous vapour. I should have imagined it, indeed, a Pandemonium, had not all the souls within been in an apparent state of perfect blissful enjoyment. On emerging again

into the pure evening air, I shook my steam-covered coat, dried my wet hair, and filled my lungs with a long breath of satisfaction, not sorry to have witnessed so strange a sight, but heartily glad to escape from the cauldron without being wholly stewed.

Before quitting the long streets of Buda, however, we must wander on still further, to the ship works of the capital. To your English eyes you may consider this a common-place sight enough; but yet these works are not without their charm, not only in their picturesque effect, but in the singularity of some of their arrangements. The whole establishment is placed upon an island; and the many groups of workshops and buildings are nested so comfortably under clumps of spreading trees, that you may imagine yourself in a pretty backwood settlement.

Here are the rope-walks, extending long vistas through shady avenues; there are [redacted] iron-foundries, looking as little like black [redacted], detestable iron-foundries elsewhere, as can be well conceived. Every resource for the fabrication of steam-boats and barges is accumulated upon the space of this island, part of the machinery—at least the boilers, I believe—being alone transported from England; and every single portion of what is necessary for such ship-building

is effected by the general direction of the works.

If, after looking into the various noisy sheds for the fabrication, the filing, the polishing, and the fitting of the machinery, we cross the island to the river's banks, we shall find huge skeletons of iron steamers lying there, whose hulks are being noisily wrapped—*query*, rapped?—in their metal nether-garments. A few are launched, and in a fit state for their first voyage up and down the Danube.

An obliging and smiling Italian captain of the new-built "Nador" will beckon to us to cross a plank, and visit all the appointments of its gilded, mirror-hung, and velvet-padded interior; he is evidently proud—and well he may be—of the admirable "getting up" of his new floating home. He is a most gentlemanly, good-hearted soul; and we thank him for his politeness with sincerity. Further on is a whole forest of cumbrous constructions rising beneath the trees, that form a green sepulchre to their dead brethren of trunks and planks—a green and joyous sepulchre, however; for these trunks and planks will soon be transformed from their present chrysalis state into great living, moving, and life-bestowing things. This is the part of the island reserved for the fabrication of those huge barges employed for the conveyance of goods, and corn, and manufactures,

and, in fact, all manner of matters appertaining to commerce, industry, and a nation's weal, to the distant seas of the East, and thus to the Mediterranean. The size of these barges is enormous; their quantity, in different states of construction, is perfectly astounding; and yet we are told that never enough are built for the great demand.

Alas! these barges, which are destined to be towed by steam-tugs, will soon sweep from the face of the Danube my dear picturesque groups of men and horses, that I have before described to you, as so often seen struggling up the Danube, towing "for the dear life," wading through creeks and arms of the river, swinging their huge boat, by a curious effect of the current, over to the other bank, should the towing-road grow better there, flogging, swearing, shouting, but looking so delightfully animated and picture-like.

The whole island is one scene of variegated "confusion in order;" there are 1400 workmen here employed, they tell us. The regulations for their conduct are as curious as the whole works are pleasing to the view. The island is cut off from the mainland like a moated fortress: a floating bridge is laid down to it from the shore, in the morning, for the passage of the workmen; as soon as the morning bell has ceased to ring it is again removed; and the lingerers are thus cut off and

lose their day's work, as a punishment for their delay. All communication with the town of Buda is thus also shut out; truantcy during the day is prevented, punctuality is enforced, and order upheld.

We ourselves have been jealously wafted over to the island by the trusty guardians of a ferry-boat. But while we still linger among the many scenes of these curious ship-works, the sun begins to set behind the distant hills; the evening bell is rung; the floating bridge is replaced; the workmen congregate from every side, and cross this sort of drawbridge to their homes in crowds; firemen for the prevention of any accident by fire, are drawn up in their bright military uniforms; sentinels are set in various spots upon the island, as if it really were a fortress; and, before the bridge is again removed, we will take leave of the amiable director of the establishment, who has so politely accompanied us about,—he is an Englishman by birth, but you would not divine it by the foreign accent in speaking his mother tongue which betrays his long residence in a strange country,—and follow the example of the workmen in going home. We have a pleasant drive before us in the bright evening air, along the strange, fantastically and irregularly dancing houses of this further suburb of Buda, beneath the rocky sides of the fortress, and across the animated bridge of boats, to Pest.

For the present, adieu, dear coz! To-morrow I purpose steaming further down my favourite stream; the bustle of packing, and arranging, and leave-taking, and all those miseries of touristic life, to head, hand, and heart, are still before me. Adieu!

LETTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM PEST.—EARLY HOURS.—MORNING SCENES ON A DANUBE STEAM-BOAT.—CROWDED VESSEL.—SPECIMENS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.—NATIONAL SUSCEPTIBILITIES.—ASPECT OF THE DANUBE BELOW PEST.—SCENES UPON THE RIVER AND ITS BANKS.—DESTINIES OF THE DANUBE.—THE DANCING MOUNTAIN.—BAJA.—MOHACS.—CONFUSION ON THE ARRIVAL OF RAIN.—NIGHT SCENES IN THE CABIN.—ILLOK.—THE SYRMIAN HILLS.—THE FORTRESS OF PETERWARDEIN.—NEUSATZ.—LANDING, AND DRIVE BACK TO KAMMENITZ.

If there be any moment in touristic life, both morally and physically, more peculiarly agueish than another, it is that when, having laid yourself late to rest, after many a long, lingering, last farewell, and having tossed and turned in bed in a sort of watchful sleepiness, or rather sleepy watchfulness, for two or three hours, with a nervous feeling that you must inevitably rise too late for the hour of departure, you at last make a desperate effort to quit your bed at least an hour too soon, and perform your dressing, and last packing, and hurry-skurry bill paying,—if you be in an hotel,—by the light of a dim candle, that looks as sulky as yourself, that it should be disturbed out

of its rest, and forced to shine at such an unseasonable hour.

Be it even in the height of summer, there is a sort of cold bath shudder about the whole operation, which is not succeeded by the genial glow that follows the plunge into the water. With just this feeling it was that I followed porter and luggage down to the quay of Pest, above the bridge of boats, where the steamer still slept,—yes, still slept, the enviable monster,—that was to convey me further down the Danube. A faint glimmer of candles was feebly finding its way through the gloom from cabin windows, however, as I emerged from a passage of big bales, and crossed the plank to the vessel; and my feet were most hospitably saluted by a cold bath from a pail of water, which was thrown down to deluge the deck, and then agreeably rubbed down by a mop, which followed close upon the pail. Such were the only symptoms of life the sleeping steamer shewed.

The hour of departure was fixed for five o'clock, and, as it was just past four, I consoled myself with the idea, that, as an early arriver, I should find ample space for stretching my limbs upon the well-padded velvet benches of the great cabin, and snatch an hour or so of that sleep which had so cruelly tantalised my eyes during the short hours

of my night. Luggage being bestowed away, I groped my way with a small carpet bag, amidst further mops and pails, to the cabin stairs: all was darkness around; and Danube was as a gloomy sea before me: a faint light illuminated the cabin from a small lamp, as I entered it. I advanced—I groped my way from corner to corner, from sofa-bench to sofa-bench; everywhere human bodies were stretched around! The cabin was already occupied in every part by the forms of snoring men and women!

The ladies have a comfortable boudoir-like cabin of their own, to be sure, on board these steamers; but they seem so fond of society, that they invariably make a rush into the general apartment. Why they should do this, a *savant* more skilled in the mysteries of female caprice may perhaps tell; I cannot. Cloaks, coats, fur skins—enough to furnish whole magazines of Moses and Sons—were lying hither and thither; and carpet-bags had not only ensconced themselves quietly into corners, as respectable, properly-behaved carpet-bags ought to do, but had lain themselves down on the floor, in the only possible passage, reckless, in their malice, how they might be trampled on, provided they tripped up the unfortunate intruder; and ladies' reticules of all shapes and sizes were playing truant in all directions. Over these unexpected

opposing obstacles I scrambled on towards the further end, where, in the "darkness visible," I thought I perceived a lucky vacant space: upon this I was determined to deposit my poor carpet-bag, even if I myself found no room.

Alas! for my deluded vision, my carpet-bag was saluted with a "Hollo! what are you about?" in very plain unquestionable English. I had placed it unwittingly upon a countryman's nose.

Thus warned, I moved off discreetly, and having at length found a hole, where I was convinced, after a scrutiny, that no human face divine was already bestowed, I sat myself down upon a small dark object, which I took to be a little cushion: my nether man was soon convinced, however, that cushion it was none; a crash ensued; a fair head was raised from a heap of clothes close by; a pair of fair hands grappled violently my legs; and a fair mouth screamed in German, that I had sat down upon a pot of myrtle—a *souvenir* of friendship, or perchance of love, a heart's treasure, which I had thus ruthlessly annihilated. I rose in despair and pain—suppose it *moral* pain, for the disaster I had occasioned to the lady's affections—of the *physical* pain I will not speak. The German lady clasped the broken pot, scattering earth and broken twigs around, to her agonised heart; and

at this juncture I was unfeeling enough to cover the vacant seat of the myrtle-pot with my bag, and catching hold of two wandering camp-stools, to bestow my head upon the former, my limbs upon the latter.

My tribulations were not at an end, however; for on the other side of me arose another female head, above a dusky portly form, and levelled several most untender objurgations at my head, that I should have disturbed her tender slumbers by my awkward movement in sinking down upon the elastic cushions. My heart was now steeled, however; I gave a mendacious snore, to make believe that I already slept, by way of all answer, and settled myself in the hope of rest. But, at the moment I sought to sleep, the steamer began to awake; and, in its waking moments, it proceeded to snort, and fiz, and rumble, and growl, as living steamers will do, in most disagreable fashion, particularly when first awakened before a journey; and an incessant trampling commenced upon deck above, as if the people, who now came on board in swarms, found an especial amusement in scraping their feet, and dragging about heavy weights; and stumbling incursions were made down stairs into the cabin; and I narrowly escaped, twice or thrice, the fate of my unfortunate countryman, in being sat upon; and

then the light gradually broke through the round windows of the cabin, and betrayed a scene of scattered sleepers, and distorted groups of bags, and cloaks, and furs, which made us all look as if we had been wrecked, before we had started, and were lying dead amidst our spoils upon the shore.

As the sun fairly rose, early coffee drinkers were putting camp-stools over outstretched legs, and settling themselves at tables to take their breakfast; and waiters were throwing cloaks and bags ruthlessly aside to make themselves room, never caring to whom these articles belonged, or on whom they rudely bestowed them, as they stumbled about with their coffee trays and jingling crockery, like wreckers after a storm. And now the steamer began to roar more fiercely than ever; and there was a splashing and struggling of the paddles; and then a few convulsive throes ensued, and then a general movement: we had started.

But in this scene of confusion there was no hope of rest, much less of sleep. I resigned my envied few inches and went on deck. But the deck was no less filled than the cabin below; every wooden bench was thickly covered, every space thickly thronged with men, women, and children who rushed incessantly to and fro between legs and

over feet. Never was poor dove more put to it to find a resting-place for the sole of its foot. In this emergency I again sought the cabin, with the hope of finding a camp-stool, and a table corner, where to sit down and write a few lines of this letter to you. Camp-stools were all pre-occupied by new invaders, who had found means to obtain beefsteaks and cutlets, and, with this more substantial morning meal, were covering every anticipated table corner: waiters bustled and stumbled, and let fall savoury steaks and put them on the plates again as if nothing had happened, and left no standing room: the benches were still covered with those who slept, or pretended to sleep, or fancied they slept, and still lay pell-mell on heaps of cloaks and bags, without a care upon their minds whether these "goods and chattels" belonged to themselves or any one else; the doctrine of *meum* and *tuum* was evidently a matter to them of the greatest indifference. My plaid was beneath a greasy grey head; my poor books formed a most uncomfortable foundation for a very unwieldy base, that might have belonged to Geoffry Crayon's "Stout Gentleman;" my bag had disappeared beneath the head of "she of the myrtle pot," whose closed eyes were still moist with her late tears. I bore her no malice for thus endeavouring to crush whatever was crushable in it out of revenge; and giving

up plaid, books, and bag as impossible of attainment, I rushed again upon deck.

Alas! I had forgotten, in fixing my day of departure, that I should fall upon the period of the close of the great fair. The sudden emptying of Pest all at once on this occasion fully accounted for the overflow of our unlucky steamer.

The medley Babel crowd of that steamer I never shall forget. I believe, that, had we been sent into another sphere, as specimens of all the various nations of this earth, we should have made a very respectable and tolerably complete show of ourselves. Hungarians there were of course,—among them several men of political or literary note,—Poles, Wallachians,—of these, several very fine ladies from Bucharest, with manners stolen from all possible nations, who talked incessantly very indifferent French, and allowed spoiled children to run riot everywhere — Moldavians, Servians in their picturesque half Turkish, half Greek attire, Turks, also, steaming down to their frontiers, Greek priests from Lower Sclavonia, with cunning dark eyes and black beards sweeping their breasts, dressed in black *talars*, bound with crimson silk scarfs, long black stuff coats lined with crimson silk, and Shylock-looking hats, behind which streamed long dark locks, and German shopkeepers' wives from the lower towns, with all

their jewels, real or false, put on to perform the journey. On the "second place" deck were Hungarian peasants, hussars, and pandours,—petty merchants, both German and Illyrian,—Jews, Jews, Jews, at every turn whose peculiar physiognomy it is impossible not to detect after a little experience.

These might have all been, more or less, to be expected, as we were steaming on an Hungarian river down to the Turkish frontiers. But we had Englishmen, also, besides myself—my friend of the offended nose, who turned out to be a most agreeable and gentlemanly Queen's courier, and a groom going to superintend the stud of an Hungarian magnate—two Americans, several Italians (many belonging to the ship's crew), and some French, who made me wonder how they got there, so far from their dear Paris, a Finlander in the Russian service, a young agreeable Syrian, who was returning to his native country, where he had lost all his family in the late troubles,—he had studied medicine in London, and spoke English perfectly—a young red-haired Greek, who shewed his national ardour by desperate flirtations with the ladies from Bucharest, an Armenian, a Persian merchant, and two stout fellows with rugged but handsome countenances, strong, picturesque, dark-grey-eyed young men, in long coats, with

rows of white bone flute-like tubes, arranged Pan's pipe fashion on each breast, and bound down with yellow strips of cloth, bordered with silver braid, as cartridge-boxes, and with shaggy black high fur caps, with truncated points, looking very wild-beast-like and savage. They were two Circassians, returning home after studying in Germany, and speaking the German language well, and were proud, but polite in bearing, in spite of their uncouth looks. And to complete this Babel assemblage from all countries, there was a menagerie on board, containing a lion and lioness from Africa, and parrots and apes from the Brazils, and "all manner of beasts" from all parts of the world, which, after having been landed at Trieste from England, I believe, for their keeper was an Englishman, was on its way to the Hospodar of Wallachia. I trust that all the four quarters of the world were more or less worthily represented.

Among this strange assemblage acquaintances were of course made, and knots formed in various parts of the deck; for, however impossible it may at first appear to find the least standing room in such a crowd, people are sure to be shaken down, like a bag of nuts, into nearly half the space they at first seemed determined upon occupying: this "settling" process is one curious to witness, and not very easy to explain. As is natural where a

few men are congregated together, the conversation will fall into political discourse, be it only chit chat and not disquisition; and politics soon became the order of the day in many of the steamer groups.

But where so many divers nations were assembled, there were so many *susceptibilities* to be considered, so many national feelings and prejudices to be tenderly treated, so many raw places to be avoided in the contact, that, in such a conversation, the diplomatic tone which had to be employed in order not to disturb harmony, and which *was* continually employed, was very curious to witness. Political discussion is as open and as free in Hungary as in our own country, or nearly so—nearly so, I say—for the feeling must always subsist more or less, that it is not easy to tell what *Austrian* ears may be near at hand to hear, comment, and report; and I must say for the Hungarians, that there are no people who discuss political subjects with foreigners, with more delicate politeness, and tolerant, gentlemanly feeling.

The Frenchman alone has no consideration or tenderness for national susceptibilities. "*Je suis Français! Le Français avant tout!*" is his ruling maxim, his prevailing subject of conversation. He is, of course, the politest man in the world—all the world has been told so ever since its childhood;

and how can all the world doubt of the established fact, without running the risk of being set down as heretic and blasphemer? — but, with all his supposed politeness, he does not care whose feelings he wounds, provided he can say, "*Mais chez nous en France c'est bien autre chose! Nous sommes la première nation du monde!*" And we were not without our specimens — and they very characteristic ones — of this first nation of the world!

In spite of all the jarring elements of nationalities, however, sympathies drew nearer and nearer on the deck of the steamer. Our friends of a day were chosen; and it was not always the best or most agreeable to whom our instincts led us, much as I am a firm believer in instincts in such cases. No matter. These were but the acquaintances of a day; and it were hard if for that short time we could not make the best of them; and we do well to do so, for the scenery of the Danube below Pest, during our first day's voyage downwards, although to me it is full of interest in many parts, awakening deep thoughts and poetical ideas numberless, is of that flat and monotonous description which does not call for constant attention, and leaves full time for the study of the steamer society.

Immediately below Pest the mountains and hills recede from the river's banks, and leave us to wander through a part of that immense plain

which stretches almost from the northern to the southern confines of Hungary. Islands—some of many miles in length, some wooded and green, some sandy, stony, and desert—are formed by the hundred arms of the stream, which now runs riot hither and thither in the plain, as if not knowing, in its newly acquired liberty from the mountains, which course to take, and thus expending its force and dignity, like a youth newly let loose upon the world, in shallow barren purposes. Sand-banks and gravel-banks, the necessary evils of its loose wandering propensities, are constantly arising in the water-course of our steamer; and as the Danube grows as capricious as erratic, in its shifting fancies, it appears that no steersman can tell from day to day how often it may please to vary the development of its errors, or where it may next choose to shew them to the face of day.

Sometimes the river takes a freak to run up inland in a great creek, and then, having formed a secluded lake, to roll back again; sometimes it spreads over the plain, or tells us, as we pass, where it has lately permitted itself a vagary of this nature, by the swampy pools that lie far inland in the plain. Now, having expended itself in these idle fancies, it seems to take a fit of misanthropic sulkiness into its head, and rushes on through miles of low wood or mighty forest,

where you may fancy you are wandering down some big stream of the far backwoods of the other hemisphere, — a scene so wild and savage, that your own identical steamer seems to be the first living thing that has ever passed along those great unbroken solitudes, and ventured to disturb their repose.

Now and then, at rare intervals in these watery wilds, a few log huts may be seen scattered upon an opening green glade; or, again, a solitary fisherman's hut of reeds, close by a few hanging nets, or a buoy of rushes to indicate where a net is cast. Now the vast woods are severed from the stream by thick hedges of monstrous Brobdignagian rushes, among which a few stunted willows scarce find breathing-room for their sickly heads; and now, again, the great oaks and forest trees overhang the water and envelop its banks in gloom— a few of these great timber trees have been undermined by the current, and have fallen into the broad, rushing stream, victims to its violence; and, now, perhaps, floats along a huge trunk that has been finally torn away, its branches and last leaves all draggled, and worn, and desolate; and then whirl about shapeless logs, that seem to have whirled there for ages, seeking in vain for rest to their troubled spirits. And then opens, perhaps, another glade among the trees, upon which are

herds of oxen or horses, with some wild peasants by their side,—the few rare living objects that enliven the forest tracts,—or an immense herd of swine fighting which of them shall find the softest wallowing-place upon the mud of the banks,—swine so savage, so wild-beast-like in appearance, that they might be fancied to be the aboriginal animals of these great wooded deserts. And now comes again a long opening in vista-shape among the woods, through which a small tributary stream plunges into the great river; and, as it almost invariably, by a caprice of nature, runs into the Danube in a contrary direction to the course of its flood,—as, by the way, do also all the greater streams,—it may be looked upon as one of the causes of the inundations that spread around among the vistas of the trees.

Perhaps, in the midst of one of these wildest solitudes, another steamer startles us as it comes up from below: for a moment there is life and bustle; the great leviathans snort at each other; the captains salute; the passengers on board both boats run up stairs and down stairs, and hither and thither, one cannot tell exactly why, or to what purpose; heads are put out of all sorts of round windows in the great cabins of the other steamer below, and in the little private cabins on

the deck above—probably in ours also—and people are sure to find on board the other boat imaginary likenesses to persons whom they think they miss, and are full of unfounded lamentations. Another snort—another puff—and each steamer has gone its way; and we are again alone.

Sometimes, but rarely, one of our old friends the Noah's arks advances, towed along an invisible towing-path by those picturesque groups of men and horses I have already described in a former letter, now wading up to their knees and even their middles in water, having sent out a sort of living feeler before to ford an arm which rushes into the mother stream like a torrent, now struggling upon land, now springing on their horses' backs to urge them forward, moving slowly up the rapid river, casting, one might almost believe, heavy looks of envy at the steam-boat as it scours downwards, and making you wonder how possibly all this towing is managed in the midst of so many arms, and islands, and creeks, and inlets. Sometimes, also, there is anchored a long line of those characteristic floating water-mills, which announce the approach to an inhabited spot; although, frequently, they are to be found in reaches where the thick forest, which skirts the banks, permits no view of any neighbouring dwellings.

From time to time we catch glimpses of distant

villages seen through openings in woods; carriages—half carriage, half wicker cart—rush, rattling and tearing, to the banks, bringing fresh loads of passengers to a landing-place, and giving a temporary animation to the scene; and upon these occasions the captain cries "Stope hah!" which we conclude means "Stop her!" or "Esah!" which, with greater difficulty, we contrive to discover signifies "Ease her!" and our English ears tingle strangely at the sound of these bastard English words in this far country, and our English hearts with a sense of the power which has sent these expressions, all imperfect as they are, to every corner of the earth where steamers are in use.

Sometimes, again, stands a village upon such sandy cliffs, with such marine-like gullies leading down to the shore, that you cannot help fancying yourself coasting along some sea-side track, or near the opening of a great river to the sea,—a feeling which cannot fail frequently to cross you on the Danube.

Once, during this day's journey, we came upon a village,—it was Tolna, I believe,—where the banks were so covered with herds of very great white oxen with their branching horns, boats so full of white oxen, hills so defended by armies of white oxen, with scarce a human creature visible,

that I began to fancy I had come, like another Gulliver, into some unknown undiscovered land, wholly peopled by white oxen with large horns.

At scanty intervals we came, also, upon small village-towns, looking so gay and bright with their low white ground-floor houses, all adorned with shady open galleries before them and green shutters, and nested in little woods and gardens—pictures of rural neatness—now do not start, and look incredulous; I know you do not expect *neatness* in Hungary; but it is often to be found, ay, and rural comfort also—and with orchards climbing so temptingly up low rocks and hills, and long roads—for they cannot be called streets—fringed with such inviting verdant rows of acacias mixed with poplars, that I longed to spring on shore and settle myself down in one of these rural retreats to "do the sentimental" at my ease, and only consoled myself with the idea that I might, perhaps, have been a trifle disappointed on nearer inspection.

At these little towns, when the steamer stopped, rows of peasant women almost invariably lined the banks with great baskets full of peaches and plums, and early grapes, and other luscious fruits; and, upon such occasions, the scramble to sell and the scramble to buy formed a most amusing scene to witness. Some of the fruit which was handed up

from the shore to the buyers upon deck rolled back again into the water in the scramble; and some of the money handed down followed after the fruit, as if to establish the equilibrium of justice in the loss; and it is a wonder that the purchaser did not follow his *kreutzers*, for there was such a struggle to approach the edge of the deck to buy, that half a dozen thirsty souls, tempted by the fruit, were pushed down, at the imminent risk of pitching over into the stream.

At one greater village town of similar description a gay and diversified population was crowded in a thick mass upon the shore. Amidst the peasants, male and female, in their variegated attire, and pandours in blue jackets and pantaloons thickly laced with white braid, who were leaning in picturesque attitudes upon stout staffs, stood several ladies in fashionable attire, and a moustached *élégant* or two, and a Catholic priest in his *fête*-day dress; and an immense national flag of the Hungarian colours was floating from the wooden hut that serves as the office of the steamer. The lord of the estate was expected. His lordship descended from our deck and was saluted with a salvo of cannon from the shore. A gipsy band which stood among the crowd struck up a national melody: and from this animated scene of bustle and noise we quickly

glided away, to find ourselves shortly wandering again alone amidst the seeming desert forest wastes of the Danube's banks, the sound of the old church bells alone destroying the feeling of utter solitude, and speaking of life as they, for a time, rang along the air: in a short space, however, that too was gone; and our noisy paddles alone disturbed the utter silence of the forest.

But even in the vast tracts of wilderness there is a charm, as I have said; and if there be, in all this, but little evidence of life, and less of cultivation, there is still the augury of what is yet to come, may come, and, I should say, *must* come; and that thought is full of its poetic feeling. The question, which the traveller who steams down this part of the Danube cannot fail of asking himself,—the question, namely, what may be the future destinies, in the progress of civilisation, of the wastes and solitudes of this bold and abounding river,—is the same which many an inquiring mind may formerly have made, when floating down the great wilderness rivers of America, that are now teeming with life and commerce, where villages, and towns, and manufactories, and dock-yards have thrust back the aboriginal woods, as the European has driven away the savage. It is the question that the man who keeps a daily journal of his life naturally puts to himself, when he sees the many

white pages in the book before him, and wonders how they may be filled,—what the events, good or bad, for weal or woe, that may be inscribed upon them. The pages of the book of man's life, however, may remain blank and unwritten,—death may stay the hand that proposed to fill them. But the book of the future fortunes of the great river must and will be written as the world rolls on. The "how" is a riddle, the solution of which is yet in the hands of fate.

But Hungary is a rising and progressing country; and, sooner or later, in the advance of that civilisation which the Turk so long has hemmed, but can now hem no longer, and under the influence of the present national spirit that pervades the country, there can be little doubt that the banks of the Danube will tell another tale of progress and prosperity than they have been able to tell as yet.

How beautifully, how sublimely has our poet Marlowe said, "The use of time is fate!" How will that time be used, how that fate accomplished, by the Hungarian? Not only as a well-wisher to the country, but with the strongest conviction in the future results of its energies, I have drawn for the Danube, in my mind, the brightest, grandest horoscope.

I ought not to forget to mention, in my enumera-

tion of the objects of curiosity and interest during this day's voyage, a certain conical, isolated mountain, that performed a variety of very fantastic feats, as long as it remained visible to our eyes, in the open country of the plain. Never did hills skip as skipped this mountain; it was continually performing a sort of slow movement Hungarian *werbung* dance around us: even Mahomet, in his despair of the mountain coming to him, would have in vain endeavoured to go to the mountain; it would inevitably have avoided his visit, by being away from home itself. Now it was before us, now behind us, now on our right, now on our left; scarcely had we seen it on one side, when we turned our heads, and lo! it was on the other.

It was in vain that sage people endeavoured to explain this phenomenon to me by attributing it to the many abrupt windings of the stream, which sometimes even turned back upon itself: there was a fantasy in the dansomaniac propensities of this mountain, that was not to be accounted for by any such shallow reasoning. I lost sight at last of our wild Dervise friend, who accompanied us throughout a great part of the day, with much regret.

The only places of note which we passed during the day, were Baja, on the left bank of the Danube, —a town apparently of considerable size, to judge

from its towers and cupolas of churches and public buildings, lying at some distance from the river, amidst large woods, and severed from the flat marshy landing-place by an arm of the Danube, up which the passengers who went on shore were towed to it in big boats,—and Mohacs, on the right bank, where, during the long ceremony of feeding our steamer with coal, which was conveyed to its deck in numerous baskets by a lengthy procession of stout active damsels, and then flung down its dark gaping throat by its own immediate attendants, —a meal of somewhat extended duration, for steamers are as voracious animals as their prototypes the dragons of old,—I went once more on shore, to ramble through the wide village-like streets of the town, and cast a look at the great swampy plain, upon which that battle so fatal to the independence of Hungary was fought, when Solyman the Magnificent annihilated at one blow one of its largest armies. On that spot had fallen king, princes, magnates, bishops, with all the flower of the Magyar chivalry of the day: on that spot the destinies of Hungary were decided, and for more than a century and a half the country was subjected to the rule of the Ottoman.

With all these matters of interest and amusement—to myself, at least; for I cannot insist upon it that others should experience the same charm

that exists in my eyes in this scenery, generally considered so monotonous and uninteresting—and amidst these reflections, fancies, and recollections, the day passed most agreeably by—passed with only too great a rapidity. It was only towards evening that pleasant dreams and agreeable feelings were sent to flight by a host of those discomforts which will ever fall to the lot of unhappy mortal tourists on board over-crowded steamers.

Before the sky had well time to overcast itself with the proper decency of deliberation, as skies ought to put on their black veils before they begin to mourn and weep,—before anxious passengers had time to sniff the thickening air, and utter foreboding lamentations in sympathy with the sky,—the rain began to pour down from it in torrents. Those who fled to the cabin were soon thrust back again before its overflow, like an angry tide, every inch of cabin stair was invaded, to the hemming of all intercourse between waiters above and coffee-drinkers or supper-devourers below: every dry place behind the cabin bulk-head was crowded in double rows, and immediately deserted, as, in the shifting of the river's course, the wind came, with its sousing squalls, and deluged the spot which had, for a moment, given shelter: the *rauchzimmer*, or smoking-cabin, reserved to male passengers on the deck, was invaded by females, who absolutely

turned out the hardier gentlemen: the confusion was of that despairing, frantic description, that made me fancy I had a scene before me of a St. Bartholomew massacre by water instead of fire.

But, as night came on, and everybody was anxious for rest, this confusion was a hundredfold increased. Happy those who had secured a private cabin upon deck, and might pass their night in comparative peace; I was not one of the number. In the great cabin below a desperate combat, in which each individual was each other individual's enemy, was engaged in, as the time for going to bed came on.

Going to bed! what irony in those words! The usual hard reposing-boards were pulled out, in long hospital-looking rows, at right-angles from the benches; and for each of these hard resting-places what a struggle ensued! Presently waiters entered, sinking beneath the weight of mattresses, pillows, and counterpanes: there was a general rush, a general fight, a general shouting and groaning; and each seized what object of bed furniture he could lay his hands upon, and bore it off in triumph.

I have ever made myself friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness" in the shape of partial waiters, who retain from year's end to year's end pleasing recollections of *trinkgeld* amply bestowed

—how few minds have such grateful memories for so long a time as those of Danube steam-boat waiters!—and I own to my egotism in profiting by board, mattress, pillow, counterpane, and a variety of etceteras,—luxuries in that moment of scanty comfort,—which were stoutly and valiantly guarded for me—whether unjustly, whether unrighteously or not, it was not for me to question, or, at least, I did not question—by a zealous and brave-hearted *kellner*.

Scarcely had the tumult slightly subsided, when a delicate question began to be openly and noisily discussed by the late belligerent parties. The ladies' cabin had overflowed; its residue had been thus swept into the great general apartment, destined for the sleeping barrack of the gentlemen: on many of the temporary beds sat ladies tying on handkerchiefs by way of nightcaps. The delicate subject of general discussion was the propriety or impropriety of undressing in such company. A general "*sans gêne*" principle seemed, however, the order of the day: ladies sank down upon their hard pillows; and coats and nether garments were soon seen flying hither and thither. No one, however, fainted; the proverb about misfortune and strange bed-fellows seemed an axiom on board Danube steamers, with which no one appeared disposed to quarrel; and good-humour was restored,

excepting in the instances of a few last low grumblings, like distant thunder, from a few cross-grained men, who thought themselves much ill-used in the distribution of bedding.

Somehow or other, at last, every one seemed to have found some sort of resting-place, save one old Italian, who, like a philosopher of old, sat down with a huge book,—it must have been a black-letter book, I am convinced,—to read through the night by the light of a solitary candle, that glimmered from between the legs of an upturned table, on the top of a pile of others, which had been thus stacked together, in the middle of the cabin. His hair and beard were grey; his eye-brows were bushy and black; a pair of very big spectacles surmounted the bridge of his huge eagle nose; and as he thus sat always before my half-closed eyes during the whole night, looking like a Rembrandt *chiar' oscuro* picture of an old alchymist poring over a work, half of magic, half of chemistry, he was like an invariable night-mare to me; and my thoughts all night were of pity for his fate, or of envy of his calm philosophy: he positively refused to take my place.

And what a night was that! On one side of me lay a ruthless and deliberate snorer, who, when I attacked his back to quiet him, turned round and snored in my face! On the other was a stout

old lady, who seemed determined upon offering me the stoutest part of her person as a pillow, and the more I declined and repulsed this obligingly disinterested offer, the more and the more nearly she insisted upon making it. And yet there *were* mortal heads that slept that night; or was all the snoring, and snorting, and deep breathing a mere make-believe, a congenial pastime, to while away the tedious hours of the night? Above, pattered ever the rain, tambourining furiously upon the deck, and rendering escape impossible. How the night wore over, I can tell no longer; but it did wear over as nights, and days, and years, and lives will wear over.

At morning's dawn the battle of the night before was resumed; but now it was for towels and water, and the single washing-basin in the waiters' cabin hole. And boots had gone astray, and would not be found; and slippers refused to come in decent pairs, some having flirted off, most improperly, with other unknown slippers; and carpet-bags had been appropriated for pillows without any leave being asked; and sleepy heads growled a refusal to let brushes and combs be taken out of them; and the rushing after truant property resembled a picture of the Massacre of the Innocents, where mothers seek in vain their children, and cannot keep them from being murdered when they have

got them. I lay recklessly to the last, "looking on the battle from afar;" and ladies had appeared in fresh throngs, and coffee-drinking was beginning in groups upon replaced tables, that had stood on their heads all night, before I ventured, with a variety of exquisite manœuverings, to rise from under my coverlid. Favouritism again asserted its influence; and, having found a corner, and a washing-basin, and a towel apart, I at length emerged upon deck. The rain was still pouring down, and the Danube,—my favourite Danube,—my beautiful Danube,—must I confess it?—looked filthily dirty after the night's storm.

What a change was there! Trunks of trees in monster shapes were rejoicing in the dun-coloured waters, and floating down the stream in the forms of crocodiles and hippopotamuses and sea-serpents, mixed with many incomprehensible shapeless things, that might be minor logs, and that made all sorts of grimaces at me: it was a curious water-picture of a "Temptation of St. Anthony" by Teniers; and our steamer, like the saint, disdained all these imps, and sent them flying before its rushing prow.

The town of Vakovar, to which I have a visit to pay hereafter, had been passed early, as well as the opening where the great Drave pours its many waters into the greater Danube; but we

soon came upon Illok, with its monastery, and ruined castle, and modern *château* of Prince Odeschalchi, and large gardens, upon a rocky cliff-like height. It forms an imposing picture, does Illok; and it is full of old monkish and knightly legends also.

In the monastery lived the renowned monk, John Capistran, who fought under the hero Hunyadi at the siege of Belgrade, and thus, with his own arm, defended the cause of Christianity against that of Moslemism. In that monastery also he was buried, his body being lowered into an almost bottomless well by the monks, in order that his remains might never, in any future incursions of the Turks, be disturbed and dishonoured by his enemies, the infidels.

The rain still continued during the early part of the morning, and it was necessary again to return to the cabin, where whist and chess-playing, and novel-reading, and beefsteak and cutlet-eating, were again going forward, amidst the barriers of cloaks and hats, both male and female, and carpet-bags; but, fortunately, about the time that the cliffs, and banks, and hills began to rise into mountains, the day began to clear.

The Syrmian mountains soon began to appear upon the right bank, above endless woods, and the country to swell into the picturesque and assume a

new shape, although on the left bank lay ever the great plain, and lake-like inundations countless. Presently the great fortress of Peterwardein appeared, planted upon a promontory height, and overhanging the stream.

This celebrated fortress, so renowned in Hungarian story, which was long regarded as the great frontier defence against the Turks, and has so frequently been compared also to Ehrenbreitstein, and even Gibraltar, disappointed me, I own, when I first saw it. The elevation on which it stands is so inconsiderable, when compared with even the lesser of its rivals, and the long spreading barrack building which crowns the summit of the fortifications is so modern looking, so destructive of all the illusions of historical association, that all my poetical feelings were crushed by its first aspect. It stands, however, boldly on its promontory, which juts out into the stream; and thus, on three sides, it commands a remarkable bend in the river, and is a striking object in the distance of our picture, as we skirt the Syrmian hills and approach it.

We passed the village of Kammenitz on the right bank, and the white colonnaded Italian-looking villa of its lord, where I was awaited; then the long gardens that stretch, with summer-houses, and pavilions, and hot-houses, and temples, along the river banks, at the foot of the charming amphitheatre of

these same beautifully wooded Syrmian hills. We passed vineyards and orchards; we turned suddenly found, beneath the base of the rock on which the fortress stands, and just before the long bridge of boats which connects the town of Neusatz in the plain with the higher fortress town of Peterwardein, like two miniatures of Pest and Buda, bound by a similar chain; we glided up to the quay of Neusatz; and here I took leave of my over-crowded steamer with a sense of satisfaction which the good steamer did not deserve.

A carriage from Kammenitz awaited me in the court of the landing-place. A quantity of soldiers, in blue pantaloons and white jackets, eager for a job, pounced upon my luggage as I landed, and hurried it off before I could get them to understand it was to go no further than the carriage. Over bridges and moats, and through walls, and bastions, and gates, I drove to the bridge of boats. At the other end of the bridge these fastness-complications arose in redoubled form, as I dashed, with a mighty clatter, in and out of the small fortress town of Peterwardein, across an angle of it. The carriage turned quickly round the base of the rocky promontory, and up a road on the other side of the fortress, which, on this inland side, with its heavy lines of walls, and terraces, and bastions, that climb the precipitous rock, tier above tier,

and terrace above terrace, looks impregnable enough, I own: it then scoured, with all the swiftness of Hungarian horses and an Hungarian driver, along the brow of a hill commanding views over the winding Danube, a crescent end of the amphitheatre of mountains, and the plain beyond the river: it scrambled down a steep hill, in a ravine-like road, between the gardened cottages of a part of Kammenitz: on a sudden we turned into a large stone gateway, on the posts of which "Salve" is carved: we drove up to the terrace steps of one side of a large villa, down which ran, from beneath a colonnaded gallery, a few friendly forms; and my journey was ended for the time.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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